September 10, 1977 U.S. $1.10c/Canada 60c 18p

Aus 35c NZ 35c SA 35c Den Kr5.5 Fr NF4.50
Ger Dm2.50 Malaysia $1.10 Spn 65pts

NME MUSICAL EXPRESS

The Strange O'Dyssey Of Paddy O'Line-Em-Up

Pages 25–27

NEWS PAGE 3. NEWS PAGE 3. NEWS PAGE 3. NEWS PAGE 3.

STRANGLERS 35-GIG TOUR

NEWS PAGE 3. NEWS PAGE 3. NEWS PAGE 3. NEWS PAGE 3.

BE WARNED

THE LAST DAYS
OF EARTH
ARE COMING

GET YOURSELF A DOSE!

Dictators — 12" 75p
The Lurkers — Free Admission 69p
The Fabulous Poodles — Summers Through 69p
Shakin' Stevens — EP £1.50
Motors - 12" out soon 70p
London - 12" EP out soon 80p
Television - Green 12" 75p
Boomtown Rats - 12" 75p
Motorhead - 12" 89p
Heatbreakers - 12" 95p
John Cale - Animal Justice 12" £1.00
Desperate Bikes - Smoke/Tedium ..... each 55p

DIRTY DICKS NO-PAP RECORDS

Pork Dukes - Bend and Flush 59p
Creation - Making Times 70p
Roogalator - Single Girl 60p
Jam - City/World ..... each 65p
Rocky Eric - Bermuda 65p
Pistols - Vacant/Queen ..... each 60p
Pistols - Anachy £1.25
Live at CBGBS E.P. 75p
Rods Singles ..... each 70p
Rods EPs ..... each 90p
Celia - Mony Mony 69p
Motorhead - L.P. £2.99
Rubinoos - 1st 49p

Ramones - Sheena/Pride ..... each 65p
Radio Stars - E.P. 99p
Johnny Moped - No One 59p
Nose Bleeds - Music School 59p
Elvis Costello - Singles ..... each 65p
Elvis Costello - L.P. £2.69
Drones - E.P. 89p
Vibrators - London Girls 65p
MC5 - Border Line £1.10
Ian Dury - Buy 17 ..... 65p
Bishops - Baby I'm Wrong 65p
Tom Petty L.P. £2.99
Ramones LPs ..... each £2.99
Modern Lovers - Rock 'n Roll £2.99
Boomtown Rats L.P. £3.20
Generation X - Your Generation 65p
Suburban Studs - Questions 69p
Adverts - One Chord 65p
Adverts - Gary Gilmore 65p
Rezillos - Can't Stand 70p
Police - Full Out 65p
Boys - First Time 60p
Gorillas - Really Got Me 65p
Killjoys - Heaven 60p
Radiators - Television 60p
Venus & Blades - Where Boys Are 60p
Models - Freeze 65p
Bishops E.P. 90p
Only Ones - Lovers 70p
Rings - Wanna Be Free 65p
Squeeze E.P. 69p
Little Bob - All or Nothing 60p
Stranglers - Something/Grip/Peaches ..... each 65p
Modern Lovers 1st and 2nd ..... each £2.99
Slaughter & the Dogs - Boot Boys 70p
999/I'm Alive 70p
Richard Hell/Dead Boys L.P.s ..... each £3.40

Cheques/PO's to NO PAP Postage & Packing: 10p per single (40p maximum charge). 20p per 12" or album. (40p maximum charge). PVC Covers — Singles 10p — Albums 15p

65 SOUTHCHURCH RD. SOUTHEND. ESSEX. TEL 614992

MODERN LOVE CB 302
THE NEW SINGLE FROM
Peter Gabriel
Peter Gabriel on tour September 13th to October 2nd
CHARISMA
Marketed by Charisma Records

FIVE YEARS AGO

Week ending September 5, 1972

Last Week	This Week		
1	1	YOU WEAR IT WELL	Rod Stewart (Mercury)
8	2	MAMA WEER ALL CRAZEE NOW	Slade (Polydor)
10	3	STANDING IN THE ROAD	Blackfoot Sue (Jam)
3	4	ALL THE YOUNG DUDES	Mott The Hoople (CBS)
9	5	IT'S FOUR IN THE MORNING	Faron Young (Mercury)
2	6	SCHOOL'S OUT	Alice Cooper (Warner Bros)
5	7	LAYLA	Derek & The Dominoes (Polydor)
6	8	SILVER MACHINE	Hawkwind (United Artists)
14	9	SUGAR ME	Lynsey De Paul (MAM)
16	10	I GET THE SWEETEST FEELING	Jackie Wilson (MCA)

TEN YEARS AGO

Week ending September 9, 1967

Last Week	This Week		
3	1	THE LAST WALTZ	Engelbert Humperdinck (Decca)
1	2	SAN FRANCISCO	Scott McKenzie (CBS)
2	3	I'LL NEVER FALL IN LOVE AGAIN	Tom Jones (Decca)
7	4	WE LOVE YOU	Rolling Stones (Decca)
13	5	EXCERPT FROM A TEENAGE OPERA	Keith West (Parlophone)
5	6	EVEN THE BAD TIMES ARE GOOD	Tremeloes (CBS)
4	7	THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT	Alan Price Set (Decca)
6	8	I WAS MADE TO LOVE HER	Stevie Wonder (Tamla Motown)
8	9	JUST LOVING YOU	Anita Harris (CBS)
11	10	HEROES AND VILLAINS	Beach Boys (Capitol)

15 YEARS AGO

Week ending September 7, 1962

Last Week	This Week		
1	1	I REMEMBER YOU	Frank Ifield (Columbia)
2	2	ROSES ARE RED	Ronnie Carroll (Philips)
4	3	THINGS	Bobby Darin (London)
3	4	SPEEDY GONZALES	Pat Boone (London)
6	5	SEALED WITH A KISS	Brian Hyland (HMV)
13	6	SHE'S NOT YOU	Elvis Presley (RCA)
7	7	BREAKING UP IS HARD TO DO	Neil Sedaka (RCA)
5	8	GUITAR TANGO	Shadows (Columbia)
—	9	IT'LL BE ME	Cliff Richard (Columbia)
8	10	ONCE UPON A DREAM	Billy Fury (Decca)

CHARTS

AMEN

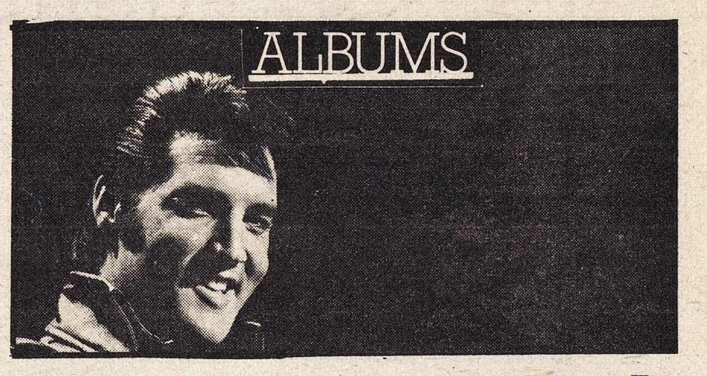
SINGLES

Week ending September 10th, 1977

This Week	Last Week			Weeks in chart	Highest position
1	(5)	MAGIC FLY	Space (Pye)	4	1
2	(1)	WAY DOWN	Elvis Presley (RCA)	3	1
3	(2)	FLOAT ON	The Floaters (ABC)	7	2
4	(6)	OXYGENE	Jean Michel Jarre (Polydor)	2	4
5	(9)	DEEP DOWN INSIDE	Donna Summer (GTO)	3	5
6	(8)	NIGHTS ON BROADWAY	Candi Staton (Warner Bros)	6	6
7	(13)	YOU GOT WHAT IT TAKES	Showaddywaddy (Arista)	7	3
8	(14)	SILVER LADY	David Soul (Private Stock)	2	8
9	(3)	NOBODY DOES IT BETTER	Carly Simon (Elektra)	5	3
10	(17)	TELEPHONE MAN	Meri Wilson (Pye)	2	10
11	(4)	ANGELO	Brotherhood of Man (Pye)	9	1
12	(7)	THAT'S WHAT FRIENDS ARE FOR	Deniece Williams (CBS)	6	7
13	(12)	TULANE	Steve Gibbons Band (Polydor)	4	13
14	(9)	THE CRUNCH	Rah Band (Good Earth)	9	4
15	(22)	SPANISH STROLL	Mink De Ville (Capitol)	5	15
16	(25)	LOOKING AFTER NUMBER ONE	Boomtown Rats (Ensign)	2	16
17	(18)	GARY GILMORE'S EYES	Adverts (Anchor)	2	17
18	(19)	DANCIN' IN THE MOONLIGHT	Thin Lizzy (Vertigo)	4	16
19	(28)	JAILHOUSE ROCK	Elvis Presley (RCA)	2	19
20	(—)	ALL SHOOK UP	Elvis Presley (RCA)	1	20
21	(—)	THINK I'M GONNA FALL IN LOVE WITH YOU	Dooleys (GTO)	1	21
22	(23)	SUNSHINE AFTER THE RAIN	Elkie Brooks (A&M)	2	22
23	(—)	IT'S NOW OR NEVER	Elvis Presley (RCA)	1	23
24	(16)	DO ANYTHING YOU WANNA DO	Rods (Island)	4	16
25	(20)	SOMETHING BETTER CHANGE	The Stranglers (United Artists)	6	5
26	(—)	RETURN TO SENDER	Elvis Presley (RCA)	1	26
27	(11)	WE'RE ALL ALONE	Rita Coolidge (A&M)	11	6
28	(15)	I FEEL LOVE	Donna Summer (GTO)	9	1
29	(—)	CRYING IN THE CHAPEL	Elvis Presley (RCA)	1	29
30	(26)	ALL AROUND THE WORLD	Jam (Polydor)	7	14

BUBBLING UNDER . . .
WOODEN HEART — Elvis Presley (RCA); ARE YOU LONESOME TONIGHT — Elvis Presley (RCA); THUNDER — Leo Sayer (Chrysalis); WONDER OF YOU — Elvis Presley (RCA).

ALBUMS



Week ending September 10th, 1977

This Week	Last Week			Weeks in chart	Highest position
1	(3)	OXYGENE	Jean Michel Jarre (Polydor)	4	1
2	(1)	MOODY BLUE	Elvis Presley (RCA)	3	1
3	(7)	RUMOURS	Fleetwood Mac (Warner Bros)	29	3
4	(2)	A STAR IS BORN	Soundtrack (CBS)	22	1
4	(4)	20 ALL TIME GREATS	Connie Francis (Polydor)	9	2
6	(16)	WELCOME TO MY WORLD	Elvis Presley (RCA)	3	6
7	(6)	GOING FOR THE ONE	Yes (WEA)	8	1
8	(5)	I REMEMBER YESTERDAY	Donna Summer (GTO)	11	2
9	(14)	ELVIS 40 GREATEST HITS	Elvis Presley (Arcade)	3	9
10	(9)	IV RATTUS NORVEGICUS	The Stranglers (United Artists)	19	4
11	(11)	HOTEL CALIFORNIA	Eagles (Asylum)	37	1
12	(15)	NEW WAVE	Various Artists (Philips)	4	12
13	(10)	ARRIVAL	Abba (Epic)	42	1
14	(8)	THE JOHNNY MATHIS COLLECTION	Johnny Mathis (CBS)	12	1
15	(12)	LOVE FOR SALE	Boney M (Atlantic)	6	11
16	(19)	MY AIM IS TRUE	Elvis Costello (Stiff)	4	16
17	(—)	20 GOLDEN GREATS	Diana Ross & Supremes (Tamla Motown)	1	17
18	(20)	BEST OF ROD STEWART	(Mercury)	8	14
19	(13)	EXODUS	Bob Marley & The Wailers (Island)	13	9
20	(—)	G.I. BLUES	Elvis Presley (RCA)	1	20
21	(29)	A NEW WORLD RECORD	Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	40	5
22	(—)	ELVIS IN DEMAND	Elvis Presley (RCA)	1	22
23	(26)	WORKS VOLUME 1	Emerson, Lake & Palmer (Atlantic)	20	7
24	(21)	LOVE AT THE GREEK	Neil Diamond (CBS)	11	4
25	(—)	MAGIC FLY	Space (Pye)	1	25
26	(—)	BLUE HAWAII	Elvis Presley (RCA)	1	26
27	(17)	THE MUPPET SHOW	(Pye)	15	1
28	(—)	ROCK 'N' ROLL WITH THE MODERN LOVERS	Jonathan Richman (Beserkley)	1	28
29	(—)	CABRETTA	Mink De Ville (Capitol)	1	29
30	(30)	ON STAGE	Ritchie Blackmore's Rainbow (Oyster)	7	13

BUBBLING UNDER . . .
LIVIN' ON THE FAULT LINE — Doobie Brothers (Warner Bros); WEEKEND RENDEZVOUS — Racing Cars (Chrysalis); BETTER BY FAR — Caravan (Arista); ELVIS IS BACK — Elvis Presley (RCA).

U.S. SINGLES

Week ending September 10, 1977

This Week	Last Week		
1	(2)	YOUR LOVE HAS LIFTED ME (HIGHER AND HIGHER)	Rita Coolidge
2	(3)	HANDY MAN	James Taylor
3	(7)	DON'T STOP	Fleetwood Mac
4	(5)	FLOAT ON	The Floaters
5	(1)	BEST OF MY LOVE	Emotions
6	(9)	TELEPHONE LINE	Electric Light Orchestra
7	(6)	I JUST WANT TO BE YOUR EVERYTHING	Andy Gibb
8	(13)	ON AND ON	Stephen Bishop
9	(10)	HOW MUCH LOVE	Leo Sayer
10	(4)	EASY	Commodores
11	(14)	SMOKE FROM A DISTANT FIRE	The Sanford-Townsend Band
12	(15)	STRAWBERRY LETTER 23	Brothers Johnson
13	(17)	SWAYIN' TO THE MUSIC	Johnny Rivers
14	(19)	KEEP IT COMING LOVE	K. C. & The Sunshine Band
15	(18)	COLD AS ICE	Foreigner
16	(8)	JUST A SONG BEFORE I GO	Crosby Stills & Nash
17	(20)	STAR WARS THEME	Meco
18	(25)	NOBODY DOES IT BETTER	Carly Simon
19	(21)	STAR WARS	London Symphony Orchestra
20	(23)	DON'T WORRY BABY	B. J. Thomas
21	(12)	GIVE A LITTLE BIT	Supertramp
22	(16)	BLACK BETTY	Ram Jam
23	(26)	JUNGLE LOVE	Steve Miller Band
24	(29)	THAT'S ROCK 'N' ROLL	Shaun Cassidy
25	(11)	YOU MADE ME BELIEVE IN MAGIC	Bay City Rollers
26	(27)	EDGE OF THE UNIVERSE	Bee Gees
27	(30)	WHATCHA GONNA DO?	Pablo Cruise
28	(—)	BOOGIE NIGHTS	Heatwave
29	(—)	I FEEL LOVE	Donna Summer
30	(22)	BARRACUDA	Heart

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

U.S. ALBUMS

Week ending September 10, 1977

This Week	Last Week		
1	(1)	RUMOURS	Fleetwood Mac
2	(2)	CSN	Crosby, Stills & Nash
3	(4)	STAR WARS	Original Soundtrack
4	(3)	JT	James Taylor
5	(10)	MOODY BLUE	Elvis Presley
6	(6)	REJOICE	Emotions
7	(7)	GOING FOR THE ONE	Yes
8	(5)	STREISAND SUPERMAN	Barbra Streisand
9	(11)	ANYTIME . . . ANYWHERE	Rita Coolidge
10	(8)	I'M IN YOU	Peter Frampton
11	(13)	FOREIGNER	Foreigner
12	(24)	SHAUN CASSIDY	Shaun Cassidy
13	(14)	FLOATERS	Floaters
14	(15)	RIGHT ON TIME	Brothers Johnson
15	(17)	STEVE WINWOOD	Steve Winwood
16	(19)	I, ROBOT	The Alan Parsons Project
17	(16)	AMERICAN STARS 'N BARS	Neil Young
18	(12)	EXODUS	Bob Marley & The Wailers
19	(9)	CAT SCRATCH FEVER	Ted Nugent
20	(21)	HERE AT LAST . . . BEE GEES . . . LIVE	
21	(22)	LOVE GUN	Kiss
22	(18)	COMMODORES	Commodores
23	(—)	TERRAPIN STATION	Grateful Dead
24	(23)	LITTLE QUEEN	Heart
25	(25)	EVEN IN THE QUIETEST MOMENTS	Supertramp
26	(26)	SIMPLE THINGS	Carole King
27	(—)	THE GRAND ILLUSION	Styx
28	(28)	PLATINUM JAZZ	War
29	(30)	A NEW WORLD RECORD	Electric Light Orchestra
30	(—)	IT'S A GAME	Bay City Rollers

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

NEWS DESK

'Test' back with Stones concert

ALEX HARVEY OPENS NEW 'SIGHT AND SOUND' SERIES

BBC-2's TWO MAJOR rock series, "Old Grey Whistle Test" and "Sight And Sound In Concert", return in style during the next three weeks — and both shows have ambitious plans for the coming winter season. "Test" kicks off on Tuesday, September 20, with a film of the Rolling Stones in concert at Paris Olympia; and "Sight And Sound" is back on Saturday, October 1, with the Sensational Alex Harvey Band.

"Test" producer Michael Appleton has spent much of the summer filming interviews and live action in the States, and these sequences will be interspersed with studio guests. The September 27 show features Robert Palmer and Crawler, and among acts to be featured in subsequent weeks are Harry Chapin, Jefferson Starship, Stephen Bishop, Andrew Gold, Emerson Lake and Palmer, Stanley Clarke, Dr. Hook, Ry Cooder, Carole Bayer Sager and Tom Petty and the Heartbreakers.

Appleton has also filmed a complete programme at Bearsville, and this is planned for Christmas week screening. The series is scheduled to run until next July.

"Sight And Sound" will again provide a stereo link-up with Radio 1, and this second series has been booked for 26 weeks, running through until the end of March.

Before the series starts, and in order to re-establish 6.30 pm on Saturdays as a regular rock spot, two of last season's most successful "Whistle Test" shows are being repeated in this slot later this month. On September 17 there's the Eric Clapton Band, and the following Saturday (24) the Capricorn Records "Barbecue" show with Wet Willie, the Marshall Tucker Band, Sea Level, Bonnie Bramlett and Elvin Bishop.

Cooder off

ROSE ROYCE RE-SET

RY COODER has called off his British concert tour planned for November. He has apparently had a disagreement with his Chicken Skin band and, as a result, they have parted company.

Promoter Paul Fenn of Asgard has tried to persuade Cooder to get a new band together for the tour, but he insists there is insufficient time to do so. Over £6,000 worth of tickets have already been sold for Cooder's concerts, and ticket-holders are now asked to apply for cash refunds from the point of purchase.

THE DEBUT British tour by Rose Royce of "Car Wash" fame has been completely revamped, and the outfit now play only four big concerts instead of their originally-planned ten gigs. This is due to a change of promoter, with Barry Dickins of MAM now responsible for the schedule. Revised dates are Manchester Ardwick Apollo (September 30), Birmingham Odeon (October 1), Liverpool Empire (2) and London Rainbow (3).

The three provincial venues (for which tickets are £2.50, £2 and £1.50) were included in the group's first schedule, but on different dates.

Strangulation!

35 DATES IN MAJOR TOUR

THE STRANGLERS' autumn tour, for which dates and venues were announced this week, is one of the most comprehensive itineraries ever undetaken in Britain — and certainly THE most extensive by a new-wave band. It also marks the acceptance of new-wave by some of the country's leading venues. The schedule takes in 35 dates, including four at London Roundhouse, and more may be slotted in later. And it's followed by a five-date Irish tour.

A feature of the tour is that it is not restricted to the same support act throughout. In fact there are ten different supports, the idea being to give exposure to as many upcoming bands as possible. Heading the list of guest acts are critically-acclaimed U.S. band the Dictators, who were recruited after Hugh Cornwell saw them play in New York. Also involved on various dates are the Only Ones, Wire, Johnny Curious, Steel Pulse, Krypton Tunes, the Drones, Pop Group, Penetration and the Rezillos.

The first four gigs feature the Only Ones — at Cambridge Corn Exchange (September 23), Bracknell Sports Centre (24), Canterbury Odeon (25) and Norwich St. Andrew's Hall (27). Johnny Curious is so far set for just one date at Dunstable Queensway Hall on October 2, and Krypton Tunes support at Carmarthen St. Peter's Hall on October 5.

Steel Pulse play with the Stranglers at Leicester De Montfort Hall (October 3), Coventry Locarno (4), Birmingham Mayfair (20) and Hanley Victoria Hall (21). Wire guest on the gigs at Uxbridge Brunel University (September 29) and Crawley Sports Centre (30). And the Drones are at Malvern Winter Gardens (October 6), Bangor University (8), Manchester Belle Vue Elizabethan (13 and 14), Leeds Queens Hall (15) and Sheffield Top rank (19).

Pop Group play Plymouth Fiesta (October 9) and Exeter University (10), while Penetration guest at Newcastle City Hall (12). Scottish band the Rezillos appear at Glasgow Apollo (16) and Carlisle Market Hall (17).

The Dictators are featured on the final 12 dates — at Cardiff Top Rank (October 23), Swansea Top Rank (24), Brighton Top Rank (26), Bournemouth The Village (27), Guildford Surrey University (28), Hastings Pier Pavilion (29), Reading Top Rank (30), Southampton Top Rank (31) and London Chalk Farm Roundhouse (November 3, 4, 5 and 6).

Tickets for the four Roundhouse shows are £2 each; at Leicester, Glasgow and Newcastle they are £1.75, £1.50 and £1.25; and at most other venues there is just the one price of £1.60 in advance (also obtainable on the night, if any remain, at £1.80). Promoters are Straight Music and Albion.

The Stranglers' Irish mini-tour, with Radio Stars supporting on all five gigs, takes in Belfast Ulster Hall (November 8), Coleraine Ulster University (9), Galway Leisure Lands (11), Dublin Stadium (12) and Cork City Hall (13).

As reported last week, the band's new album "No More Heroes" is released by United Artists on September 16, and it has now been decided to issue the title track the same day as their new single. Their current album "Rattus Norvegicus" is now rapidly approaching the quarter-million mark, after 19 weeks in the charts.

Roundhouse rocks again

THE ROUNDHOUSE in London's Chalk Farm resumes its Sunday rock concert season next month, after a 13-week lay-off.

First bookings are Boomtown Rats and the Lew Lewis Band (October 2), Ultravox and Radio Stars (9), Motorhead and 999 (16) and the Steve Gibbons Band and the Pirates (23).

Tickets for the first three gigs are £1.80, and ten pence more for the October 23 concert.

The season continues every Sunday until at least the end of the year, and there will be a special four-day season immediately before Christmas.

Promoters Straight Music have been unable to use the venue during the summer months, because it was staging a resident production which had turned the auditorium into an amphitheatre, reducing its capacity to 700.

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS
...the most fun you can have with your clothes on

JONATHAN RICHMAN AND The MODERN LOVERS
ANDY DUNKLEY 'THE LIVIN' JUKE BOX'
FREE TRADE HALL
PETER ST., MANCHESTER 2
THURSDAY 15th SEPT. at 7·30
TICKETS £2·50, £2·00, £1·50, (INC. VAT) AVAILABLE DAWSONS: STOCKPORT & WARRINGTON, CENTRAL RECORDS: MIDDLETON & ASHTON under LYNE, FREE TRADE HALL BOX OFF., 834 0943 OR ON NIGHT

BIRMINGHAM ODEON
NEW STREET
FRIDAY 16th SEPT. at 7·30
TICKETS £2·50, £2·00, £1·50, (INC. VAT) ADVANCE THEATRE BOX OFFICE 10·30 a.m. - 8·00 p.m., MON - SAT, TEL. 021 643 6101, OR ON NIGHT

HAMMERSMITH ODEON
QUEEN CAROLINE ST. W.6
SAT/SUN 17th/18th SEPT. at 7·30
TICKETS £2·50, £2·00, £1·50, (INC. VAT) IN ADVANCE THEATRE BOX OFFICE, 748 4081, LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE., 439 3371, PREMIER BOX OFFICE, 240 2245, USUAL AGENTS OR ON NIGHT

ALBERTO Y LOST TRIOS PARANOIAS DON'T MISS
SLEAK! By C. P. LEE
THE RETURN OF SLEAK!
With Alberto y los, etc. Michael Deeks, Judy Lloyd, Arthur Kelly and Gorden Kaye
at the ROYAL COURT THEATRE, Sloane Square, London W1
from 12th September to 1st October at 8.00 p.m.
All seats bookable. Box Office: 01-730 1745.

PASH MUSIC STORES — BY POST
This week's best-selling songbooks

Fleetwood Mac/Rumours	£4.25	Best of Neil Diamond	£2.95
Song of Paul Simon	£4.95	Best of Steve Stills	£3.95
Neil Diamond/Love at the Greek	£5.50	Songs of Paul Simon	£4.95
Genesis Song Book	£2.95	Queen/Day at the Races	£2.35
Wings Over America	£3.95	Queen/19 Songs	£2.00
Pink Floyd/Wish You Were Here	£2.95	Queen/Sheer Heart Attack	£1.25
Illus. NME Encyclopedia of Rock	£4.95	Queen/A Night At The Opera	£2.35
History of the Gibson Guitar from 1953	£2.95	Songs Of David Bowie	£3.50
NME Book of Rock	95p	Bowie/Diamond Dogs	£3.95
Jackson Brownie/21 Songs	£5.50	Bowie/Lyrics & Photos	30p
Nils Lofgren/Cry Tough	£3.95	Shadows/Best of Shadows	£1.95
Steve Miller/23 Songs	£3.95	Fender Guitar/Ken Achard	£2.95
Free/12 Big Hits	£2.50	Lead Guitar Tutor with Record	£3.50
Paul McCartney/In His Own Words	£1.95	Rhythm Guitar/Self Tutor	£3.50
Stones/Black & Blue	£2.50	Rock Bass Tutor With Record	£3.50
Bad Co. 1st Album	£3.95	Led Zeppelin Complete (1-5)	£4.95
Bad Co. Straight Shooter	£3.95	Planxty 26 Songs	£1.75
Bob Dylan/Desire	£2.35	Rock Guitar Tutor with Record	£1.50
Frampton Comes Alive	£3.95	Bass Guitar with Record	£1.50
Beach Boys/20 Golden Greats	£2.95	Wishbone Ash/15 Songs	£1.50
Pink Floyd/Dark Side Of The Moon	£2.50	Marc Bolan/Warlock Of Love	95p
Elvis Presley/NOI 57-63	£1.95	Marc Boland Lyric Book	95p
Pink Floyd/Animals	£3.50	T. Rex Songbook	£1.50
Jimi Hendrix/40 Greatest Hits	£3.95	Neil Young Complete Vol. 1	£6.95
Rod Stewart/15 Songs	£2.95	Neil Young Complete Vol. 2	£6.95
Allman Bros. 15 Songs	£2.95		
74 88 Guitar Chords	£4.00		
Beatles Complete/Guitar Or Piano each	£3.95		
Status Quo/42 Songs	£2.00		
Eagles Greatest Hits	£4.95		
Eagles & Desperado	£4.95		
Eagles Complete	£6.95		

Please print name and address in BLOCK LETTERS.
Orders £1 and under add 15p p&p. Between £1 & £2 add 25p. Between £2 & £3 add 35p. Over £3 add 50p. Catalogue free on receipt of 7p/9p stamp. Send Cheque/P.O. To:
PASH MUSIC STORES, 5 Elgin Cres., London W.11

New Roxy's 60's revival

AND GLITTER ON CHRISTMAS EVE

OVER TWENTY concerts have already been confirmed for London's new 1,600-seater Roxy Theatre in Harlesden, culminating in two Christmas Eve performances by Gary Glitter.

Those set so far are mainly "nostalgia" gigs featuring such hit recording artists from the past as P. J. Proby, Jet Harris, Marty Wilde and the Searchers. But they are interspersed by shows by current MOTR names like Barry Biggs, Lulu and Georgie Fame.

Roxy chief Terry Collins is also booking a string of rock shows, and details of these are expected in about two weeks.

And all these concerts are in addition to the Saturday and Wednesday theatre clubs, reported last week. Dates announced so far are:

Helen Shapiro and Paper Lace (September 23), Joe Brown and Susan Maughan (24), Herb Reed and the Platters and White Plains (30), Billy J. Kramer and Cupids Inspiration (October 1), Barry Biggs (6), P. J. Proby and the Fourmost (7), Jet Harris and the Swinging Blue Jeans (8), Marty Wilde and the Mojos (14), Bert Weedon and Vanity Fare (15), Guys 'n' Dolls and the Ivy League (21), Thunderclap Newman and the Nashville Teens (22), Searchers and Pinkertons Assorted Colours (28), Billie Davis and Edison Lighthouse (29), Ink Spots and Merseybeats (November 4), Mungo Jerry and Screamin' Lord Sutch (5), Vince Hill and Karl Dallas (11), Alvin Stardust (12), Lulu and Dave Berry (18), Freddie and the Dreamers (19), Georgie Fame (25) and Gary Glitter (Christmas Eve afternoon and evening).

STOP PRESS — The Jam and Cock Sparrer are booked for the Saturday morning show at the Roxy on September 17.

The augmented SMALL FACES line-up featuring from left to right (top) KENNEY JONES, RICK WILLS and IAN McLAGAN, and (bottom) STEVE MARRIOTT and JIMMY McCULLOCH.

Wings lose McCulloch

LEAD GUITARIST Jimmy McCulloch has left Paul McCartney and Wings after four years, and has already joined the Small Faces in time for their British concert tour opening next Tuesday (13). He is not replacing anyone in the Small Faces, and comes into the band to strengthen their line-up.

Wings are inactive at the moment, as Linda McCartney awaits the imminent arrival of her baby. The band already have their Virgin Islands album in the can, for release later in the year, and they are unlikely to be working again until well into the New Year. So there are no immediate plans to engage another guitarist, although obviously they will have to find a replacement for McCulloch in due course.

Commented Paul McCartney: "It's a pity that Jimmy is leaving, but problems have been building up for quite a while, and we're happy to carry on without him."

McCulloch said: "I've learned a lot from Paul, but I felt it was time for a change. The Small Faces are old friends of mine and I've always enjoyed their music, so I jumped at the chance of joining them."

Crickets in free Holly tribute gig

THE CRICKETS fly into London next week to headline a special concert at London Kilburn Gaumont State on Wednesday, September 14, to mark the 41st anniversary of Buddy Holly's birth. The 8 pm gig is free, and applicants must apply in person to the box-office for tickets, which are limited to four per person.

The Crickets' line-up features Jerry Allison (drums), Joe Maudlin (bass) and Sonny Curtis (guitar and vocals).

The gig is the highlight of Buddy Holly Week, which MCA are marking by issuing a maxi-single by Holly and the Crickets comprising "Maybe Baby", "Think It Over", "That'll Be The Day" and "It's So Easy" — and a new Buddy Holly and Bob Montgomery album titled "Western Bop" is due in November.

Buzzcocks benefits

THE BUZZCOCKS headline the two charity gigs on October 1 and 2 which mark the closure, due to pressure from the local council and fire service, of Manchester's top rock venue — the Electric Circus. Also set are The Drones, The Worst, The Fall, The Negatives and the all-girl band Rip Off. Other acts are expected to join the bill, from which profits go to cancer research. Prior bookings for the Electric Circus include Suburban Studs (this Saturday), The Models (Sunday), Pirates (September 16), Ultravox (17), Motors (18), Killer (23), Rezillos (24), The Slits (25) and Jenny Haan's Lion (30).

Rods top at Chelmsford

THE RODS, formerly Eddie and the Hot Rods, were this week confirmed as the headline attraction for the open-air concert at Chelmsford Football Ground in Essex on Saturday week, September 17.

Rest of the line-up is Doctors Of Madness, Lew Lewis Band, Chelsea, Slaughter and The Dogs, Aswad, Fruit Eating Bears, Glory, local band Solid Waste and compere John Peel.

The event was originally envisaged as a punk concert — with The Jam and Generation X among others — and (as reported last week) local council permission was obtained on this basis. But now the punk content has been considerably watered down, and it has become virtually an orthodox rock gig. Even so, it rates as the last of a mere handful of major outdoor shows this summer.

The promoter told NME that he didn't know why The Jam had refused to appear, but he claimed Generation X had withdrawn because they wouldn't agree to being billed beneath the Lew Lewis Band.

Gates open at 10 am, and the show runs from noon until 9 pm. Tickets at £3 each are available from Harlequin Records, London Theatre Bookings, Downtown Records, Ecstasy Records, Andy's Records and several other leading stores. Postal bookings should be sent to Festival Office, Chelmsford City Football Stadium, New Writtle Street, Chelmsford, Essex, to arrive not later than next Tuesday (13) — postal orders only, made payable to "Bob Mardon" (the promoter). Tickets on the day will cost £3.50.

UFO sighted!

U.F.O. have been re-united with their guitarist Michel Schenker, who disappeared in June under mysterious circumstances, just before the band were due to leave for a major U.S. tour. He was located in Munich when he was stopped for speeding and recognised as a listed missing person.

It seems he had been suffering from nervous exhaustion and couldn't face the thought of a hectic American schedule, so he decided to go missing! Now reportedly in good spirits, he has rejoined U.F.O. for the final leg of their U.S. tour — while Paul Chapman, who has been standing in for him, goes back to Lone Star in time for their British gigs (see separate story).

RECORD NEWS

Presley double LP

A SPECIAL EDITION Elvis Presley double album set is being marketed by Radio Luxembourg, in association with K-Tel International, who have already released it in France. It will not however be available in British shops. Titled "The King Of Rock'n'Roll", it contains many of his hits and several lesser-known rock tracks. Price is £5, and mail orders should be addressed to Elvis Presley Record Offer, Radio Luxembourg, 38 Hertford Street, London, W.1.

● **DAVID BOWIE'S** latest album, recorded in Berlin and titled "Heroes", is now set for October 7 release by RCA. A single from the LP will be issued at about the same time.

● **Phil Manzanera and 801** have a single titled "Flight 19" issued by Polydor this weekend, taken from their album "Listen Now" due out in a fortnight's time. Featured musicians include Lol Creme and Kevin Godley on backing vocals and gizmo, the new instrument which prompted their departure from 10cc. Also in the line-up are Eno, Eddie Jobson and lead vocalist Simon Ainley. Manzanera and 801 will be playing a string of autumn dates, but the tour band is expected to differ from the album personnel.

● A new **Dr Hook** single "Sleepin' Late" comes out on Capitol on September 16, to coincide with the band's British tour.

● **Bunny Wailer's** new single "Get Up, Stand Up", penned by Bob Marley and Peter Tosh, is released by Island this weekend. It's a limited edition of 5,000 12-inch copies, retailing at £1.

● **Fox** return to the recording scene on September 16 with a single titled "Georgina Brown" on the GTO label.

● Manchester-based band **Sad Cafe** have their album "Fanx Ta Ra" issued by RCA tomorrow (Friday), which is now confirmed as the release date of the new **Iggy Pop** set "Lust For Life" on the same label. And **The Boys'** debut album, bearing their name as it's title, is out this weekend on Nems (distributed by RCA).

● The long-awaited live double album by the **Rolling Stones**, "Love You Live", is now officially confirmed for September 16 release.

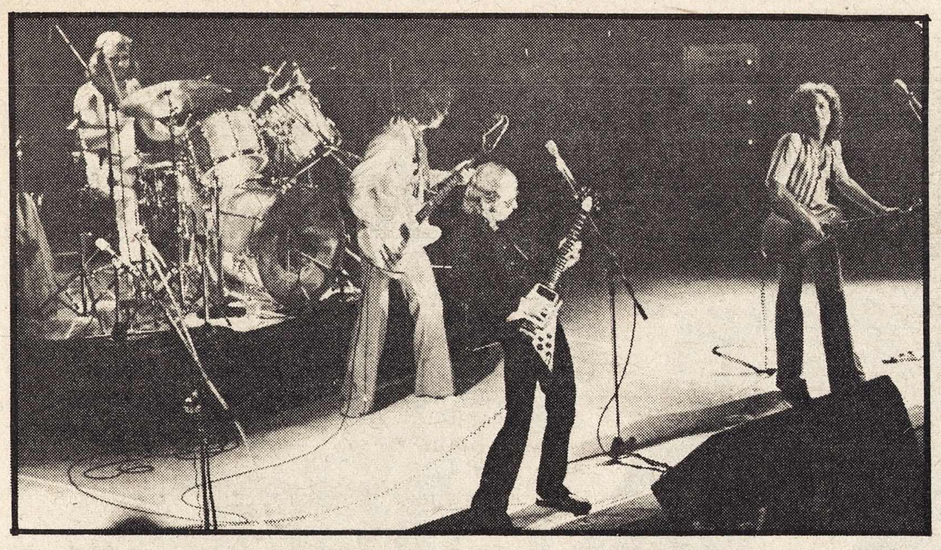
● **Barry White's** new single, issued by 20th Century this weekend, has the intriguing title "It's Ecstasy When You Lay Down". It's taken from his album "Barry White Sings For Someone You Love", due out next month.

● The **Carpenters'** latest album "Passage" is scheduled for September 23 release by A&M.

● Volume II of **Elton John's** "Greatest Hits" is issued by DJM on Sepetmber 30. The first volume came out three years ago, and this latest LP comprises most of his subsequent hit singles.

● **Split Enz** release their second Chrysalis album "Dizrythmia" on September 30. It's preceded a week earlier (23) by their single "My Mistake", which is a three-track 12-inch for the first 10,000 copies, before reverting to an orthodox two-track seven-inch. Currently touring Down Under, the band begin a 20-date headline British tour in late October.

● Arista reissue **Patti Smith's** "Gloria" this weekend as a 20,000-copy limited-edition 12-inch single, coupled with her live version of "My Generation".



Ash: 11 dates

WISHBONE ASH headline a series of 11 major concert appearances next month, climaxing in a concert at the giant Wembley Empire Pool. It is their first British outing since they played to 65,000 in a 23-venue itinerary last year, and they don't expect to tour here again for another 18 months.

Their dates are Newcastle City Hall (October 16), Glasgow Apollo (17), Sheffield City Hall (18), Birmingham Odeon (20), Liverpool Empire (21), Manchester Belle Vue (22), Leicester De Montfort Hall (24), Coventry Theatre (25), Cardiff Capitol (26), Southampton Gaumont (27) and Wembley Empire Pool (31).

The band play Wembley as special guests in the grand finals of the Sound Spectacular National Rock Competition, which occupies the first half of the show, with Ash performing for the whole of the second half. Tickets are available now by postal application at £3.50 and £2.75 (cheques and POs to "Wembley Stadium Ltd."). Admission prices at other venues are £2.80, £2.40 and £1.75, and the tour is promoted by Harvey Goldsmith and John Sherry.

The British concerts are the second leg of a world tour by Ash, starting in Europe this month with dates in Germany, Switzerland and France. Country Joe McDonald and Steve Hillage support them on the Continent, but a support act for this country has still to be named. They begin an extensive U.S. tour in January, followed by visits to Japan and Australia.

Ash have spent the last few months recording an album in Miami with producers Ronnie and Howie Albert, and it's hoped to have it ready for release to coincide with their British gigs.

Four Tops

THE FOUR TOPS fly in next month for what has become their traditional autumn tour. They will have a new single and album issued to coincide with their visit, though details are not yet available. Promoted by Mark Howes, the group's itinerary is:

Eastbourne Congress Theatre (October 12), **Bristol** Hippodrome (13), **Manchester Ardwick** Apollo (14), **Cromer** West Runton Pavilion (15), **Leicester** Bailey's (17 - 22), **Purfleet** Circus Tavern (23 - 29), **Ipswich** Gaumont (30), **Southend** Talk Of The South (November 1), **Chatham** Central Hall (3), **Coventry** Theatre (4), **Wolverhampton** Civic Hall (5), **Southampton** Gaumont (6), **Liverpool** Empire (8), **London** Royal Albert Hall (9), **Blackburn** Cavendish Club (10), **Stoke** Jolees (11 and 12) and **Croydon** Fairfield Hall (13).

Tom Paxton

TOM PAXTON returns to Britain next month to headline eight concerts, opening at London Royal Albert Hall on October 19. Other dates are at Liverpool Philharmonic Hall (20), Oxford New Theatre (21), Manchester Free Trade Hall (22), Birmingham Town Hall (23), Bristol Colston Hall (24), Leicester De Montfort Hall (25) and Edinburgh Usher Hall (26). Promoter Roy Guest is also lining up TV appearances for Paxton.

Steve Gibbons trek

STEVE GIBBONS BAND headline an extensive tour, starting in a fortnight's time. Two dozen dates have been finalised so far, with more to follow in November. The schedule ties in with the September 16 release of their live Polydor album "Caught In The Act", which retails at the special price of £2.49 and includes Dylan's "Watching The River Flow", the Beatles' "Day Tripper", their hit Chuck Berry track "Tulane" and eight originals. Confirmed dates are:

Cleethorpes Winter Gardens (September 22), **Cromer** West Runton Pavilion (23), **Folkestone** Leas Cliff Hall (24), **Croydon** Greyhound (25), **Shrewsbury** Tiffany's (27), **Cambridge** Corn Exchange (30), **Hastings** Pier Pavilion (October 1), **Plymouth** Woods Centre (5), **Coventry** Lanchester Polytechnic (7), **Swindon** Oasis (8), **Birmingham** Town Hall (9), **Stafford** Top Of The World (10), **Leeds** Polytechnic (11), **Cardiff** University (12), **Edinburgh** University (14), **Glasgow** University (15), **Hanley** Victoria Hall (17), **Chelmsford** Chancellor Hall (19), **Derby** Kings Hall (20), **Birmingham** Aston University (21), **Northampton** County Ground (22), **London Chalk Farm** Roundhouse (23), **Norwich** East Anglia University (November 4) and **Southend** Kursaal (5).

Darts launch attack

THE DARTS are to headline a massive three-month tour, starting this weekend and running through until just before Christmas. Newly signed by Magnet Records, the band have a three-track 12-inch maxi-single issued on September 23, followed by their debut album early next month. Amazorblades support Darts at a number of their venues, and more gigs will be announced next week, but those confirmed so far are:

London Clapham Common open-air show (this Sunday), **London Covent Garden** Rock Garden (week from next Monday), **Nottingham** Trent Polytechnic (September 23), **Retford** Porterhouse (24), **Bristol** Polytechnic (29), **Liverpool** Polytechnic (30), **Sheffield** Polytechnic (October 1), **London** North-East Polytechnic (3), **Manchester** University (5), **London Whitechapel** School of Physiotherapy (6), **London Strand** Kings College (7), **London** School of Economics (8), **London** Middlesex Hospital (10), **Keele** University (12), **Coventry** Mr. George's (13), **Oxford** Westminster College (14), **Newcastle** Polytechnic (21), **Prescott** C. F. Mott College (22), **Jacksdale** Grey Topper (23), **Seale Hayne** Agricultural College (28), **Birmingham** Aston University (November 4), **Liverpool** Eric's (5 and 6), **Aberdeen** University (11), **Edinburgh** Tiffany's (14), **Aberdeen** Fusion (15). **Dunfermline** Kinema (16), **Falkirk** Maniqui (17), **Hamilton** College (18), **Glasgow** Apollo (19), **Durham** Technical College (24), **Hull** Ensley College (25), **Derby** Bishop Lonsdale College (26), **St. Albans** City Hall (29), **Uxbridge** Brunel University (30), **Coventry** College (December 2), **Manchester** Polytechnic (3), **London Enfield** Middlesex Polytechnic (5), **Birmingham** University (9), **Brighton** Polytechnic (10), **Middlesbrough** Teesside Polytechnic (13), **Colchester** Essex University (15), **Stoke** Alsager College (16) and **Bolton** Technical College (17).

AUTUMN TOURS SPECIAL

Yes, Iggy: new gigs

YES have added another date to their upcoming British concert series. It is a third night at Stafford New Bingley Hall, where they were already set for November 2 and 3, and they have now added November 4. Tickets for this extra gig are all priced £3.50 and are available now from the box-office (by post or to personal callers) and at several leading record shops in the Midlands. This brings the total number of Yes concerts to 12 — six at Wembley, and three at Stafford and Glasgow.

IGGY POP has added a second night at London Rainbow to his short British tour, starting at the end of this month. The extra show — the day after his originallly announced date at this venue — is on Saturday, October 1. And it was announced this week by promoter Ian Wright of MAM that current "Gary Gilmore's Eyes" chartsters The Adverts will be special guests on all six of Iggy's concerts.

Armatrading: 17 concerts

JOAN ARMATRADING sets out on a 17-date British concert tour next month, including two major London shows. As a prelude to her gigs, A & M Records rush out her new album "Show Some Emotion" this weekend. Joan is currently in the States rehearsing her new band for the tour, which comprises:

Dublin Stadium (October 12), Ipswich Gaumont (14), Wolverhampton Civic Hall (15), Bournemouth Winter Gardens (17), Coventry Theatre (18), Brighton Dome (20), Bristol Colston Hall (21), Oxford New Theatre (22), Manchester Belle Vue (23), Preston Guildhall (25), Edinburgh Usher Hall (27), Glasgow Apollo (28), Newcastle City Hall (29), Liverpool Empire (30), Leicester De Montfort Hall (31) and London Hammersmith Odeon (November 3 and 4).

Tickets are on sale now at all venues, with prices ranged from £1 to £3 in the provinces, and from £1 to £3.50 at Hammersmith. Promoter is Andrew Miller, who has still to name the support act.

Joan's new album, which has simultaneous worldwide release, contains ten original self-penned tracks. Among backing musicians are Georgie Fame, Joan and Jerry Donahue, Rabbit, Tim Hinkley, Kenney Jones, Mel Collins and Henry Spinetti.

Chieftains' 20 shows

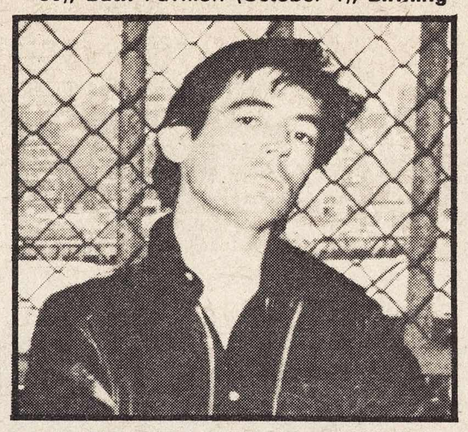
THE CHIEFTAINS make 20 British concert appearances in November, including two nights at London Rainbow, their first at this venue. This is the final stage of a seven-nation tour, opening in Canada and then taking in five European countries. Their dates, promoted by Harvey Goldsmith in association with Jo Lustig, are:

Norwich Theatre Royal (November 6), **Portsmouth** Guildhall (7), **Croydon** Fairfield Hall (8), **Swansea** Brangwyn Hall (9), **Bristol** Colston Hall (10), **Aberystwyth** University (11), **Liverpool** Empire (12), **Manchester** Free Trade Hall (14), **Coventry** Theatre (15), **Leeds** Town Hall (16), **London** Rainbow (17 and 18), **Oxford** New Theatre (20), **Leicester** De Montfort Hall (21), **Sheffield** City Hall (22), **Newcastle** City Hall (23), **Edinburgh** Usher Hall (24), **Aberdeen** Music Hall (25), **Glasgow** Apollo (26) and **Birmingham** Hippodrome (27).

Spedding steps out

CHRIS SPEDDING begins a 26-venue tour at the end of this month — and for the first time, the highly respected guitarist is fronting his own band. Joining Spedding (who is also featured on vocals) in the line-up are Steve Curry (bass), Mick Oliver (rhythm guitar) and Dave Lutton (drums). The tour, which coincides with the September 23 release of his Rak album "Hurt", comprises:

Cromer West Runton Pavilion (September 30), **Bath** Pavilion (October 1), **Birmingham** Town Hall (2), **Nottingham** University (4), **Durham** University (5), **Bridlington** Spa Royal Hall (7), **York** University (8), **Leeds** University (12), **Coventry** Locarno (13), **Cambridge** Corn Exchange (14), **Southend** Kursaal (15), **Sheffield** Polytechnic (19), **Huddersfield** Polytechnic (20), **Newcastle** Mayfair (21), **Glasgow** Strathclyde University (22), **St. Andrew's** University (23), **Hull** Tiffany's (24), **Brighton** Sussex University (26), **Oxford** Polytechnic (27), **Liverpool** Polytechnic (28), **Loughborough** University (29), **Hemel Hempstead** Pavilion (30), **Cardiff** Top Rank (November 1), **Keele** University (2), **London Strand** Lyceum (4) and **Croydon** Greyhound (6).



Rod McKuen

ROD McKUEN makes ten autumn concert appearances to tie in with the September 30 release of his new DJM album "Rod McKuen '77", and the October 24 publication of his new poetry book "Coming Close To Earth". They are:

London Royal Festival Hall (October 21), **Slough** Thames Hall (23), **Chatham** Central Hall (25), **Bournemouth** Winter Gardens (28), **Eastbourne** Congress Theatre (29), **Manchester** Royal Exchange (30), **Edinburgh** Usher Hall (31), **Belfast** Ulster Hall (November 1), **Coventry** Theatre (3) and **Inverness** Eden Court Theatre (5).

Lone Star

LONE STAR play a short nine-venue tour next month with gigs at Cardiff Capitol (October 2), Bristol Colston Hall (3), Newcaste City Hall (4), Liverpool Empire (5), Cambridge Corn Exchange (7), Birmingham Hippodrome (8), Manchester Free Trade Hall (10), Sheffield City Hall (11) and London Rainbow (12). Tickets are on sale now — Rainbow prices are £2, £1.50 and £1.25, while at all other venues they are £1.75, £1.40 and £1.10.

Slim Whitman

SLIM WHITMAN returns to Britain early next month for an extensive 30-date concert tour, his first since topping the NME Album Chart at the beginning of the year with "Red River Valley". The veteran country singer appears at:

Doncaster Gaumont (October 1), **Hull** Dorchester Theatre (2), **Chatham** Central Hall (6), **Portsmouth** Guildhall (7), **Bournemouth** Winter Gardens (8), **Oxford** New Theatre (9), **Gloucester** Leisure Centre (12), **Croydon** Fairfield Hall (13), **Hanley** Odeon (14), **Coventry** Theatre (15), **Norwich** Theatre Royal (16), **Edinburgh** Usher Hall (19), **Aberdeen** Music Hall (20), **Middlesbrough** Town Hall (21), **Liverpool** Empire (22), **Blackpool** Opera House (23), **Inverness** Eden Court (26), **Bristol** Colston Hall (28), **Taunton** Odeon (29), **Torquay** Princess Theatre (30), **Wakefield** Theatre Club (November 1), **Chelmsford** Odeon (3), **Ipswich** Gaumont (4), **Peterborough** ABC (5), **London** Palladium (6), **Folkestone** Leas Cliff Hall (9), **Brighton** Dome (10), **Southampton** Gaumont (11), **Southport** New Theatre (12) and **Stockport** Davenport Theatre (13). Promoter is Mervyn Conn.

Fairport

FAIRPORT CONVENTION will be playing a short series of mid-autumn concerts, after they finish work on their previously-reported film "In One End And Out The Other". Their first four confirmed gigs are at Croydon Fairfield Hall (October 30), Basildon Towngate Theatre (November 11), Uxbridge Brunel University (12) and Nottingham University (19).

ON THE ROAD

HEAVY METAL KIDS now play **Cardiff** Top Rank on September 16. Their gig at **Retford** Porterhouse, originally announced for that date, is now re-scheduled for September 30.

COLOSSEUM II are being lined up for an extensive mid-autumn tour. First confirmed gig is at **Sheffield** University on November 1. Rest of their dates will be announced shortly.

JUNE TABOR plays **Brighton** Springfield Hotel (October 9), **Cambridge** Lady Mitchell Hall (18), **Groombridge** Junction Inn (23), **Lancaster** Yorkshire House Hotel (28), **Denton** Chapel House Hotel (30), **Castleton** Cheshire Cheese (November 10), **Scunthorpe** Berkeley Hotel (13), **Bath** Hat & Feather (18), **St. Neots** Kings Head (22), **Bradshaw** The Tavern (December 4), **Kegworth** Oddfellows Hall (8), **London Regent's Park** Cecil Sharp House (10) and **Portsmouth** Old House (14).

THE DUBLINERS celebrate their 15th anniversary in the business with a concert tour taking in **Folkestone** Leas Cliff Hall (September 19). **Ipswich** Gaumont (21), **London** Royal Festival Hall (23), **Slough** Thames Hall (24), **Oxford** New (25), **Croydon** Fairfield Hall (27), **Southport** New (28), **Sunderland** Empire (29), **Ashton** Tameside Theatre (30), **Sheffield** Crucible Theatre (October 1), **Leeds** Grand (2), **Burton** Town Hall (4), **Birmingham** Town Hall (5), **Portsmouth** Guildhall (6), **Nottingham** Playhouse (7) and **Hatfield** Leisure Centre (8).

RACING CARS have added another two dates to their British tour — at **Nottingham** Albert Hall (October 3) and **Corby** Festival Hall (12).

SUTHERLAND BROTHERS & QUIVER have scrapped three of the venues on their upcoming tour — out go **Manchester** Apollo (originally set for September 17 then switched to October 26), **Eastbourne** Congress (October 22) and **Swansea** Bragwyn Hall (27). And **Liverpool** Empire is moved from September 16 to October 20.

RADIATORS FROM SPACE, a leading Irish punk band newly signed by Chiswick Records, play their first British tour at **London Wardour St.** Vortex (September 27), **London Camden** Music Machine (28), **London Covent Garden** Roxy (29-30), **London Hammersmith** Red Cow (October 1), **London Islington** Hope & Anchor (4), **London Covent Garden** Rock Garden (5), **High Wycombe** Nags Head (6), **London Stoke Newington** Rochester Castle (9), **London Kensington** Nashville (10), **Birmingham** Rebecca's (13), **Dudley** J.B.'s (14), **London** Marquee (15), **London Camden** Dingwalls (17), **Edinburgh** Clouds (25), **Dundee** (26), and **Falkirk** Maniqui (27).

©1977 PROMOTONE B.V.

Andy Warhol

love
in love
in love
all in lo
good
you're tumbling down
sixteen
you my explosi
sweet sixteen
out to
i get h
'caus
everybod ine and — and they
don't need
tell me what can i do —
sweet sixteen
i give you my body and soul
sweet sixteen
i must be hungry
'cause i go crazy
over your leather boots
now baby i know
that's not normal
but i love you
i love you
i love you
sweet sixteen

copyright © 197 les osterberg music.
l rights reser rinted by permission.

Some We
(lyrics by iggy pop music by david bowie)

i never got my
license to live
they won't give it up —
stand at the worlds' edge
ng to break in
w it's not for me
ht of it all
d and ill
want'
n

self
yself
ot to got to
o got to got to
stand it
e comes my face
here comes my face
it's plain bizarre
it's plain bizarre
here comes mu
here comes
out of the cr
out of the cr
sweetheart i m
sweetheart i m telling you
here comes the zoo

Side A
Lust for Life
(lyrics by iggy pop music by david bowie)

here comes Johnny Yen again
with the liquor and drugs
and the flesh machine
he's gonna do another striptease
hey, man where'd you get
that lotion? i been hurting
since i bought the gimmick
about something called lo
yeah somethi

r before
'cau
'cause of a
i'm worth a million in pri
with my torture
we'
all on a government loan
i'm worth a million in prizes
yeah i'm through with sleeping on the
sidewalk — no more beating my brains
no more beating my brains
with the liquor and drugs
with the liquor and drugs
well i am just a modern guy
of course i've had it
in the ear before
'cause of a lust for life
'cause of a lust for life
i got a lust for life
got a lust for life
oh a lust for life
oh a lust for life
a lust for life
i got a lust for life
i got a lust for life

he
here
m go
n gon
move
n mo
oh you sla
oh you sla
h you's
i m onna
na do t
na hop like
hop like

he Passenger
(l y iggy pop mus

i am the passenger
and i ride and i ride
i ride through the cit
i see the stars come
out of the sky
yeah the bright and lo
you know it looks
so good tonight
i am the passenger
i stay under glass
i look through my
indow so brig
the stars
co t tonig
i see
ity's
backside
nd everything s go
singing la la la
la-la-la-la
la la la la
la-la-la-la
la la la la
la-la-la-la
la la
get into
we'll b
we'll
we'll
we'l
ho
w

ndow

ped backsi
ocean dri
made

PL 12488
RCA
IGGY'S NEW ALBUM

Apollo Manchester: September 25
City Hall Newcastle: September 26
Odeon Birmingham: September 27
Colston Hall Bristol: September 28
Rainbow London: September 30
IGGY'S NEW TOUR

This feature can be read as (a): one night in the workers' struggle against capitalist exploitation.

This feature can be read as (b): one night in the punters' struggle against punk rock speculation.

PHIL McNEILL goes to Wigan to see the PISTOLS join the Right to Work march. Or not.

"ARE THE PISTOLS ON?" Five o'clock Saturday afternoon and the queue outside Wigan Casino stretches to the corner of the block.

Rumours have been in the air all week. Tonight's gig is being staged by Rock Against Racism, according to the local press. On the bill: The Drones, Nosebleeds, *plus special guests*. It's the last bit that caused the interest.

The *Lancashire Evening Post* predicted the Pistols on its front page, and there are kids here from Blackpool, Accrington, even Sheffield — all for The Sex Pistols.

That's what I'm here for too. Them and the Right To Work Campaign.

Wigan is the second rest stop on their march from Liverpool to Blackpool, where they're going to lobby the Trades Union Congress and gob on miners' boss Joe Gormley among other things. The Rock Against Racism people have been putting on shows for the marchers at each stop, and the prospect of the Pistols coming up against Right To Work militants could prove interesting to say the least.

Still unsure whether the band are on, I go in search of the Right To Work campsite.

A couple of miles out of town, in ten large marquees, are the 800 marchers. That may not be many compared to the current stratospheric unemployment figures — a post-war record of 1,635,950 in August — but when you bear in mind that Right To Work have got as many out on their four-day route march as the National Front could muster for their brief Lewisham debacle, then it's pretty impressive.

The Sun may see fit to dredge out its "Sunshine Scroungers" headline for a handful of kids who are holidaying on the dole in Devon, but up here in stagnating Lancashire the Right To Work march has apparently been afforded a fairly cordial welcome.

THE MOTIVATING force of Right To Work is the Socialist Workers' party, and ever since Lewisham, no matter how dubious the individual reporter may find the SWP's anti-Front tactics, to be from the *NME* is an instant "in". I arrive at the camp to find the village vibrant, under the gaze of groups of small children from the neighbouring housing estate.

After 48 hours on the road together, they've got the sort of camaraderie people used to join the army for — and probably still do. It's a man's life in the Right To Work; the marchers are predominantly young and — despite claims to the contrary — generally male.

Almost everyone wears the RTW standard issue orange dayglo waterproof sleeveless jackets, emblazoned with personalised graffiti. "I am a late night rioter — Carnival 76/77" . . .

"Anarchy For The UK". . .

"I hate pigs". . .

Last night The Fall ("a bit loud") and John Cooper Clarke performed for them in Kirkby. Buzzcocks were to have played, but pulled out; sources close to the band suggest the gig was too disorganised, marchers heard they were "too tired".

Tonight? Nobody around here seems to think the Pistols are on, but even so, once a rumour like that gets around it's hard to dismiss.

And tell it to those kids still outside the Casino — three hours on . . .

I ARRIVE with the Right To Work shuttle to find the street in complete confusion. There must be going on a thousand kids out here. The Casino bouncers tear their hair, looking highly distraught about the complex admission rules: RTW stewards in first, RTW marchers in free, members of public with dole cards 75p, the rest £1.50 . . .

I ask the stewards whether it wouldn't be an idea to tell the crowd that the Pistols aren't on. Whether they do or not, however, these kids won't believe it until they're chucked out at the end of the evening — would you? — and suddenly the pernicious twist in The Sex Pistols' current *"special guests"* routine becomes shockingly apparent.

China Street, a four-piece from Lancaster, are first on — followed by The Drones, who perform enjoyable pogo music, including "My Generation". The atmosphere is amazing — the RTW people, like hordes of labourers in their orange jackets, mingling surreally with an array of late '77 fashions to match any London night out.

It feels good.

The token reggae band come on. Exodus. That's their name — not the audience response. The people wearing Rock Against Racism badges respond heartily, a quartet of punks go through some stunning jive routines (yep — punks doing Ted dances to reggae), whilst a couple of kids who evidently haven't read that this week punks are *supposed* to dig reggae, heckle a bit.

Despite some difficulty getting the guitars in tune, Exodus play pleasant cover versions of Bob Marley's new single and Johnny Clarke's brilliant "Declaration Of Rights".

The disco is awful. Nonstop Sex Pistols, as if to compensate for their absence.

As far as I know, no official announcement about that has yet been made. Right To Work revellers are told how to pick up their lifts back to camp; they start to drift out as The Nosebleeds come on, but the friendly atmosphere they've brought with them is not dispelled.

The Nosebleeds, well, they're not The Sex Pistols. Although I'm still sceptical about these supposed leaps in the latter's live performance, at least they wouldn't just belt out one deafening identikit number after another — so identikit that they even manage to adapt "Right To Work" chants into their songs on the spur of the moment.

People pogo onstage and dive off, and finally The Nosebleeds depart, to chants of "PISTOLS! PISTOLS! PISTOLS!"

But the Pistols are playin' possum down in Cornwall, where they're making their super duper punk movie (in Cornwall?!!), or so I'm told. Whoever told you the Pistols were coming was lying. You been ripped off, John.

I ASK PEOPLE whether they thought they were paying to see The Sex Pistols. Unanimously, yes. You don't come from Sheffield and lay out £1.50 just to see The Drones, do you?

Why did you think they were on? Well, they announced it last week at the Slaughter and The Dogs gig: "Next week, The Spots and The Nosebleeds". Everyone knows The Spots are Sex Pistols On Tour. And it said it in the local rag . . .

I even meet some people from Rock Against Racism in London, who've come all this way to be disappointed.

As the audience files out, I go in search of the Casino manager and the Right To Work promoter.

Jason Meyler is national treasurer of the Right To Work Campaign, and he's obviously totally exhausted. Feeling really bad about keeping him from his sleeping bag, I coax a few details from him.

Meyler booked the hall, but other RTW people were responsible for booking the bands. Quite why the RAR name has been put to the programme seems uncertain: the London RAR crew didn't know anything about it, and seem remarkably happy for any sympathetic promoter to stage gigs under thir nominal aegis.

Right To Work paid the Casino a hire charge and took the door takings; the Casino took the bar money; the bands were paid expenses by RTW.

I put to Meyler the story that's been circulating: the Pistols wanted to do the gig but Malcolm McLaren didn't want them associating with Right To Work. Meyler presses the "No Comment" button, but gives the impression that's his version too.

"Frankly, I'm more worried about whether it's going to rain tomorrow than about the Pistols," he says, seemingly not realising that there were as many paying customers tonight as there were RTW hearties, and maybe *they* couldn't give a toss about the weather forecast.

Meyler insists that RTW *didn't* advertise The Sex Pistols as appearing. That's as maybe, but they *did* advertise *"special guests"* and — no offence to the two bands — but Exodus and China Street hardly seem to qualify.

What's more, I was told categorically on Thursday by the London RTW office that "Johnny Rotten and friends" *would* be appearing; a London RAR representative was told the same thing on Friday.

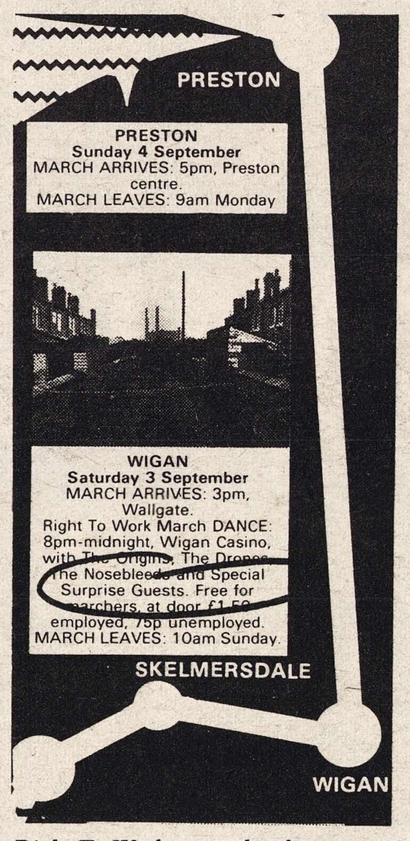
Meyler, however, looks like a man who's trying to do several jobs too many, and I leave him to blissful sleep.

MEANWHILE the Casino is metamorphosing. The punk gig ended at midnight; a northern soul all-nighter starts at 1.00 am. Manager Mike Walker parks me politely to one side and dashes about madly, occasionally standing in the centre of the floor to yell dramatically: "Are we ready?"

Little girls sweep up, the equipment vanishes smartly from the stage, to be replaced by a lone deejay, and the obscure singles stall readies its star singles.

Outside the queueing soul fans meet the departing punks under the surveillance of half a dozen vanloads of police and dogs. I see people being serched, but no violence — though it later transpires that two people end up stabbed,

■ *Continues over page*



Right To Work route plan from Socialist Worker.

■ *From previous page*

seemingly after a clash between the two audiences.

As the soul audience come in, the jiving punk phenomenon is explained: a few of the soul fans have just nipped round the corner to change out of their punk regalia, and what I took for jiving was in fact the latest version of the gymnastics that Wigan's Chosen Few used to demonstrate when they did "Footsee" on *TOTP* back in '75.

Mike Walker sinks into the calm of his office, fending off continual interruptions, and does his PR duty. Northern soul is still booming, but it's back out of the headlines. Not for long, though: Tony Palmer came down to shoot an *All You Need Is Love* special in April.

Although they've been running rock on Saturday evenings for several years, the capacity audience Right To Work gig is a big event for the Casino. Walker confesses no particular interest in, or knowledge about, the RTW Campaign, but sympathises with the unemployed and "will have a go at anything."

Indeed, he tried to "have a go" at booking the Pistols back in December '76, when they were just another cheap filler rock band as far as he was concerned. The gig was cancelled by the band themselves, Walker claims, after the Grundy affair.

The Casino is owned by the local council, and one clause of the lease states that any outside party should be enabled to hire the hall. RTW booked up three months ago. Walker had no reservations about possible violence — a subject about which the local press has apparently waxed eloquent — because if you run a dance hall you know how to handle it ...

About a month ago one of Walker's DJs, who also happens to be RCA's northern "plugger", heard the first Pistols rumour — in fact, at one time, after Rotten did an interview with Rock Against Racism's *Temporary Hoarding* magazine, it was even rumoured that young Johnny would actually be on the march.

The same day Walker also got a call from the BBC asking if the Pistols were on. As he wasn't booking the bands, he started checking on the RTW line-up, and discovered it contained two or three "unconfirmed guests".

He claims that he answered subsequent enquiries with flat denials that it was The Sex Pistols — and at last week's Slaughter and the Dogs gig, rather than the announcement which several people told me they heard, that The Spots would be on, he had actually said The Spots would *not* be appearing.

The *Lancashire Evening Post & Chronicle,* however, evidently found the denials they received both from Walker and the local RAR people unconvincing. On Wednesday they hit the streets with MYSTERY OF SEX PISTOLS WIGAN DATE, detailing how the RTW gig would include, "it is believed", entertainment by Britain's most controversial group, The Sex Pistols.

An *Evening Post* representative told me that each denial of the story always seemed to contain a hint that the Pistols *might* show. Indeed, he even claimed that one RAR person at Saturday's gig told him the band would have played but for the *Evening Post* publicity.

SO ... ONCE more into the breach, dear reader: let us venture into the guarded enclosure that is Pistolsland.

Yes, Sophie at McLaren's office *does* know about the Wigan Casino gig to which I'm referring, but no, "it never got beyond informal discussions between one of them (the RTW people) and John (Rotten). In the end we were too disorganised."

Right now, Sophie tells me, the Pistols are at home in bed. They *were* down in Cornwall last week, but not filming their movie: they played in Plymouth (Wednesday) and Penzance (Thurdsay).

Great — if you were in Penzance. Not so hot if you were the victim of the rumours which are bound to proliferate wildly when a bunch of superstars start playing some coy now-you-see-us-now-you-don't game.

I still don't see why The Sex Pistols can't use their own name.

Well, says Sophie, the residents of Wolverhampton were shocked the day after they discovered the Pistols had played the Lafayette right under their noses.

Huh? But have the band actually attempted to play under their real name in Britain this year — apart from the Screen and the boat trip? Well, says Sophie, you'd better talk to their agents about that. Cowbell.

Yes, but meanwhile kids are going out to see the Pistols — and in some cases travelling huge distances — only to discover that the mysterious Snivelling Shits really *are* The Snivelling Shits. Well, says Sophie, it's great if they get to see lots of new bands.

The Pistols organisation was unaware of the *Lancashire Evening Post's* predictions about their Wigan appearance.

Later we receive an eye-witness report of the Penzance gig. Billed simply as "a mystery band of international repute", the Pistols took on an audience of about 400 in the Winter Gardens — only a quarter of whom, our informant estimates, were aware of who the mystery band might be.

Must have been quite a comparison with the hordes of kids who turned up in Wigan fairly positive about who *they* were going to see ... and didn't.

Down in Penzance, middle-aged ladies from Scotland rubbed shoulders with longhairs and punks as a happy looking Pistols played an "exciting" set despite poor sound. The gig *was* filmed and recorded.

With no other band on the bill and a heavy metalloid disco, only ONE bouncer was in evidence all night.

Wonder how many bouncers The Smogs — in Manchester — and Die Laughing — in Swindon — hired to keep at bay the Pistols fans we've heard about who travelled as far to see *them* as people did to Wigan Casino, lured by more mysterious false rumours.

JOHN JACKSON of Cowbell, the Pistols' agents, goes straight on the attack. Just because he's putting out his band under daft names doesn't mean the disappointments going down elswhere are any responsibility of his.

"I can only assume the Wigan Casino have an eye for a fast buck," he tells me. "This agency wasn't approached by either the Casino or the Right To Work for the Pistols to perform under any name."

The "sequence of gigs", as he insists on calling it rather than a tour, was set up some time ago: seven gigs only, of which six were played and Bristol blown out by the Granary Club itself.

All the shows, he claims, are now over. The "sequence of dates" is finished. Whether you believe that might depend on whether, for instance, you believed the agency's original denials that the tour was taking place at all.

"We don't want to dupe the kids," Jackson tells me.

He accuses promoters who maybe "felt left out" of the Pistols' tour plans of throwing tantrums and letting slip their own rumours.

On the other hand, RTW *were* having discussions with members of the band.

Of course, all this hassle could be avoided if The Sex Pistols went out — I know this may sound unorthodox — as The Sex Pistols. What are the reasons for the masquerade?

"I would have though that was fairly obvious," John Jackson tells me. "I don't want to go into it."

Sorry, but I don't see what's so obvious. It's a great image, being The Group That's Banned.

Didn't Virgin even state it in one of their ads: "Banned. Sex Pistols are not even allowed to play in London ..."

But didn't Tony Stewart discover (*NME* 9.9.77) that in fact no promoter had actually attempted to get an application for a London Pistols' show approved by the GLC in recent months.

Jackson admits the Pistols "could possibly do Earls Court", but that it would be the wrong venue for the group. There's quite a difference between being banned and being choosy about venues.

Cowbell now predict the Pistols *will* play London soon, but they haven't yet made "a concerted effort" to set it up.

AS FOR Wigan, I don't believe it was an intentional ploy on the part of either the Casino or the Right To Work Campaign to mislead people. The SWP, through its links with RTW and RAR, has leaped headlong into the punk arena of late; maybe the Wigan experience will make them somewhat more circumspect.

Fortunately, it was a great gig anyway, Pistols or no Pistols — but simply because of the spark in the audience mix of punks and marchers. By all accounts of other RAR gigs, they bring this heady atmosphere with them built-in.

Sunday dawns grey and wet in Wigan. With a long march to Preston ahead of them, the Right To Work marchers are gonna need that built-in feeling.

Q. Which of the following would you travel 200 miles to see?

THE SNIVELLING SHITS ☐
THE TAX EXILES ☐
CHINA STREET ☐
THE SMOGS ☐
THE SPOTS ☐
DIE LAUGHING ☐
THE HAMSTERS ☐
THE TRANSPORT WORKERS ☐
JOE GORMLEY ☐

(And which of them would you walk 50 miles to spit on?)

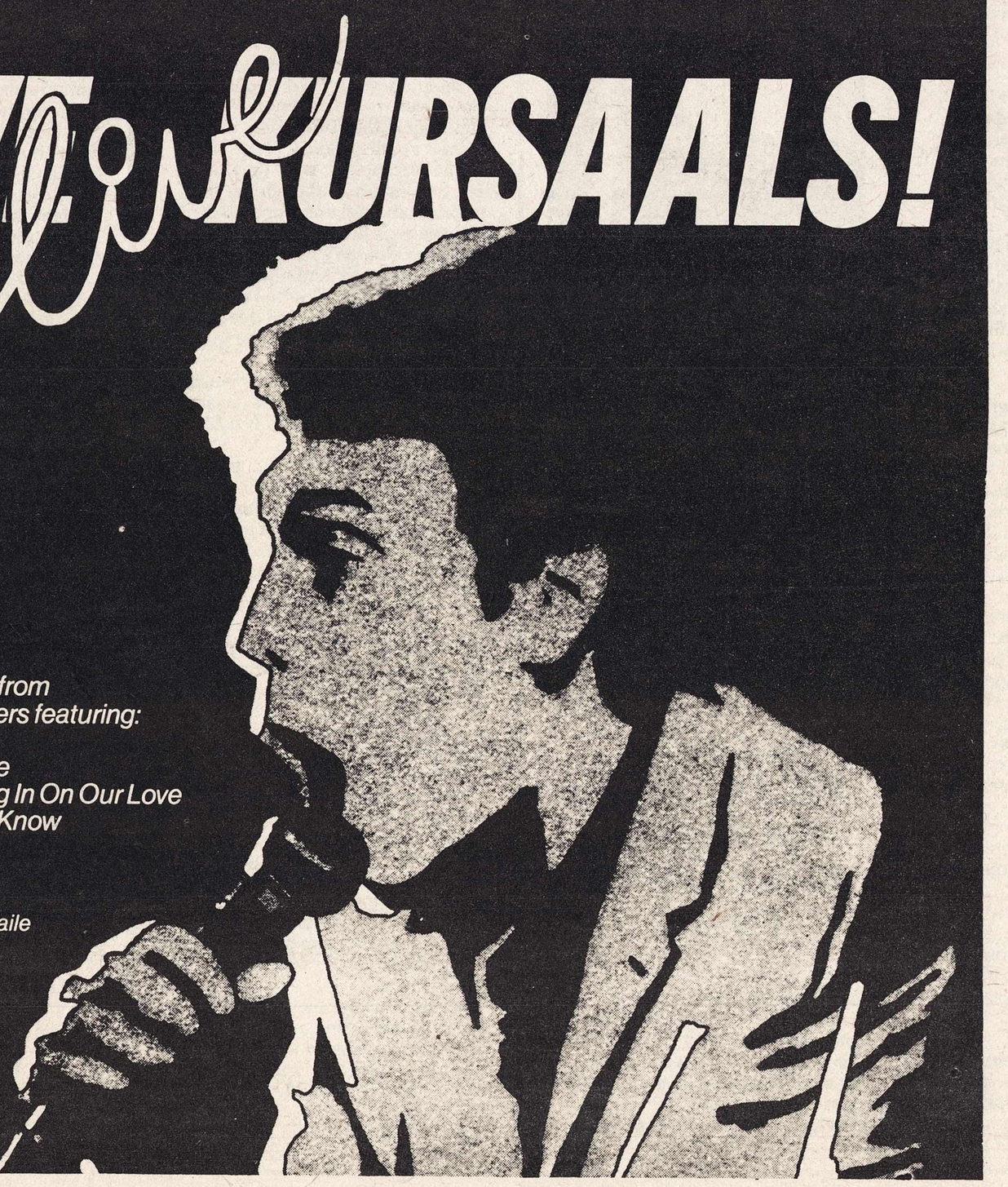
"The Southend Sinners have transformed themselves into a gutsy, hard-driving beat group with heavy credibility"
– Chas de Whalley, Sounds.

"The moment they hit the stage they started generating quantities of energy that probably haven't been seen since the days when Attila the Hun sacked Europe"
– Frank Barrett, Record Mirror.

"I've never seen the Kursaals rock so hard, so streamlined and so purposeful . . . . . I came away convinced the Kursaal Flyers could be the band to trounce all-comers this autumn"
– Phil McNeill, New Musical Express.

Now captured live on vinyl

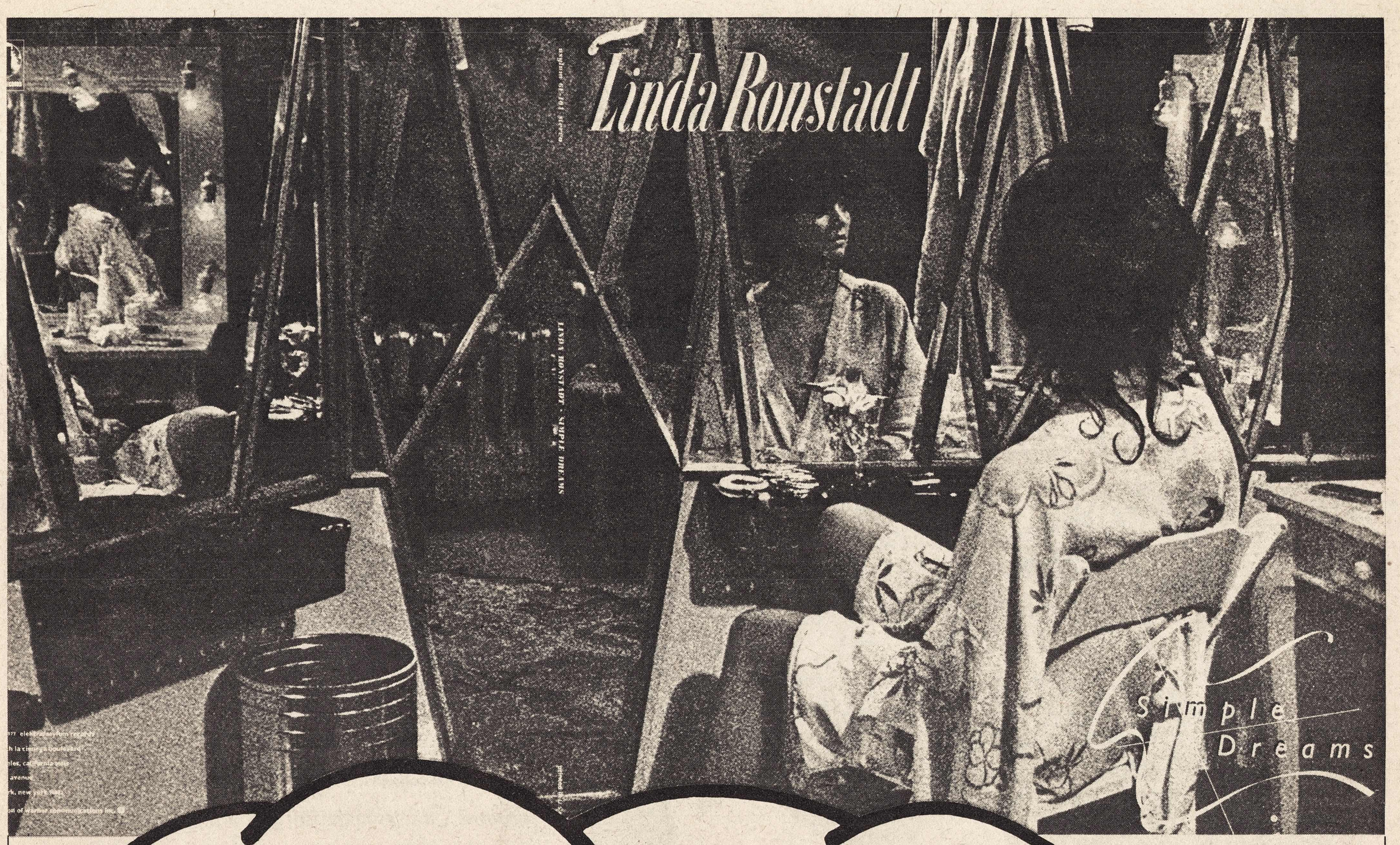
FIVE KURSAALS!



The new album from
The Kursaal Flyers featuring:
Pocket Money
Cruisin' For Love
The Sky's Falling In On Our Love
Little Does She Know
Speedway

Produced by Vic Maile

82253
CBS
Records & Tapes



SIMPLE DREAMS. By Linda Ronstadt.

Very simply, very beautiful.

Linda Ronstadt, a beautiful lady with a voice to match, on her new album 'Simple Dreams'. It's simple, it has life, it's her best yet.

Available on Asylum records and tapes. K53065 asylum

Renaissance

are proud to present "novella."

K56422

Renaissance. The name means rebirth; the music has captured exactly the feeling of classical music reborn in a unique, modern symphonic sound.

Novella is a progression from earlier albums. It uses to the full Annie Haslam's soaring operatic voice, Jon Camp's ability to transform the bass into a lead instrument, John Tout's keyboard dexterity, Mickey Dunford's rich acoustic guitar and Terry Sullivan's blending musical authority. Novella - It heralds a new era of classically performed music.

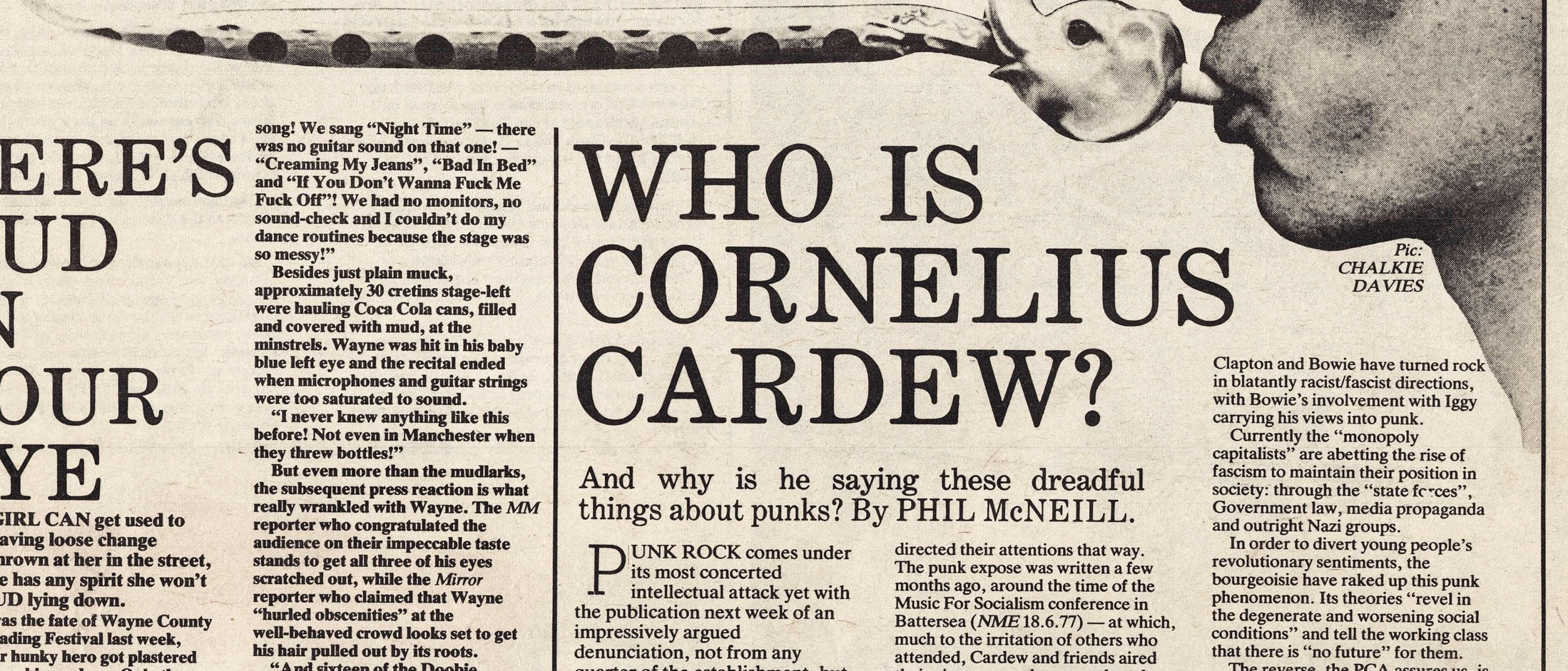
Renaissance
Available on Warner Brothers Records and Tapes

Nua-Chultúr Special Supplement *July, 26,1977.*

PUNK ROCK IS FASCIST!

The following article is reprinted from Progressive Cultural Association , Britain, and exposes the nature of 'punk rock', as the latest degeneration of pop music.Although the article was written about the promotion of 'punk rock' in Britain, its analysis of the trend holds true for Ireland, as 'punk rock' is an internationally promoted music trend. CANISG sincerely invites readers of this document to attend the forthcoming meeting on pop music (see advert. below) held by CANISG (Cultire and Art for National Independence Study Group). Punk rock is the latest attempt to culturally subvert young people in this country and divert them away from serving the people, and identifying consciously and responsibly with the working class and small farmers, and with their struggle against British imperialist intervention in Ireland , and the capitalist sytem. It is British imperialism which is responsible for the fact that we have been so impoverished over the centuries, and that now there is no future for the young people - no jobs, no amenities, no future of a decent and prosperous life. And the same force is promoting all this Anglo-American culture to try and make young people turn a blind eye to the real problems. Irish youth must not and will not be 'appeased' by 'punk rock' or anything else into accepting the present state of the country. 'Punk

THRILLS



Pic: CHALKIE DAVIES

HERE'S MUD IN YOUR EYE

A GIRL CAN get used to having loose change thrown at her in the street, but if she has any spirit she won't take MUD lying down.

Such was the fate of Wayne County at the Reading Festival last week, where our hunky hero got plastered without touching a drop. Only three songs into his set, and about 30 hard rock fans in the crowd started to chuck mud, cans and stones at Wayne and his group the Electric Chairs.

They went off and came back a few minutes later for a second try, but retreated for good when a further salvo of missiles came up from the crowd.

The only other festival of which he has knowledge, Wayne recalled when *Thrills* inquired after his health this week, was Woodstock. There, a far younger Wayne was in the audience, wallowing happily in the mire ("I was a mere child, honey") innocent of what many have called "The Reading Mentality", that inscrutable train of thought which drove last year's Festival thugs to mete out similar treatment to The Mighty Diamonds and U. Roy.

They were/are Black, Wayne is a Punk — and Reading resides in the aptly-named county of Berkshire.

"They started throwing the stuff on the very first chord!" accused Wayne like a piqued and bovine Joan of Arc as he relaxed the following Thursday night in Knightsbridge.

"They didn't even listen to one song! We sang "Night Time" — there was no guitar sound on that one! — "Creaming My Jeans", "Bad In Bed" and "If You Don't Wanna Fuck Me Fuck Off"! We had no monitors, no sound-check and I couldn't do my dance routines because the stage was so messy!"

Besides just plain muck, approximately 30 cretins stage-left were hauling Coca Cola cans, filled and covered with mud, at the minstrels. Wayne was hit in his baby blue left eye and the recital ended when microphones and guitar strings were too saturated to sound.

"I never knew anything like this before! Not even in Manchester when they threw bottles!"

But even more than the mudlarks, the subsequent press reaction is what really wrankled with Wayne. The *MM* reporter who congratulated the audience on their impeccable taste stands to get all three of his eyes scratched out, while the *Mirror* reporter who claimed that Wayne "hurled obscenities" at the well-behaved crowd looks set to get his hair pulled out by its roots.

"And sixteen of the Doobie Brothers' road crew threatened to do us! Sixteen! Can you imagine! Because we got their equipment messy!"

If Wayne could do it all over again, I guess he'd do it all over The Doobie Brothers.

Julie Burchill

THRILLS

WAYNE COUNTY, earning his Reading Endurance Medal, sidesteps a passing beer can. Pic: GEORGE BUSH

WHO IS CORNELIUS CARDEW?

And why is he saying these dreadful things about punks? By PHIL McNEILL.

PUNK ROCK comes under its most concerted intellectual attack yet with the publication next week of an impressively argued denunciation, not from any quarter of the establishment, but from an extreme left wing organisation.

Punk rock is fascist, according to an article in *Cogs & Wheels* magazine.

What's more, the rise of punk alongside the National Front is more than just a coincidence, and both the National Front and punk rock are being subtly promoted by the capitalist media in order to keep the youth of Britain oppressed.

Cogs & Wheels is published by a Maoist organisation called the Progressive Cultural Association (PCA). Its best known member is the contemporary classical composer Cornelius Cardew. PCA's aims, he told *Thrills* when we contacted him last week, are twofold: to create new art which serves the struggle for socialism and to oppose reactionary tendencies in art.

The PCA's Pop Music Study Group was set up about nine months ago. It soon became apparent to them that punk was the most burgeoning reactionary art form of 1977, so they directed their attentions that way. The punk expose was written a few months ago, around the time of the Music For Socialism conference in Battersea (*NME* 18.6.77) — at which, much to the irritation of others who attended, Cardew and friends aired their views on punk at some length.

The prime bone of contention was whether "people's music" — such as punk — is necessarily progressive. In the eyes of Cardew (whose own music even *NME's* weirdest avant-garde freak terms "impenetrable") and the People's Liberation Music band (the PCA's rock band, for whom Cardew plays piano and sings), the most essential factor for the revolution is not discontent but rather a definite cultural goal.

As the punk broadsheet sets out to demonstrate, nothing could be further from the minds of most pogo freaks.

"During the past year the trend of 'Punk Rock' has been carefully nurtured and promoted to the youth, propagandising the ideology of pessimism, mindless aggression and violence, degeneracy and decay, racism, sexism, nihilism, blind rebellion and glorying in the symbolism and promotion of the Nazi movement."

And that's just the first sentence. The 2,000 word piece continues in impressively taut vein, expounding the following theory:—

Pop has always been used to channel off youth's revolutionary energy into harmless sidelines. Beatles' songs like "Revolution" and the entire love and peace schtick, for instance, defused the revolutionary possibilities of the unrest over the American wars in Vietnam and Cambodia.

In the last two years the likes of Clapton and Bowie have turned rock in blatantly racist/fascist directions, with Bowie's involvement with Iggy carrying his views into punk.

Currently the "monopoly capitalists" are abetting the rise of fascism to maintain their position in society: through the "state forces", Government law, media propaganda and outright Nazi groups.

In order to divert young people's revolutionary sentiments, the bourgeoisie have raked up this punk phenomenon. Its theories "revel in the degenerate and worsening social conditions" and tell the working class that there is "no future" for them.

The reverse, the PCA assures us, is true. Under the leadership of the Communist party of England (Marxist-Leninist) — i.e. the Maoists, as opposed to the traditional Communist Party of Great Britain — capitalism will be overthrown.

Punk sows dissent wherever possible — for instance, between generations — always diverting attention from the *real* cause of the worsening social conditions. It fosters gang warfare with other youths — Teds — and blames society's ills on incompetent government or human nature . . . anything but capitalist exploitation.

The PCA reckons that the mass media staged a concerted assault at the end of '76 to launch punk, with the Pistols' prime time TV access coinciding with a double-page punk spread in the *Daily Mirror,* and front pages all round next day.

In order to conceal the true nature of punk, such ploys as banning records have been used to enhance its anti-establishment image. But punk is in fact freely available, and is tirelessly promoted by the bourgeoisie's media.

The Sex Pistols' central message, says the article, is that there is no future for the youth of the country. The Stranglers — in a quote taken from an interview with this writer (*NME* 4.12.76) — predict that kids will continue to flirt with swastika chic until a symbol as strong can replace it.

Continues over page

Scenes from The Original Punk Movie.

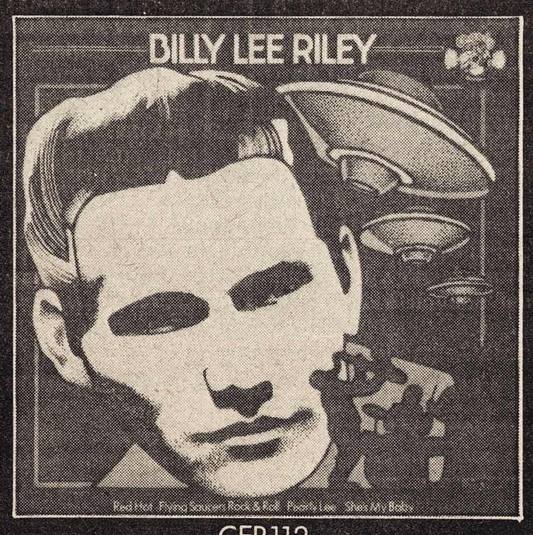
See over page.

SIX MORE

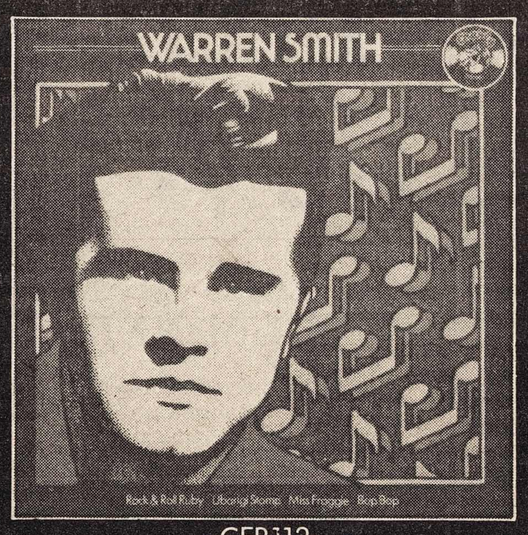
Jukebox Giants

from Charly Records

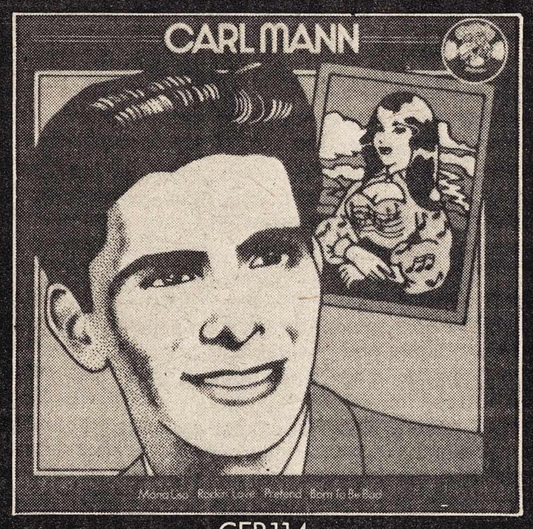
Half a dozen great new additions
to the Jukebox Giants EP series
All giant value at 99p each



CEP112



CEP113



CEP114

CEP115

CEP116

CEP117

EP's FOR EXTRA PLAY... EXTRA PLEASURE!

Charly Records

Charly Records
9 Beadon Road, London W6 0EA
Telephone: 01-741 0011
Distributed by Pye Records (Sales) Ltd.

THE SOUND

DONOVAN LETTS was the black DJ at the Roxy during the halcyon days of early 1977. Letts intuitively related to what was happening at the club — "as people with the same problems that I had" — and the Roxy clientele similarly responded to him.

How Don Letts, DJ, used this unique vantage point and acceptance and became Don Letts, home movie-maker, to produce the best film that will probably ever be made about the new wave is the result of one incredibly fortuitous incident.

Letts had for some time had a hankering to shoot a film, originally about black musicians. When a benevolent fashion editress gifted him an 8mm hand-held sound movie camera, Letts had the chance (if not the experience to go with it). By now though he'd become more interested in filling his celluloid with what was happening around him in the new wave.

Letts proceeded to shoot hours of film from the wealth of raw material at hand, most of it seminal punk roots at the Roxy but also other stuff like the Clash White Riot Tour and the Sex Pistols' gig at the Islington's Screen On The Green.

The edited hour-long result of his work is a punk rock tour de force that can't fail to leave the establishment film industry's attempts to exploit the music absolutely redundant.

It's impossible to imagine a better film about the new wave than this. Forget the rest and take the best.

Because Letts' home movie is the genuine article: raw, ragged, exhilarating home-grown action created by the young, the dumb and the glad. Iconoclastic imagery rich in the kind of savage warmth that could only be found in the heart of one of the troops.

It opens with the legendary kamikaze-punk Shane speedily trashing The Jam's drum kit on the stage of the Roxy during the period when he had that spiked barnet peroxided black and sported that Union Jacket, not so long after the time he had his ear devoured at the ICA Clash gig.

The film then cuts to the upper-level of the Roxy as Shane gets kicked out while performing a malevolent solitary pogo of random destruction.

The red neon sign of the temple gleams in the dingy Covent Garden back-street above a queue of kids waiting to get in. Their faces stab with the shock of recognition.

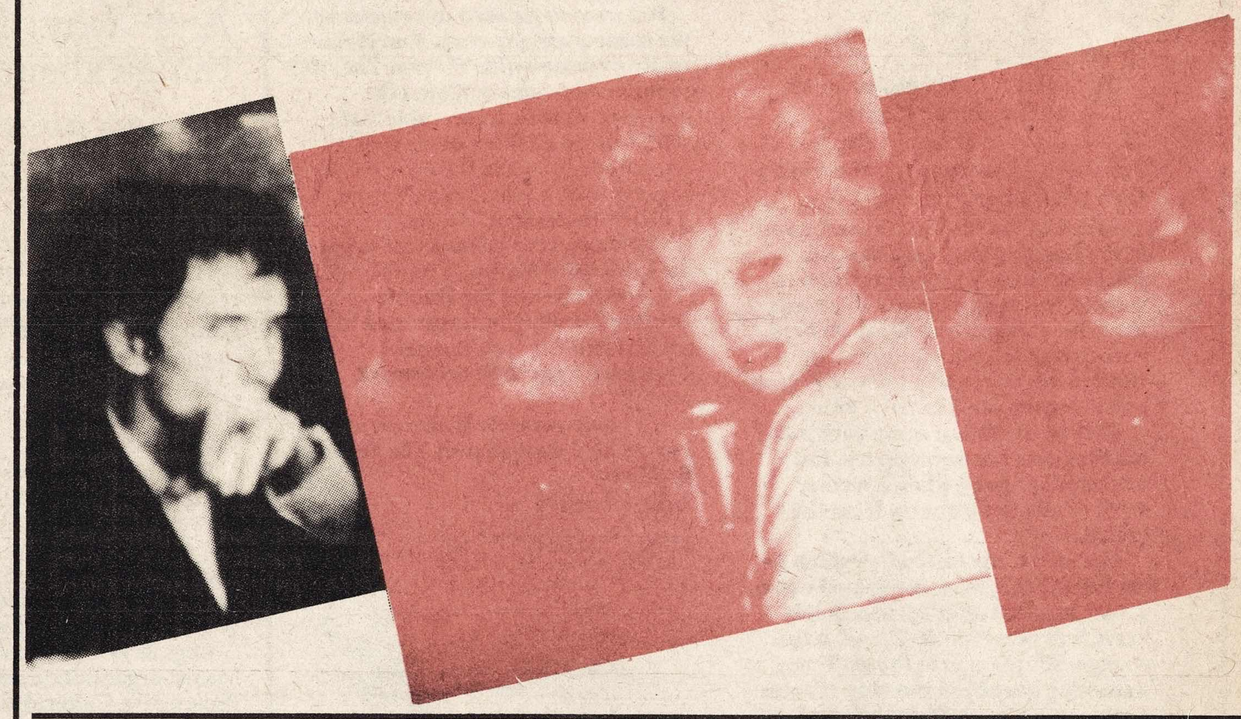
Inevitably, this happens constantly during the film and soon you begin to wonder if excerpts from your own cryptic dialogues are on file. How could a generation of manic-solipsists be anything less than totally hooked?

The cacophonic live-gig footage, often shot through the frenetic flurry of pogoing punters, makes for classic rock cinema: New Year Clash at the Roxy, then the Harlesden cinema where those beautiful Slits wreak the furious feminine havoc that earned them their place on the White Riot tour — wherein they were to unleash Culture Shock Incarnate on the good school-children of Sussex University.

That memorable gig is also included here — thanks to the discerning judgement of Don Letts.

He can suss out the people who were in it for Lifestyle, *and* those who were in it for mere leisure activity ego-gratification. A vital qualification for the chronicler of a movement full of luminaries on *both* sides of the footlights. Even the locations have star quality, every nook and cranny in the Roxy immortalised from the pungent air of the cellar's DJ box to the nose-powdering cans and the graffiti-soaked dressing-room.

Ari-Up of the Slits verbally claws the eyes out



DREADFUL THINGS ABOUT JOE STRUMMER CONTINUED.

From over page

Punk fanzines' attitudes are represented by a similar quote.

"These," the PCA observes, "are the ideas that serve the ruling class."

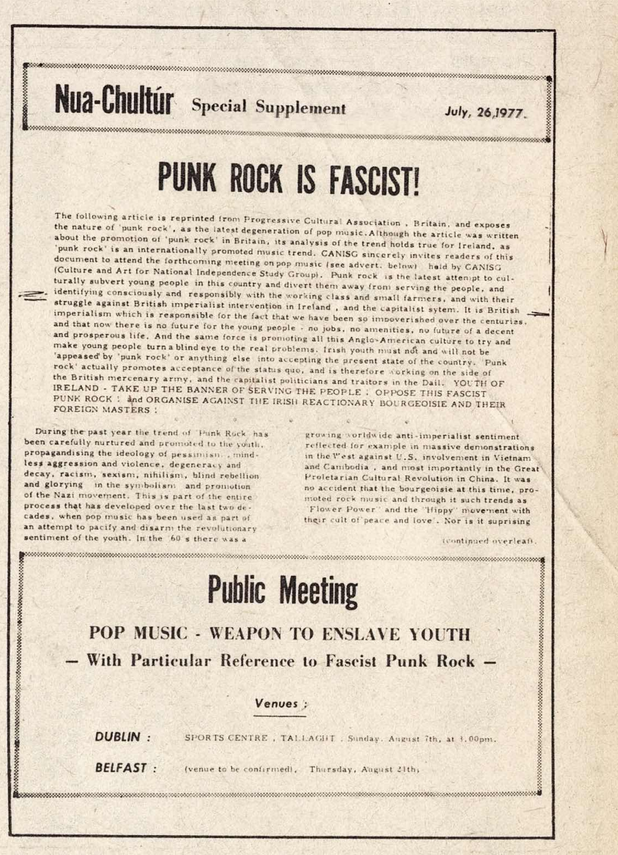
Punk is also promoted as the music of the unemployed working class. One "Trotskyite newspaper" — probably *Socialist Worker* — is quoted misguidedly praising punk. Again, *Comment,* "the 'Communist' Party of Great Britain fortnightly review", has also fallen for the anti-establishment pose, ignoring the fact that punk serves international monopoly capitalist corporations and contains a blatantly fascist element.

The Clash, the example misguided "Communists" always cite, wear Union Jacks on their blackshirts — and swastikas and red armbands *a la* the German Nazi Party. Their best known song, "White Riot", calls for polarisation and division, while other songs, like "Cheat", promote self-serving greed at others' expense.

"This," the Progressive Cultural Association concludes scathingly, "to the opportunists is rebellion."

ALTHOUGH IT WAS written some time ago, Cornelius Cardew doesn't agree that, for instance, Rock Against Racism's displays of punk-reggae unity make the PCA tract out-of-date. He accuses the Socialist Workers' Party — some of whose members have played a major part in Rock Against Racism's success — of being "parasitic", attempting to make Johnny Rotten out to be a progressive hero.

The upcoming *Cogs & Wheels* also contains a report of the Musicians' Union's decision on Bowie's quasi-fascistic outbursts, following a debate which PCA claim to have instigated. The mechanism now exists whereby fascist musicians can be disciplined by the union. But isn't this censorship? No, says Cardew: censorship exists already in the system, which tends to designate the more reactionary artists for stardom anyway. Sounds like two wrongs making a right to me. . .



Nua-Chultúr Special Supplement July, 26,1977.

PUNK ROCK IS FASCIST!

The following article is reprinted from Progressive Cultural Association , Britain, and exposes the nature of 'punk rock', as the latest degeneration of pop music. Although the article was written about the promotion of 'punk rock' in Britain, its analysis of the trend holds true for Ireland, as 'punk rock' is an internationally promoted music trend. CANISG sincerely invites readers of this document to attend the forthcoming meeting on pop music (see advert. below) held by CANISG (Culture and Art for National Independence Study Group). Punk rock is the latest attempt to culturally subvert young people in this country and divert them away from serving the people, and identifying consciously and responsibly with the working class and small farmers, and with their struggle against British imperialist intervention in Ireland , and the capitalist sytem. It is British imperialism which is responsible for the fact that we have been so impoverished over the centuries, and that now there is no future for the young people - no jobs, no amenities, no future of a decent and prosperous life. And the same force is promoting all this Anglo-American culture to try and make young people turn a blind eye to the real problems. Irish youth must not and will not be 'appeased' by 'punk rock' or anything else into accepting the present state of the country. Punk rock' actually promotes acceptance of the status quo, and is therefore working on the side of the British mercenary army, and the capitalist politicians and traitors in the Dail. YOUTH OF IRELAND - TAKE UP THE BANNER OF SERVING THE PEOPLE : OPPOSE THIS FASCIST PUNK ROCK ! and ORGANISE AGAINST THE IRISH REACTIONARY BOURGEOISIE AND THEIR FOREIGN MASTERS !

During the past year the trend of 'Punk Rock' has been carefully nurtured and promoted to the youth, propagandising the ideology of pessimism , mindless aggression and violence, degeneracy and decay, racism, sexism, nihilism, blind rebellion and glorying in the symbolism and promotion of the Nazi movement. This is part of the entire process that has developed over the last two decades, when pop music has been used as part of an attempt to pacify and disarm the revolutionary sentiment of the youth. In the '60 's there was a growing worldwide anti-imperialist sentiment reflected for example in massive demonstrations in the West against U.S. involvement in Vietnam and Cambodia , and most importantly in the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution in China. It was no accident that the bourgeoisie at this time, promoted rock music and through it such trends as 'Flower Power' and the 'Hippy' movement with their cult of peace and love'. Nor is it suprising

(continued overleaf)

Public Meeting

POP MUSIC - WEAPON TO ENSLAVE YOUTH
— With Particular Reference to Fascist Punk Rock —

Venues :

DUBLIN : SPORTS CENTRE , TALLAGHT , Sunday, August 7th, at 1.00pm.

BELFAST : (venue to be confirmed), Thursday, August 11th,

OF MUSIC

of a fellow-Slit after an unsatisfactory performance and later gets playful with Joe Strummer on the White Riot tour bus. Joe composes himself with a silent smirk and Ari shouts wide-eyed at the camera with the endearing wide-eyed sexuality of honeythighed German jailbait.

"Sex Peestols!"

Cut to jolting close-up shot of the Rotten visage leering into the TV Eye and raising a glass to his lips.

"I try so *haaaard* to be *niiiiice*," he hisses.

But it's a lengthy Sid Vicious soliloquoy ad-libbed at the Roxy bar just after he'd joined the band that best illustrates the fact that the Pistols are, despite their image, real Boy-Next-Door types.

"When the cops were looking up me arse for drugs I was farting all over them and trying to shit on 'em," Sid chuckles pleasantly. *(You live next door to people like this, Tony? — Thrills Ed.)* "The bastards said me feet smelled!" Sid takes off his shoes and socks to examine his feet and eventually concedes that they may have a point. When he can't manage the relacing of his shoe, a fawning fan eagerly obliges as Sid reclines with an amused sneer.

THE ISLINGTON Screen On The Green gig, where Sid made his debut with the band, is given extensive coverage from the eye-of-a-hurricane vantage point amongst the kids in chaos dancing directly in front of the stage. Rotten, inches away, performs with a wired intensity that makes this the only film in existence that truly does justice to his live raw power.

Eater chop-up the head of a dead pig on stage at the Roxy; Slaughter and the Dogs scream for aggravation with hecklers while doused in stage make-up of sacks of talcum powder; Generation X pull down their Y-Fronts for the camera as they get changed; Wayne County gets bashful as he's filmed putting on his face, and Siouxsie and the Banshees give the Roxy management the runaround by saying all their problems with the venue have to be discussed with their manager, uh, Malcom McLaren.

All these bands are shot live and kicking in Covent Garden subterranean depths.

The period of transition at the Roxy, when we realised the Roxy was no longer our Private World, is illustrated when the camera dwells hypnotically on *NME's* double-page article "Fear And Loathing At The Roxy".

There is also a scene of a kid down the Roxy indulging in some sickening self-mutilation.

Amongst all the good times, there *was* some very weird shit in the air and this film, on any count, sure don't lie.

Me, I'm just grateful to Don Letts for being there and for making it, even if it means I end up like those little old ladies who go to see *The Sound of Music* over and over again.

Tony Parsons

THRILLS

Don Letts' movie can currently be seen twice-nightly (6.30 and 8.00 pm) at the ICA, entrance in Carlton House Terrace, London, SW1. Tickets are 50p on sale at the box-office half an hour before each showing. The ICA points out that seating is limited. No screenings on September 13 and 14.

Cogs & Wheels is available from the Progressive Cultural Association, 7 Agar Grove, London NW1.

● THRILLS first became aware of the Progressive Cultural Association's punk essay when a Belfast *NME* reader sent us a pamphlet he'd bought in a local pub (see excerpt previous page) — "some of the crap that the Republican movement over here are putting out."

The pamphlet consisted of a "reprint" prior to English publication of the *Cogs & Wheels* article, in a "special supplement" of *Nua-Chultur* (New Culture), the organ of the Culture and Art for National Independence Study Group (CANISG).

CANISG — who, Cardew assures *Thrills,* are *not* Republican but Marxist-Leninist (ie Maoist) — have held public meetings in both Belfast and Dublin entitled "POP MUSIC — WEAPON TO ENSLAVE YOUTH — With particular Reference To Fascist Punk Rock".

Our Belfast correspondent was understandably irate on encountering this obstacle to normalising of the fragile rock scene in Belfast — a process which Eamonn McCann, Social Secretary of Belfast Queens University, tells us is almost complete. "The Troubles are 99.9 per cent over," he told *Thrills,* when we contacted him to see if he'd ever encountered CANISG (he hadn't); he is now able to book big names regularly and have most of them turn up.

Some say that government investment in Ulster has cut unemployment, and this has been responsible for whatever drop there has been in violence; others, that the IRA have now become a kind of Irish mafia, who maintain just a sufficient level of intimidation to oil their protection rackets.

Whoever is responsible, it's thanks to them that the monopoly capitalist rock'n'roll industry is returning to Ireland, the spectre of fascist punk rock enslaving youth in its wake. Don't follow leaders.

Phil McNeill

THRILLS

KEEF SAGA DRAGS ON

A RECENT ISSUE of Hollywood fan mag *Modern Screen* caused quite a stir at the *Thrills* desk, containing as it did a report stating that Keith Richard had escaped his Canadian drug charge on a technicality.

The article claimed that because the Mounties didn't have the right name on their search warrant, all state's evidence was null and void.

Not so, said Rolling Stones' US press agent Paul Wasserman.

Keith is due back in Toronto on December 2 for another pre-trial hearing. He has not pleaded on any of the charges as yet, and is currently out on 1000 dollars bail.

Terms of bail are lenient, allowing Richard to travel anywhere as long as the court knows where he is. His passport had previously been returned to him while the Stones were still in Canada.

Keith is currently living in a house in suburban New York where he is undergoing medical treatment, the exact nature of which Mr Wasserman claimed not to know.

Richard will partake of the press launch of the Stones' new live album in New York and Los Angeles, and will then fly to Europe where the group goes into the studio to begin recording a new album.

He will not be putting in an appearance in London, ostensibly because he is concentrating on his writing. Mr Wasserman wants to assure you all that he's not trying to avoid us.

Dick Tracy

THRILLS

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS

DR. FEELGOOD

WITH GUESTS

MINK DeVILLE

TOUR OF UK:
SEPTEMBER/OCTOBER 1977

MONDAY 26th SEPTEMBER – LEICESTER DE MONTFORT HALL

TUESDAY 27th SEPTEMBER – BRADFORD ST GEORGES HALL

THURSDAY 29th SEPTEMBER – ABERDEEN MUSIC HALL

FRIDAY 30th SEPTEMBER – EDINBURGH ODEON

SATURDAY 1st OCTOBER – GLASGOW APOLLO

SUNDAY 2nd OCTOBER – NEWCASTLE CITY HALL

MONDAY 3rd OCTOBER – SHEFFIELD CITY HALL

TUESDAY 4th OCTOBER – HANLEY VICTORIA HALL

THURSDAY 6th OCTOBER – MANCHESTER FREE TRADE HALL

FRIDAY 7th OCTOBER – LIVERPOOL EMPIRE

SATURDAY 8th OCTOBER – BIRMINGHAM ODEON

SUNDAY 9th OCTOBER – BRISTOL COLSTON HALL

MONDAY 10th OCTOBER – SWANSEA TOP RANK SUITE

TUESDAY 11th OCTOBER – CARDIFF TOP RANK SUITE

THURSDAY 13th OCTOBER – CANTERBURY UNIVERSITY SPORTS HALL

FRIDAY 14th OCTOBER – BRIGHTON TOP RANK SUITE

SATURDAY 15th OCTOBER – HAMMERSMITH ODEON LONDON

SUNDAY 16th OCTOBER – HAMMERSMITH ODEON LONDON

TUESDAY 18th OCTOBER – PORTSMOUTH GUILDHALL

WEDNESDAY 19th OCTOBER – BOURNEMOUTH WINTER GARDENS

THURSDAY 20th OCTOBER – OXFORD NEW THEATRE

FRIDAY 21st OCTOBER – CAMBRIDGE CORN EXCHANGE

SATURDAY 22nd OCTOBER – SOUTHEND KURSAAL

SUNDAY 23rd OCTOBER – HEMEL HEMPSTEAD PAVILION

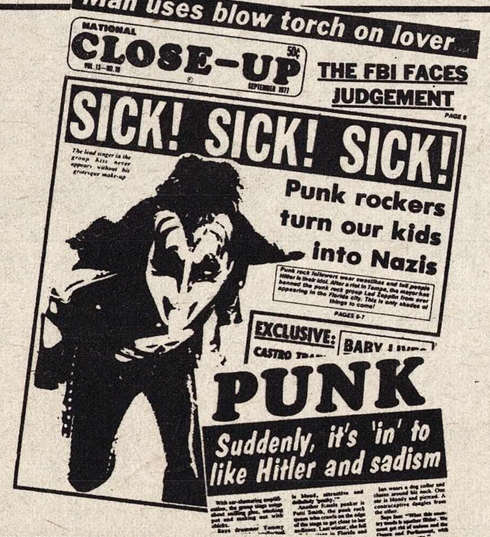
Ticket prices are £2·50, £2·00, £1·50 at the majority of venues except GLASGOW and LIVERPOOL: £2·50, £2·00, £1·50, £1·00, SWANSEA, CARDIFF, BRIGHTON, CANTERBURY, HEMEL HEMPSTEAD: £1·70 (advance), CAMBRIDGE and SOUTHEND: £1·80 (advance). TICKETS ARE AVAILABLE AT ALL VENUES NOW.

Postal applications accepted everywhere. Please enclose stamped self-addressed envelope with payment for fast return.

Hear Dr. Feelgood on U.A. Records and Mink DeVille on Capitol Records.

LOWRY

"Damn and blast it, if we hadn't fought a war for you lot, you'd all be living in concentration camps now!"



THEY CERTAINLY don't mince words, these Yankees. "SICK! SICK! SICK!" screams the front-page headline of the September edition of the American publication *National Close-Up*. "Punk Rockers Turn Our Kids Into Nazis!"

Inside there's a marvy double-spread devoted mainly to hock shorror pix, scattered with the odd quote from chaps like the 22-year-old who was "interviewed in a punk rock club in Manchester, England."

"What this country needs is another Hitler," he opines.

Sounds to *Thrills* like the *Close-Up* must have inadvertently picked on a stray Bowie freak — which wouldn't be any surprise since according to *National Close-Up* the leaders of this scurrilous punk rock craze are — wait for it — LED ZEPPELIN!

Them and Kiss. In fact, apart from one shot of Blondie, the *Close-Up*'s picture spread consists entirely of pictures of Amerika's No. 1 heavy heroes, 7-inch tongues firmly to the fore.

The major story tells how 50 fans were injured during a Tampa concert by "the punk rock group Led Zepplin" (sic), with a few modish bondage quotes from those other leaders of the British New Wave, Strapps. Remember them? "If we get a girl who doesn't want to take her panties off we pull them down when she's tied up . . ." (Cont. page 53)

"This is only shades of things to come!" froths the paper's front page leader. As the *NME* subs are continually discovering, writing about punk rock gives you bad grammar (says A Doctor).

Thanks to David Keeps of Michigan for mailing us this edifying magazine.

Phil McNeill

THRILLS

AARON COPELAND DIDN'T know what he was letting the world in for when he sent John Cale a letter authorising the young Welshman's scholarship at a prestigious American music college.

Aaron Copeland didn't know what he was letting himself in for when he wrote "Fanfare For The Common Man" either come to that. And Miles Copeland — no relation — may or may not know what he's letting himself in for by associating with a man who beheads chickens, but more of the latter later lest we digress.

Back to the point, the U.S. Embassy probably still doesn't realise that by granting Cale a students' visa on the strength of Aaron Copeland's letter, they were playing a small part in the formation of the Velvet Underground.

It was while studying modern (or "modrun," as he sarcastically calls it) composition that Cale met Lou Reed. The rest of that story is the stuff of rock legends.

Enough to say that since leaving the Velvets in '68, Cale's path has been as erratic and unlikely as you'd expect from someone who brought the sound of an amplified jet engine to rock'n'roll.

He has made seven solo albums in almost as many years. All of them displaying a twisted if not cracked sensibility hiding beneath an immaculate surface veneer. It's difficult to pick an identity from the records, and it wasn't until Cale signed with Island in 1974 that he started making albums in any way similar to each other.

His earlier work veered from pop-rock ("Vintage Violence") to avante-garde ("Church Of Anthrax") to classical ("Academy In Peril") to a consummate marriage of all three ("Paris 1919", which incidentally featured the uncredited services of Little Feat).

For the Island albums Cale's avant-garde and classical leaning took a back seat to the overall sound, which was ostensibly straightforward rock, but were still evident in the craftsmanship of the songs and the cinematic grandeur of the production.

Which brings us to the Welshman's

Pissed off with Punk?

If you are – or even if you're not –
grab a copy of The Rubinoos first record
"I Think We're Alone Now"
One of the world's classic pop singles.
If you're double quick buy it at 49p

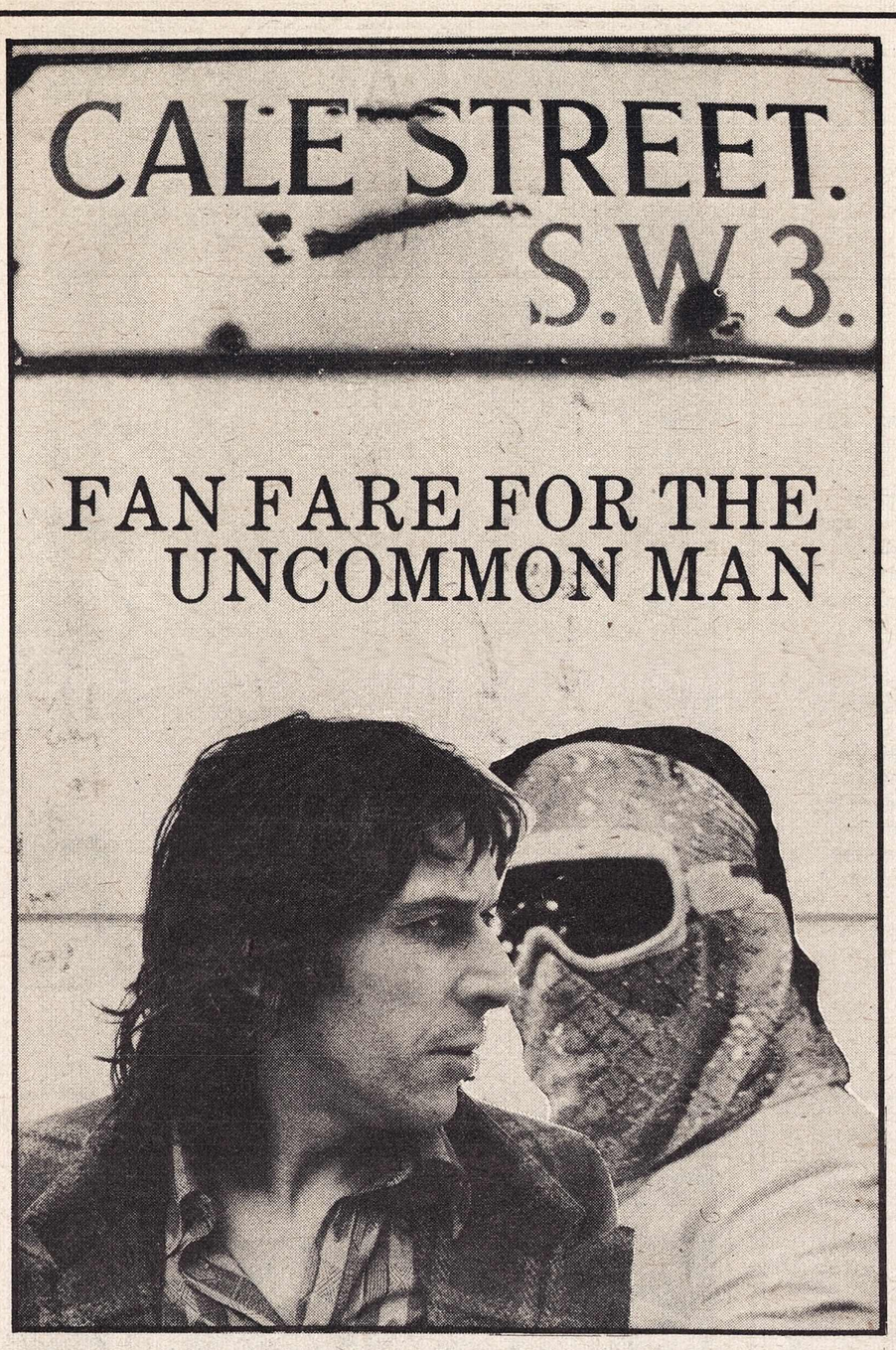
P.S. The album's on its way

the Rubinoos

The Rubinoos like Girls, Making Music, and You buying their records.

Beserkley
"Home of the Hits"
BZZ3

The First 20,000 in Special Bags at 49p



FAN FARE FOR THE UNCOMMON MAN

other proclivity. As a producer Cale has been involved with some enigmatic characters. He produced the Stooges' first album for Elektra. He produced with deft understanding Patti Smith's "Horses", and while working for Warner Brothers A&R department he produced demos with Jonathan Richman's Modern Lovers.

It was through Richman's near obsession with the Velvets (he once wrote an article examining the Velvet's music with sine waves) that Cale came to meet Boston's lost son.

"He used to come up to us after gigs and show us poems he'd written about the band" says Cale affectionately. His memories of recording with The Modern Lovers however aren't so fond. "Nobody wanted to make decisions and that was just ridiculous. But Jonathan's still a great talent, very innocent — a bit off-the-wall".

Since the release of Cale's final Island album, "Helen Of Troy" in 1975, his presence has been negligible — nothing heard from him until April of this year when he toured with a new band he had picked up in New York. The response was mixed.

"We didn't know what audiences expected of us," he claims in defence. "We began the tour the day after we arrived".

Cale's position afterwards was less than healthy — no record company and half a band. So it was perhaps fortuitous that Miles Copeland should ask him to help with Step Forward Records, the company set up by Copeland and ex *Sniffin' Glue* editor Mark P.

His response to the question of why he decided to work in England again was typically frank.

"Because I was here — basically. When I was with Warners it was a question of running around looking for bands — here there's a lot going on. There's a lot of energy. They're coming out the walls. There's a lot going on in New York as well, but since I was here I figured I'd start here then go back over there and carry on, then come back again."

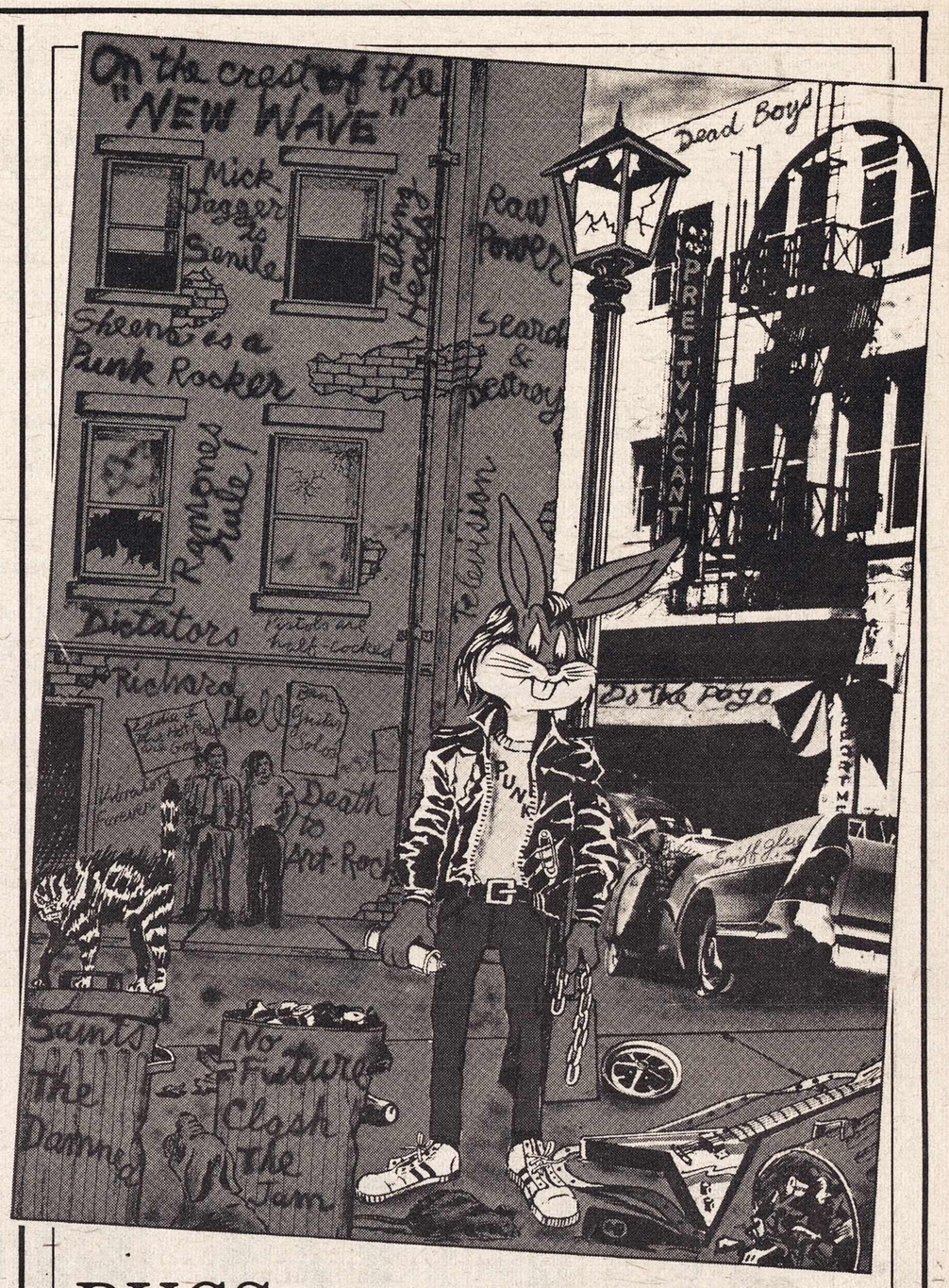
To elucidate on this, there are five bands, whom he's not yet prepared to name, that he hopes to work with in New York — probably for Step Forward. So far, over here, he has already produced Squeeze, Menace and Sham 69 (plus an unsatisfactory session for Police) for the label.

Cale's plans for his own music include the release of "Animal Justice", an EP on Illegal Records, an offshoot of Step Forward, that features a picture of him wearing a coat from the Guetenberg Mental Home. Also an album of short stories (like "The Jeweller" on "Slow Dazzle", and possibly also like "The Gift" on "White Light White Heat") that he is currently writing.

All of which should do little to assuage his reputation as something of a madman.

According to him, though, this image is "absolutely untrue", but this is hard to reconcile with the fact that he also claims to be able to drink 30 pints in an evening — with or without a straw.

Paul Rambali



BUGS BUNNY GOES PUNK!

Don't ask us what this is all about. We didn't do it, honest! All we know is that it dropped through the Thrills letterbox last week, and that it originates from Warner Bros in L.A. — home of Bugs (a.k.a. Dee Dee) Bunny — and is some sort of promotional device. The nearest nine-year-old Thrills could find opined that this was surely the End of the Road.

Rainbow

3 TRACKS FOR NORMAL SINGLES PRICE

KILL THE KING, MAN ON THE SILVER MOUNTAIN

MISTREATED

FIRST 10,000 IN COLOUR BAGS 2066 845

Oyster

FROM THE CHART ALBUM "ON STAGE"

polydor

LITTLE JIMMY OSMOND'S POCKET MONEY

And other finances of the Mormon Empire.

"We have things we stand up for. If people want to label them as cutesy, teethy, goodie-goodie, hey, that's one thing. That's not where we are. We're business orientated. We're businessmen. We're producers."
— Alan Osmond

THE Osmond Family have long been known as the foremost exponents of sequinned Mickey Mouse entertainment. What is less well known is that the Osmond Family have been busily constructing a business empire that even overshadows the corporate might of Abba.

Naturally, the parent company, Osmond Inc., is chaired by George Osmond, father of this talented brood. Each of the brothers is a vice-president in charge of a subsidiary Osmond company, with Alan Osmond overseeing general business as vice-president. Only Donny and Marie escape from corporate duties.

The two deaf Osmond brothers, Tom and Virl, administer the fan clubs and handle merchandising. In addition Virl designs Osmond album covers. They've even got obese Little Jimmy making and selling Donny and Marie buttons. What does that do to his psyche, Doctor Freud?

The range and scope of what *Variety* dubs 'the family's little known financial might' is awesome. Osmond Productions, which deals with their feature film and TV interests, recently announced they will be spending $10 million in the coming year. Over $6 million of that will go on the new season's *Donny And Marie Show* with a further $2 million being splurged on the first Osmond feature film, a delightful family opus starring Jimmy and entitled *Adventures Of The Great Brain.*

All interiors for the film will be shot at the Osmond Entertainment Centre, currently being built by the Osmond Construction Co. This mammoth 52-acre complex will, when complete, allow the Osmonds to produce all their films, TV shows and records in-house.

This, however, is only half the story. The Osmonds own shopping malls, a big cattle ranch at Twin Rivers, Utah, and the Sherman Apartments, a vast off-campus condominium for 1,000 students. They are majority owners of Brenda Mesa, one of the largest agricultural complexes in the fertile San Joaquin valley, and now market their own produce under the Bountiful label, natch.

As befits a Mormon empire, the corporation is also a strong moral force. Alan Osmond comments: "As businessmen we want to help clean up the sickness in the industry . . . immorality, violence for violence, sex to sell films. We don't need that . . . There is a lot of sickness and a lot of quick bucks made on such pretenses and we're not going after that."

Evangelism combined with money and access to the media is a powerful combination.

Dick Tracy

THRILLS

PRICEY AND THE TALL ONE (stooping): "We were so much smoother then, we're cooler than that now ..."

THE ANIMALS

SON OF GEORDIE-LAND PLAYS IT COOL

DON'T GET the impression that all The Animals were keen to make their recent reunion album, "Before We Were So Rudely Interrupted". Certainly former bassist Chas Chandler (the tall one) wasn't. He thought the idea was "a bit silly, really". He didn't even *own* a bass guitar any more.

When The Animals split in 1966, he sold his basses to buy hardware for Jimi Hendrix.

"I didn't feel anything when I sold 'em I can assure you", says Chandler in his dourly matter-of-fact Geordie accent. "I was sick of putting the buggers on."

Since The Animals, he's been involved with Slade as well as Hendrix, and now runs his own management-publishing-recording company — Barn — with former Animal drummer John Steel.

It was Steel's idea to make the reunion album. Chandler had to buy a bass for the sessions — and then discovered that he couldn't handle it.

"Your fingers just won't follow the signals your brain sends them. I couldn't cut it, it would be impossible for me. It would take hours of practice and I don't have the time — or the inclination."

He ovedubbed most of his bass parts, and hasn't touched the instrument since. The album was recorded at Chandler's farmhouse near Lingfield, Surrey, on The Stones' Mobile. It wasn't a particularly emotional experience.

"There was the usual *anger,"* he says, his expression still frozen in pained nonchalance. "As soon as we get together we argue and fight. So we just worked around it the best we could — we're all pretty loudmouthed, I suppose. Whoever was sober put their overdubs on."

Why was the album made at all, then?

"It was just to see if we could still do it in the end. Once Johnnie Steel had asked the ugly question it had to have an answer. And as a producer, it's got to be an exciting prospect getting Pricey and Burdon in the same studio."

But you can bet your bottom Giro that the elpee's a one-off. There won't even be a concert. There's no commitment any more, you see.

"When we came out of Newcastle and saw the bright lights, we had no alternatives. I didn't want to go back to working in a shipyard, Johnnie didn't want to go back to flogging wallpaper, Pricey didn't want to be a tax inspector again, Hilton didn't want to go back delivering milk, Burdon didn't want to go back to digging roads.

"Now we've all got so many alternatives."

(Including the original Mr. Low Profile, Hilton Valentine. He's a Buddhist in LA, but he didn't mind the considerable stick he took during the reunion — "He's a Buddhist, in'ee?").

Defensively diffident throughout our chat, Chandler admits he doesn't listen to any music outside of 'business hours'. He doesn't even have any Animals records — "Well, I've got one, but it's got a big chip out of it. Got no Hendrix records either."

Adorning his office wall are several Hendrix Gold Discs. He's entirely wrapped up in The Biz. But does he actually *like* music?

"Hell, yeah. It's the only thing I know in'it?"

Monty Smith

THRILLS

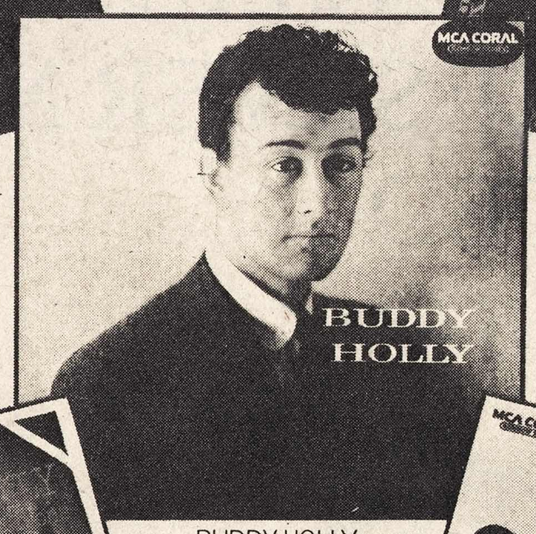
BUDDY HOLLY

Albums by Buddy Holly and The Crickets available now on MCA

BUDDY HOLLY WEEK SEPTEMBER 7-14 1977

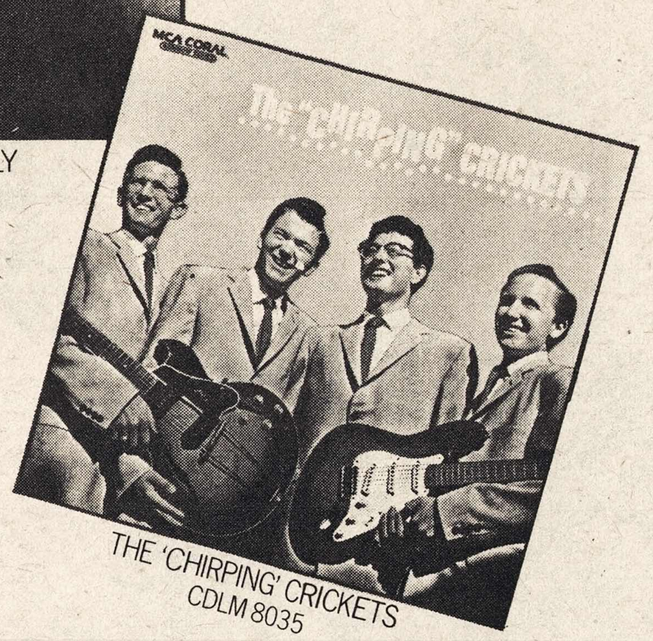
LEGEND
(Two-record set) CDMSP 802

GREATEST HITS
CDLM 8007



BUDDY HOLLY
CDLM 8034

THE NASHVILLE SESSIONS
CDLM 8038



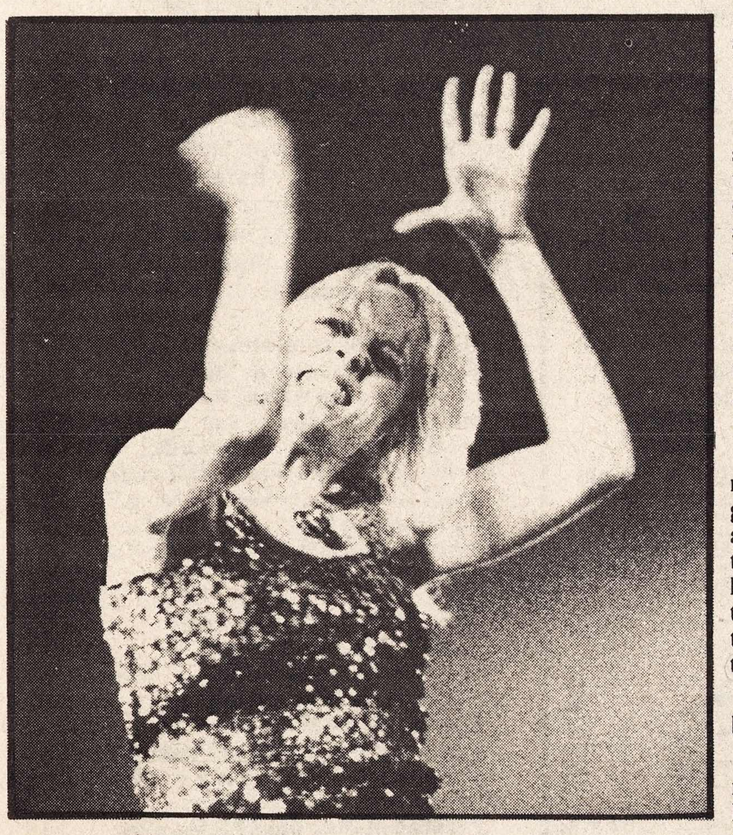
THE 'CHIRPING' CRICKETS
CDLM 8035

ALSO AVAILABLE
RAVE ON MCF 2614 & BROWN-EYED HANDSOME MAN MCF 2615

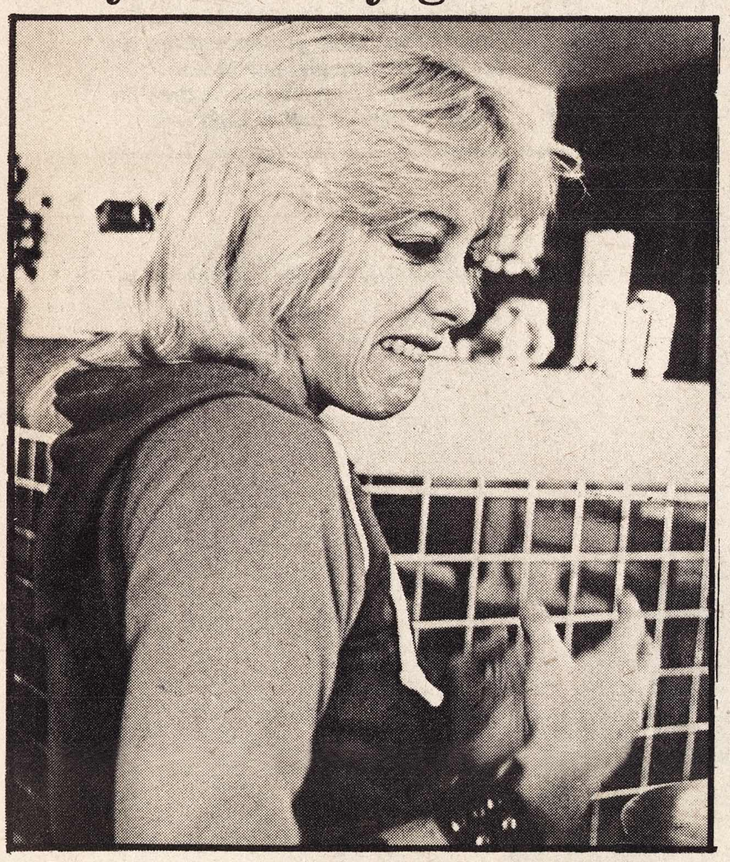
MCA RECORDS AND TAPES

MCA Records, 1 Great Pulteney Street, London W.1.

THE LOVELY CHERIE TELLS THRILLS ABOUT THE RUNAWAYS



They hated my guts.



The stupid bitches.

Not that I hold any grudges.

AVID RUNAWAY-watchers could be forgiven for thinking that the crutches Cherie Currie is currently wearing are a direct result of the feud between her and her erstwhile colleagues.

For while the Runaways' mentor Kim Fowley says the differences between Cherie and her ex-stage partners were strictly musical, the girl herself maintained that her break from the Hollywood Nymphets was anything but amicable when she spoke to *Thrills* on the hotwire from LA a few weeks back.

And now, from the comfort of her folks' surburban home in the San Fernando Valley (it's like Croydon with sun), she lays it straight on the line.

Hisses Cherie: "They hated my guts, the stupid bitches. They wanted me out. I hear they had quite a few conferences before I quit. They hated my guts but they were afraid that if I was out of the band they wouldn't know how to survive."

Apparently they have survived and Cherie's damaged cartilage — caused by a car accident — didn't prevent her from taking a peek at them at recent gigs wound up with a week at Hollywood's Whiskey.

So you're still on speaking terms?

"Well I thought I was. Until uh I . . . I really wanted them to be good. I've no grudges against them. I'm doing my own album. I wish them the best of luck. But they were so unprofessional. They were like a bunch of whining little babies up there, and for them to do something like that was so immature and unprofessional that . . ."

Take it from me, Cherie wasn't too bowled over by The Runaways.

Mind you, she and her twin sister hadn't much time for their support band either — LA Pistols surrogates The Weirdos, who even feature a Sid Vicious lookalike.

"You suck," the girls hollered and they weren't a little wrong.

As for the revibed Runaways themselves, methinks Fowley, who incidentally, has gone Total Punk complete with dog collar (and this is Andy Williams' producer), has a problem on his hands. Without the exquisite Cherie the visual impact is not what it was, even if they still register a sizeable reading on the Drool-O-Meter.

John Jett, who now takes care of the front-line, isn't blessed with the greatest voice since Aretha Franklin. Otherwise The Runaways still pack a fairly muscular punch — providing your back isn't turned.

Cherie herself believes the band are destroying themselves — "and I'm not gonna go down with them."

Says the little lady: "They don't know what they want — and it's not because of me. The Runaways were not me. I didn't want my picture on the album covers. They wanted their pictures. I would much rather have had the whole group, 'cause that started the crisis.

"A band always has a front-man, but the girls didn't take it that way. They started to hate me. It was always me. They were sick of seeing me. Sick of it.

"Sometimes they could get really tough. Joan, Sandy and Lita are like one fist, and me and Jackie (who quit before Cherie during their Japanese tour) were just staying there waiting for one of us to knocked up.

"Me, I was never afraid. But they were just very, very vicious and in Japan Jackie couldn't take it any longer. I don't blame her at all, because they pushed her and pushed her. She tried to hang on but just couldn't.

"Another thing was, I spent more time with my friends than I did with my group. *They* wouldn't see their friends. If their friends weren't in rock 'n' roll they weren't their friends.

"After leaving I felt like a ton had been lifted off my shoulders.

"You see, Kim as a manager was never right. He never tried to keep the band together. He let us fight. And I don't like fighting. I'm not that kind of a person."

Yes, but you've always come on as a pretty hard lady — even a little wild?

"That's just a character I portrayed. I'm just a normal everyday teenager. I like flowers and horses. I like the country and stuff."

Last week the former Runaway started writing songs for her solo album. The music will be "heavy rock 'n' roll with a good solid melody."

Fowley told me he'd be producing, but young Cherie has a different view.

"Kim doesn't put any feeling into it. And I want a person who can put their whole heart into it. *I care*. It's my life."

Steve Clarke

THRILLS

MICHAEL ALFANDARY & HARVEY GOLDSMITH

PRESENTS

GARDEN PARTY X
at the
CRYSTAL PALACE
BOWL

SATURDAY SEPT. 10TH

SANTANA
ELVIS COSTELLO
& THE ATTRACTIONS
SOUTHSIDE JOHNNY
& THE ASBURY JUKES
BRAND X + CRAWLER

PLUS GUEST STAR TO BE ANNOUNCED
TICKETS £5.30 (inc VAT) On The Day
TICKETS £4.80 inc. VAT

In Advance from:
ALL BRANCHES OF HARLEQUIN RECORD SHOPS
01-439 3063
PREMIER BOX OFFICE
188 Shaftesbury Avenue WC2 01-240 2245
LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS
96 Shaftesbury Avenue WC1 01-439 3371

Tickets £4.80 inc. VAT

Please enclose S.A.E. cheques and postal orders should be made payable to Garden Party.
(Allow seven days for clearance on cheques).

By Road
A214 Streatham A205 Greenwich
A234 Bromley A212 Croydon

By Bus
2 2B 3 12 249 63 108B 122 137 227

By Train
Specially increased services from Victoria to Crystal Palace or Penge East and West.

By Underground
Northern Line to Oval then No. 3 bus.
Northern Line to Stockwell then No. 2B bus.
Northern Line to Clapham Common then No. 137 bus.
Northern Line to Tooting Bec then No. 249 bus.
Victoria Line to Brixton then No. 2 or 3 bus.

Free attended car park

Say Not That Enterprise Is Dead

"ENTERPRISE IS dead".

Well stuff you. Anyway the point of this story is that a certain well-known promoter, liberally endowed with waistline and go-ahead ideas, having booked a concert next Saturday at Crystal Palace — and having Messrs. Santana, Deckland McManus (that's E. Costello to youse) and sundry others on t'bill — sat back in his upholstered armchair and bethought.

"London," he thought, "is full of punters. A definite plurality of these punters are foreign — from France, Germany, er, and other far-flung places.

"These foreign punters, doubtless footloose and rollin in mazuma, seeketh entertainment.

"I can provide that entertainment.

"We should really get together."

At this point the pudgy entrepeneur realised that the Language Barrier was about to raise its ugly head. Nothing loth, he set about the business of translating his advertising poster into various languages. French was no problem. German also. But how about those thousands of Russians? *(What thousands of Russians? — Thrills Ed.)* Not to mention those millions of ravening Welshmen? And those eager, hot-to-trot Arabs? Accordingly, Harve — sorry, as you were — the entrepeneur, betook him to The Street. On the Street he found an Arab. "Are you an Arab?"

demanded the E. "Sure boss, effendi, Bismillah, you said it", agreed the Questioned One. "How about lunch?" said the E. "Keen, keen," said the A.

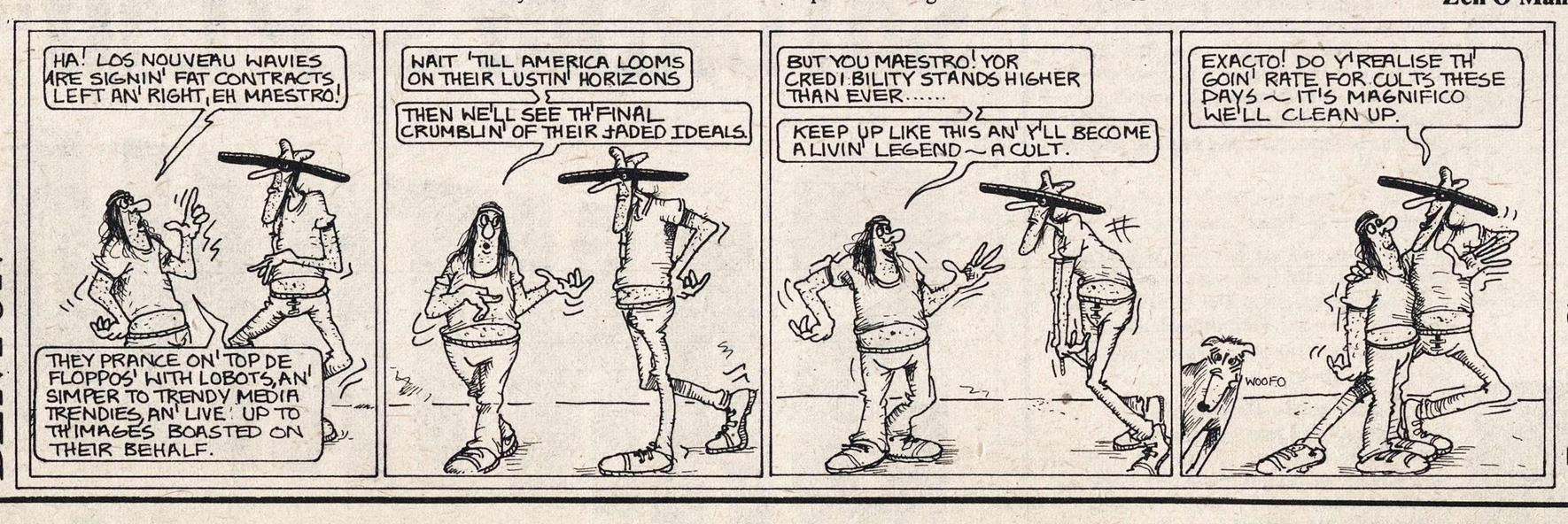
The Arab wrote the Entrepeneur's poster — in genuine Arabic — over fried sheeps' hearts and Godnosewot.

The Welsh translation was provided by Mr Chalkie Davies (the Elder).

This Thrill was provided by a man mucho short of money.

Bye for now.

Zen O'Mania



GO

SOMEWHERE IN LONDON — at a top secret hush-hush venue that for some reason bears an uncanny resemblance to one of the capital's lesser celebrated rock pubs — something is astir.

For nestling amid our undercover hostelry's murky Victoriana and regular printed shirt clientele are a couple of dozen spiky tops with attendant spiky regalia, and amongst them the discerning fan might spot such *punks celebres* as The Clash's Mick Jones and Nicky Headon, and ex-Sex Pistol Glen Matlock, who's sporting a red and black corduroy Andy Capp and a suspiciously bushy barnet. Up at the bar Joe Strummer taps a foot to the J-box blaring out old Them hits and helps the punters operate the peanut machine.

On stage the main attraction pulls a suitably alarmed face as the PA system blows out with all the flare of a Spitfire belching flames and nosediving to earth. Henceforth, vocals are shredded into tinfoil static. "And I came here to hear Phil sing," says Strummer later, comparing the man's voice to mid-period classic Van Morrison.

Phil is Phil Rambow, former luminary of the defunct and now-legendary Winkies, a band who before their untimely demise on Valentine's Day 1974 had cut one album for Chrysalis ("The Winkies") and become a living legend for at least two *NME* critics if few others.

"Ahead of their time," is the most popular verdict on The Winkies.

Suffice to say that among the band's admirers were such as Matlock and Jones; hence their presence at this low profile warm-up gig, one of four arranged by Chrysalis before the Phil Rambow band ("Larrie Lightbulb

Lone Groover

Graham Bonnet

DEBUT ALBUM

OUT NOW!

RING O'RECORDS

RAMBOW GO

Is this man a prat (No.3)? Surprisingly, no.

Phil Rambow in a previous re-incarnation.

and The Lasers" tonight) takes the boards in earnest with gigs at The Hope & Anchor in September and The Nashville in October.

Rambow, a Canadian with a stocky build, wacky sense of humour, and a haircut that could have come from any time during the last twenty years, plays guitar, sings, and writes. His songs are crisp, articulate, contemporary; his playing vibrant, fluid, hybrid, and yes, a trifle dated, at least in the accompanying setting provided tonight by Dave Drill (bass) and Marcus Grossman (drums).

Rambow's back in London via his native Montreal and New York, where he became sufficiently active on the local scene to be included on "Live At Max's Kansas City Volume Two" (to be released by CBS in December), and on Ork Records' "Bionic Gold" set, the same collection of unlikely Spector / Stones cover versions to which our own Lester Bangs and Mick Farren have also, er, contributed.

"Yeah, but you'd be better off trying to make it over here," said Chrysalis A&R man Chris Briggs while on the transatlantic blarer to Rambow (he's still "loosely" signed to Chrysalis), and promptly sent him an air ticket to London. Not only that but Briggs gave him his own Gibson SG Junior "on permanent loan". It's nice to have people who believe in you.

With the Memphis born Drill and the San Franciscan Grossman completing the current ex-patriate line-up, Rambow is back in business.

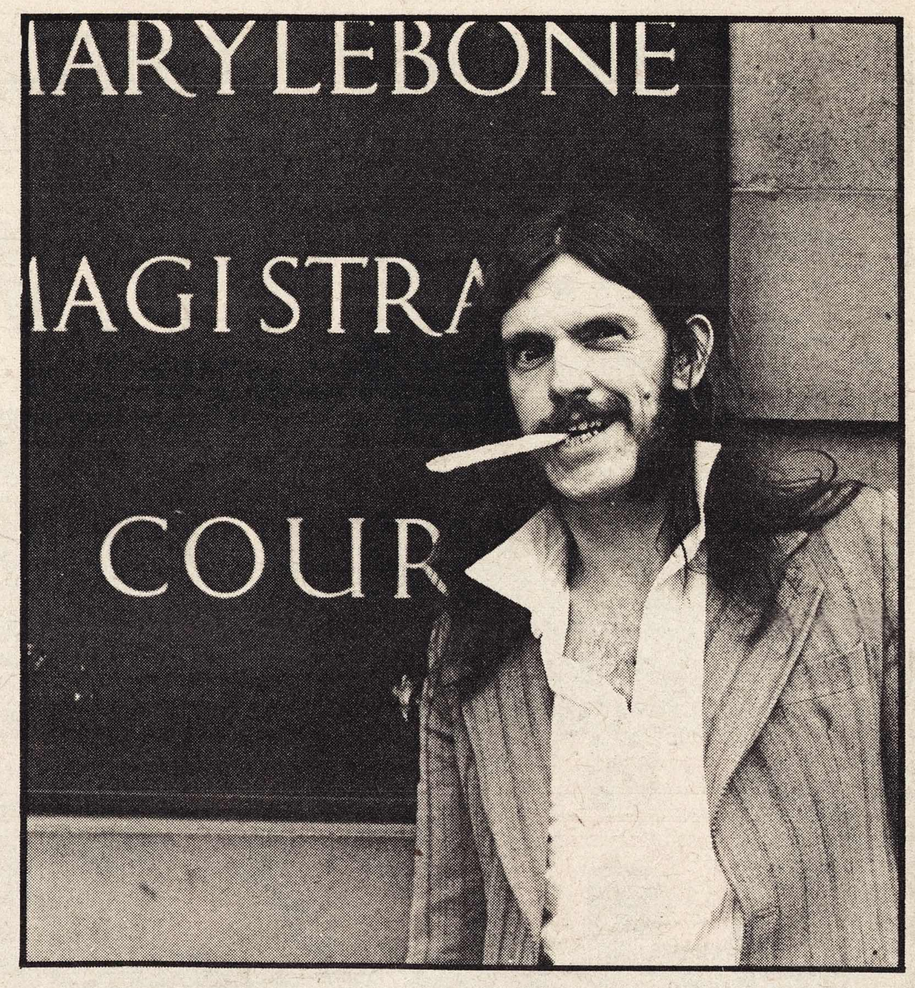
Next week's future of rock & roll?

A seminal pre-punk influence?

Hardly. Just one of rock's subtler and more gifted artisans making a welcome return to activity. See, there are no old and new waves; just the pub, beer, and rock & roll, same as always. Oh, and a duff PA.

Captain Nemo

THRILLS



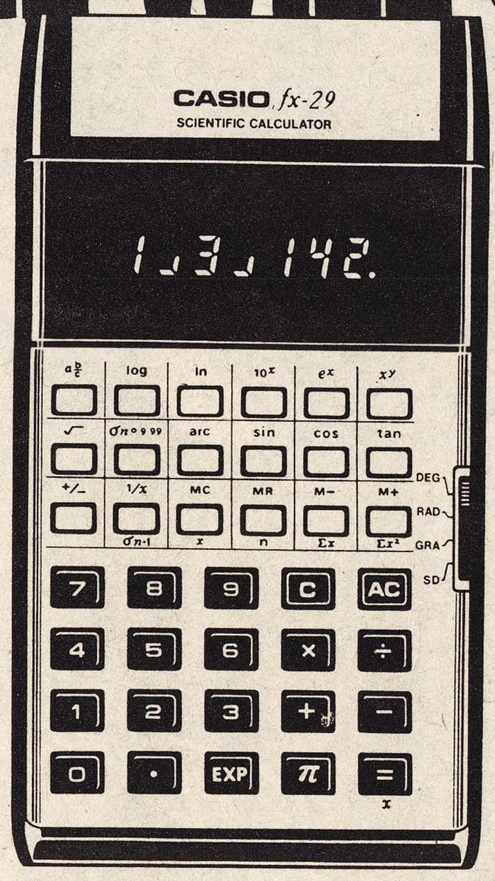
LEMMY TURNS OVER NEW LEAF

Only five left

WHAT'S ALL this then? Thrills' favourite Motorhead, Lemmy (for it is he) found himself in a right two and eight t'other day when summoned to Marylebone Magistrates' Court to answer charges of possessing a substance said to resemble cannabis resin. Naturally justice prevailed, and naturally Lemmy was discharged absolutely. But just in case there was any doubt about his innocence, the former-accused displayed his healthy, smiling visage to the photographers to show that he's turned over a new leaf.

THE END

NOW THREE INTO ONE WILL GO



Casio FX29 three-way power calculator that treats fractions as fractions.

Casio were the first company in the world to produce a calculator that handled fractions as fractions and gave the answer in fractions or its decimal equivalent.

The FX29 is the latest in the series with this function. Add this to the fact it can operate from conventional batteries, optional rechargeable nickel-cadmium batteries or direct from the Mains with an optional adaptor and you have an immensely versatile and economical calculator.

FX29 has a large easy to read 8 digit display and powerful 4 key memory. As well as fractions, it handles trigonometric functions, degrees, radians and gradians, logs and antilogs and standard deviations.

As with all Casio calculators, you get a lot more maths for your money.

Dimensions: $\frac{7}{8}$" X $3\frac{3}{8}$" X 6"

RRP £19.95 Inc. VAT.

CASIO®

TO BE PRECISE

CASIO CALCULATORS AVAILABLE FROM BOOTS, CURRYS, D.G. LEISURE CENTRES, DEBENHAMS, DIXONS PHOTOGRAPHIC, EURO-CALC, FORTNUM & MASON, GREEN'S, HARRODS, HOUSE OF FRASER, LASKY'S, LEWIS'S, JOHN MENZIES, RYMAN, SELFRIDGES, UNDERWOODS, WALLACE HEATON, WH SMITH, WILDING OFFICE EQUIPMENT, WOOLWORTH/WOOLCO, also Cavendish Sales, Creaseys, Foto Value Stores, Houndsditch Warehouse, Landau Radio, Lizars, McDonald Stores, Marble Arch Typewriters, Metyclean, Savitts Office Equipment, Savory & Moore and other leading Hi-Fi, Photographic and Department Stores, Casio Electronics Co. Ltd., Shaiburn House, 28 Scrutton Street, London EC2A 4TY.

NEW WAVE

Album 6300 902 Cassette 7199 005

THE BOOMTOWN RATS - LOOKIN' AFTER NO. 1

TALKING HEADS - LOVE GOES TO BUILDING ON FIRE

THE DAMNED - NEW ROSE

RAMONES - SUZY IS A HEADBANGER

RUNAWAYS - CHERRY BOMB

NEW YORK DOLLS - WHO ARE THE MYSTERY GIRLS?

DEAD BOYS - ALL THIS AND MORE

FLAMIN' GROOVIES - SHAKE SOME ACTION

RAMONES - JUDY IS A PUNK

DEAD BOYS - SONIC REDUCER

PATTI SMITH - PISS FACTORY

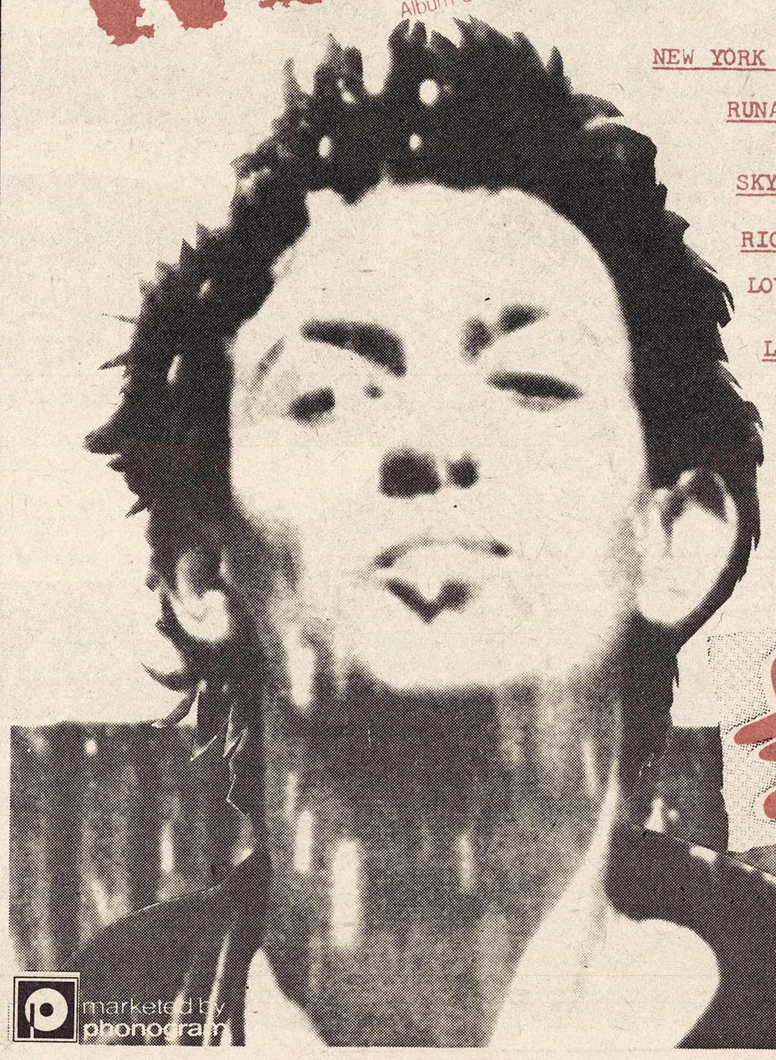
NEW YORK DOLLS - PERSONALITY CRISIS

RUNAWAYS - HOLLYWOOD

SKYHOOKS - HORROR MOVIE

RICHARD HELL AND THE VOID-OIDS - LOVE COMES IN SPURTS

LITTLE BOB STORY - ALL OR NOTHING



16 TRACKS £2.45

marketed by phonogram

VERTIGO

Nazareth

THEIR FIRST E.P.

HOT TRACKS

featuring

LOVE HURTS · THIS FLIGHT TONIGHT
BROKEN DOWN ANGEL · HAIR OF THE DOG

An E.P. to make your ears burn – 75p R.R.P.

marketed by phonogram
Phonogram Limited
129 Park Street London W1Y 3FA

MOUNTAIN RECORDS

SINGLES

SINGLE OF THE WEEK

THE MOTORS: Dancing the Night Away (Virgin). A peculiar lot, The Motors. Judging by the sleeve, lead guitarist Nick Garvey looks like Jimmy Tarbuck, and judging by the music, these guys are heavily influenced by The Byrds.

Not that this band are mawkish or sentimental. There's not the faintest jingle of a 12-string. This is flat-out high-energy rock. But, the fact is that both the melody and the riff recall "So You Wanna Be A Rock 'N' Roll Star" and the solo wouldn't have been out of place on "Eight Miles High".

It's possible that producer Robert John Lange helped to shape the style, but whoever's responsible, the outcome is superb. And think of The Byrds' own missed opportunity. If they'd opted for this tougher musical direction, they could have re-written the history of American rock. For one thing, there'd probably be no Eagles. What an achievement that would have been.

RUNNER UP

THE RUBINOOS: I Think We're Alone Now (Beserkley). In common with Jonathan Richman, The Rubinoos pursue the Beserkley tradition of musical regression that somehow transcends nostalgia. The song is virtually a straight re-run of a cut by Tommy James and The Shondells that was an American hit in 1967. Wimpish, but charming. Should appeal both to pre-teens and arch ageing ravers, depending on the former for sales. The line between parody and pastiche is a thin one, as Frank Zappa discovered with Ruben and The Jets.

PUBLICITY STUNT OF THE WEEK

THE SENSATIONAL ALEX HARVEY BAND: Mrs Blackhouse (Mountain). Is Harvey trying too hard? His crucifixion antics at Reading seemed like a crude ploy to generate a few headlines. And this attack on a self-appointed censor is more of the same. Consider the lyrics: *"Dear Mrs Blackhouse, may God curse you on the ground/ You take the blessed crucifixion and turn it upside down/You drink the blood of Jesus so gentle, mild, and meek/And even he will find it hard to turn the other cheek."* Now, Harvey is entitled to speak his mind on anything, and he's quite right to oppose censorship. But these lyrics leave him open to a charge of inhumanity. It's one thing to criticise middle-aged Christian ladies for being self-righteous and repressive, but something else again to accuse them in this heavy-handed, ugly style. They're entitled to their dignity, at least as much as Harvey's entitled to his filthy lucre.

MEAL TICKET: Yesterday's Music (EMI). A song that's a strange choice for Meal Ticket if they're anxious to consolidate their high reputation. "Yesterday's Music" is taken off an old Blood, Sweat and Tears album, and was written by their tedious singer David Clayton Thomas. It's undeniable that Meal Ticket perform it with great taste and sensitivity, but the tune betrays its schmaltzy origin. The flip, though, is "Man From Mexico", one of the cuts that helped to make their name, and very fine it is too. In direct line of descent from The Band's frontier ballads, it features exquisite harmonies and immaculate playing. EMI would do well to turn the record over.

PATTI SMITH: Gloria/My Generation (Arista 12 inch). The most famous product from the Smith piss factory. This stuff certainly soaks into the mattress of memory, but that makes it no less unpleasant. Two of rock's finest anthems deserve better than this mediocre treatment from an intellectual poseur. This is apparently the first time these songs have appeared in unexpurgated form, but they're hardly daring, anyway. "Gloria" features Smith's own pretentious lyrics — the sort of thing that normally gets printed in small circulation poetry mags. While on the live version of "My Generation", Smith also adds a phrase of her own that just happens to sum it all up neatly. *"I don't need this fucking shit,"* she screams. You said it, baby.

CHRIS SPEDDING: Get Outa My Pagoda (Rak). Judging by reviews of Bryan Ferry's American gigs, Spedding seems to have gained more of a cult following than his employer. This is a tasty hard rock song that bodes well for the former Womble's long-term prospects. The selling point is the tough guitar work rather than the melody, which is negligible. Whether it will crack the charts is another matter, but it shows Spedding's on the right track. The fact that Chris Thomas is the producer must strengthen rumours that the Pistols weren't responsible for the blistering axe-work on "Anarchy".

PHIL MANZANERA/1801: Flight 19 (EG Records). Chirpy pop song from Phil Managingdirector, another well-known Bryan Ferry sideman. This will surely confound the expectations of his followers who are used to something more dangerously experimental. As it is, Phil could well take over on vocals for the Wombles when Mike Batt steps aside. Funny, this Ferry penchant for associating with Wombles and their ilk.

LONDON: Summer Of Love (MCA 12 inch EP). *"What did you do in the summer of love?"* sneers singer Riff Regan. *"I wasn't there, but I guess I could guess/That the summer of love was just a big mess."* If that was the sharpest verbal abuse he could muster, you can't help wondering why he bothered. *"Just a big mess"*. The criticism is hardly likely to get all the ageing hippies running for cover. Not what you'd call a major insight into the inadequacies of flower power. Even punks need to express themselves better than that. That said, London have a powerful instrumental sound, and a good ear for a memorable riff. Inevitably though, the one non-original cut stands out from the rest. "Friday On My Mind" was always a strong song, but there's no reason why it should have any more significance for the new wave than the rest of us. Still, good tunes help to move product. And that is what it is. Behind the rough and ready production and the graffiti sleeve lies the hand of the Music Corporation of America. London are meant to fill the corporate coffers. Other intentions are irrelevant.

VENUS AND THE RAZORBLADES: Punk-A-Rama (Spark). Whatever the failings detected in the music of The Runaways, they're clearly many times magnified with this bunch. Once again, Kim Fowley is the guilty man. There's a riff of the sort Leslie West may play when he's 90, and a nasal vocalist who shouts about *"burning down the school"*, as though Alice Cooper never existed. The hook is an embarrassment. *"This,"* says the singer, as though delivering a great thought, *"is Punk-A-Rama"*. Which just goes to show that while many British punks are for real, the American new wave are strictly tinsel.

DOCTORS OF MADNESS: Bulletin (Polydor). Head-on collision between The Ramones and The Fabulous Poodles. Machine gun riff meets Max Jaffa fiddle. The result is a mutant of some ugliness. Kid Strange's vocals come across like the speaking clock out of its brain. Faster than the speed of thought. And the chorus makes great play out of the similarity between the words "bulletin" and "bullet in". Geddit?

AVANT GARDENER: Gotta Turn Back (Virgin). Truly oddball EP that owes a debt not merely to 50s music but also to production techniques from the same era. Sadly, far from strengthening the neanderthal mood, the thin sound undermines it. A pity, really, as vocalist, Russel Murch writes nicely grotesque lyrics and performs them in a way that suggest he might be Captain Beefheart's grandmother. Rather more than just another Virgin eccentric. You certainly can't say they avant garde a clue.

GARY GLITTER: Oh What A Fool I've Been (Arista). After all those years in oven foil, Gary seemed to have turned into an irredeemable turkey. But this platter does a little to shake off that notion. It has a certain intriguing delicacy about it, in contrast to the primitive bashes which made the Glitter name. No doubt Glitter and his producer Mike Leander are trying a variety of styles to regain their position. If they settle on this one, it could prove very effective. Curiously enough, the performance suggests Elvis (Presley, that was) on "A Fool Such As I". A breathy, emotional voice and the same ruefull manner. Whether the parallel was deliberate is by no means clear. The oddest thing about it is that it's only a couple of weeks since the last Glitter single. Maybe that reflects a lack of confidence on someone's part.

ROGER TAYLOR: I Wanna Testify (EMI). But will it stand up in court? Probably not. Taylor was responsible for two of Queen's finest songs, "Tenement Funster" and "I'm In Love With My Car". But on this solo debut he seems to have succumbed to a bad case of Mercury poisoning. An overkill production, and more harmonising voices than you'd need to start your own Black And White Minstrels. The phrase *"women and drinking"* floats from the mix, but their context is by no means clear. An extension of the accused's period of probation would seem to be in order. There are no grounds for appeal.

DEAD END KIDS: Glad All Over (CBS). Further desecration of the 60s pop classics by this aptly-named crew. This time The Dave Clark Five get the treatment. Curiously though, this version eschews the original winning formula. Instead, they come on like the Rollers trying to ape the Quo. A very bizarre mutant, indeed. Glad when it's over.

BLUE: Bring Back The Love (Rocket). Entirely excellent sampler from Blue's new album. Whether it will follow "Gonna Capture Your Heart" up the charts is a moot point. But Hugh Nicholson has again written a memorable love song whose apparent delicacy belies its potential. More power to him and Reggie, his producer.

■ *Continues over page*

Status Singles

WAYNE KRAMER: "Ramblin' Rose"/"Get Some" (Stiffwick). The existence of Wayne Kramer is a pertinent reminder of the cold reception which Americans, in the main, gave to music that was a fore-runner of the New Wave.

Americans have got barely less affluent since the heyday of the MC5, and if anything more complacent. Will the sounds of today's punks fall on equally deaf ears?

In fact, this single is far from typical of the Kramer style. There's no indication of when it was cut. Given the weirdness of American prisons, it could well have been cut inside the gaol where Kramer is serving five years on a conspiracy charge. Whatever it's origins, it does little to enhance the legend. The main reason for this is that Kramer's voice (if, indeed, he's singing) undermines the butch quality of his guitar-playing. For the sad truth is that the singer favours a high screeching falsetto that's a far remover from the potent shrieks of Robert Plant and his ilk. Wimpish is the word, alas. The A-side itself borrows the riff from "Slow Down", the song much favoured by the likes of The Jam. The flip is somewhat more intriguing, especially for hippies with long memories, as the *NME's* own Mick Farren had a hand in its writing. *"All you gotta do is get some"*, according to the chorus. The vocals are much fiercer on this cut and complement some tough, ringing chords. Hard, though, on the basis of these examples, to see why Kramer's so highly rated. Still, nice to see the UK's top independent labels, Stiff and Chiswick, collaborating on a project.

JOHN CALE: Animal Justice (Illegal 12 inch EP). The opening cut, "Chicken Shit", apparently deals with the incident last year in which Cale cut the head off a chicken onstage. The chicken was dead already, mark you, so it's hard to see why Cale considered himself any more outrageous than the average poulterer. Even odder is why he should now feel the need to keep on about it. The song is something of a turkey, anyway, and Cale's vocal recalls Bob "The Bear" Hite from Canned Heat, so few are likely to be attracted by the music. On "Memphis", which follows, Cale makes a forlorn bid to add menace to Chuck Berry's benign pop song. "Hedda Gabbler", the cut which takes up side two, involves an attempt by Cale to mix up Ibsen's tragic heroine with the origins of fascism. Since Ibsen's play was set in Norway in the last century, that involves a conceptual leap beyond Cale's powers. Nevertheless, the song's striking enough, and the best of the bunch. The fact that a legendary figure like Cale should modestly opt for a cheapo punk indie like "Illegal" may help his sales.

CREATION: Making Time (Raw). A status single that truly deserves the description. The Creation were the 60s most unjustly neglected band. Along with The Who and The Kinks, they were produced by Shel Talmy, and the continuity is evident. Both the A-side and the flip, "Painter Man", deserved to be huge hits. There's the same primitive power as The Who's early singles, with one refinement. Eddie Phillips played guitar with a violin bow some years before Jimmy Page adopted the idea. The sounds he managed to create are truly grotesque and glorious. The band split within a year of formation, and it's awesome to consider what they might have achieved if they'd stuck around.

THE EXILE: Don't Tax Me (Boring Records EP). This home-made EP from a Glasgow new wave band has it's moments, but there's no hint that they'll ever be taxed enough for the question of exile to arise. The main failing is the sound quality, but that's inevitable in the circumstances. The actual material is lively, if predictable. "Jubilee 77" slags the monarchy with a good deal less vigour than the Pistols. "Fascist DJ", on the other hand, hits it's target with some force. Overall, though, they sound a little like Sparks without the falsetto.

LEE KRISTOFFERSON: Dinner With Drac (Thrust). A ghoulish collector's item that recalls Lord Sutch rather than Alice Cooper. Basically, it's no more than a series of macabre limericks read over a brainless rock backing. Judging by the sound quality, the mike was set up in a passing hearse. Best thing about it is undoubtedly the sleeve which lampoons the ads for *A Star Is Born*, presumably for no other reason than the performer's familiar surname.

LOVE AND KISSES: I've Found Love (Rei-vera). Nothing whatever to do with the new wave, despite a picture sleeve showing a lady whose tee-shirt is in the process of being torn off. Simply a feeble attempt by the French to grab a few of the disco millions earned by the German funk factories. Merde.

REVIEWED THIS WEEK By BOB EDMANDS

SINGLES

■ *From previous page*

THE BERNIE LEADON-MICHAEL GEORGIADES BAND: You're the Singer (Asylum). Former Eagle Leadon displays clipped wings on plummeting platter. Entirely predictable combination of limp melody, chiming acoustic guitars, sliding strings, and plastic emotions.

BOB SEGER: Rock And Roll Never Forgets (Capitol). Bob Seger sings songs that could have been written by Bruce Springsteen in a voice that could belong to Rod Stewart. This means he's not quite the great original that he's claimed to be. He's okay, though. This is a cheerful, powerful chart contender that deserves to crack it on the strength of its sheer exuberance.

NAZARETH: Hot Tracks (Mountain EP). Exquisite set of Nazareth's finest songs. "Love Hurts" was big in the States and easily cuts the Jim Capaldi version. "This Flight Tonight" puts Joni Mitchell in proper perspective, as a suitable source for tough rock tunes. "Broken Down Angel" is Mr McCafferty doing his Rod Stewart act, and "Hair of The Dog" is heavy metal excess. Highly recommended.

THE LOVIN' SPOONFUL: TOMMY JAMES AND THE SHONDELLS; MUNGO JERRY; PETULA CLARK: Pye Big Deal (Pye). Pye can't have many more plums left to pull out. Classiest of the latest batch of 12-inch "Big Deals" is inevitably the Spoonful set. "Daydream", "Do You Believe In Magic", "Summer in the City", and "Nashville Cats" are among John Sebastian's very finest songs. There's no reason, though, why you should restrict yourself to an EP. Far better to luxuriate in an album's worth. Of lesser significance, but fairly worthy are the tracks by the inspiration for The Rubinoos, Tommy James and The Shondells, an American garage band from 10 years ago. "Mony Mony" and "Hanky Panky" have a compelling dumbness of the "Louie Louie" sort. Worth a listen. The Mungo Jerry set shows the thinness of their original appeal. "In The Summertime" was the beginning and the end. As for the Petula Clark songs, they're great value for Petula Clark fans. But what are they doing in a series intended to give greater volume and power to "classic" oldies?

MAYNARD FERGUSON: Main Title (Star Wars) (CBS); MECO: Star Wars Theme (RCA). By the time Twentieth Century Fox actually deign to release their inflated epic, everyone will be sick to death of it. What with endless trailers at the cinemas, a whole batch of merchandising, and the theme music aleady released, it's enough to dampen the enthusiasm of an entire generation of movie fans. Now, there's two more versions of the soundtrack. Maynard Ferguson offers a brassy rendition featuring overblown trumpets. Meco do the inevitable disco version. When you bear in mind that plans for a *Star Trek* movie have been nixed, there's little grounds for hope left.

CAROLE BAYER SAGER: Don't Wish Too Hard (Elektra). Sager displays her roots in conservative American pop. If you score a hit, shove out a follow-up that gives them more of the same. The toon's almost identical to "Moving Out Today", but lacks the intriguing lyrics.

POP-CORNUCOPIA

A Fellini, A Frankenheimer — But see no Evel

Fellini's Casanova (X)

Directed by Federico Fellini
Starring Donald Sutherland
(20th Century Fox)

ALTHOUGH APPARENTLY disowned by its director, this is still a remarkable film.

The character of Giacomo Casanova, celebrated Venetian libertine, presents would-be interpreters with various options. In his unreasonably maligned BBC TV *Casanova* dramatist Dennis Potter chose to portray the man as one who made the utmost of his abilities between the sheets and who remained an almost complacently confident grand seducer until old age finally rumbled him.

Frank Finlay's wittily urbane playing of the role notwithstanding, Potter's Casanova engendered little sympathy. You felt his impotent senility was richly deserved.

Fellini's Casanova is — understandably enough — a more emphatically Italian creature. From high medieval times the Italian poetic sensibility has been much concerned. obsessed even, with the effects of physical love on the thinking man (or woman).

It's been inclined to conclude that there's little to choose from between sexual ecstacy and death itself. Our immersion in the pleasures of the flesh is tantamount to annihilation of self. This peculiarly Roman Catholic attitude is central to Fellini's film.

Donald Sutherland, virtually unrecognisable with his nose modelled in hawkish profile and his hair scalped well back over his skull, plays Casanova. His unnervingly sensitive portrayal dominates proceedings.

This Casanova is not a happy lover, nor even a graceful one. He's cramped into ridiculous, corset-like undergarments, his love making is sweaty and effortful, his women

SILVER SCREEN

FELLINI grotesques

remain detached — as if Casanova were their conquest rather than vice versa.

This Casanova is properly pathetic. His interest in women extends well beyond the purely sexual, but his salubrious reputation prevents him from being able to express as much. Instead he's cast as a failed poet, philosopher, occultist, inventor, man of the world, etc., fated to be imprisoned by The Inquisition, exiled from his beloved Venice and to wander disconsolately across Europe.

His successive amorous encounters leave him much the worse for wear. He's deserted in Parma, infected and robbed in London, drugged in Berne, gang-banged in Dresden, and so on. His triumph in a love making contest umpired at the British embassy in Rome is empty; the object of his attentions regards him with complete disdain.

Two recurrent motifs emphasise the real nature of Casanova's pitiable compulsion: a clockwork bird he sets up to unwind at his bedside and a life size mechanical doll. He names the unresponsive doll his true love, dances with her, then masturbates beneath her. The implications are obvious enough; gratuitous sex is emotionally thankless. (God knows why *Casanova* carries an X certificate as it draws this rigorous moral).

So much for the central protagonist — the other characters are merely transient. The rest of the film's considerable impact lies elsewhere.

Fellini's inveterate fondness for the grotesque, absurd and tragi-comic is all pervasive. Clowns and masked *Commedia Dell'Arte* figures throng the Venetian carnival, the faces of ageing courtesans crack under heavy makeup, two bewigged dwarf footmen attend a tearful giantess in a London fairground freakshow, the mad Crown Prince of Wurtenberg gapes inanely, his ear pressed to a sea shell whilst six of his drunken hussars blast out martial fugues on a cathedral organ. Humanity suffers and awaits a redemption not of this earth.

GENERATION X

FIRST 45: YOUR GENERATION / DAY BY DAY

DONALD SUTHERLAND crashlanding in CASANOVA

The film's sets are archetypal Fellini, often blatantly surreal and inexplicable, *Satyricon* and *Roma* reassessed. The troubled waters of Venice's lagoon are monstrously inflated black plastic; a London tavern is reached through the mouth of a stone sperm whale . . .

Guiseppe Rotunno's camerawork matches its subject matter with some of the most dramatic interior and graphic landscape compositions I've seen since Stanley Kubrick's *Barry Lyndon.*

Unlike Potter's version, which relied on straightforward flashback, Fellini's *Casanova* is almost Picaresque. There's some narration, a beginning and an end, but much more glib convolution in between. The film proceeds cumberously, relentlessly, an epic, elegiac lament. I found it both beautiful and moving.

Angus MacKinnon

Viva Knievel (A)

Directed by Gordon Douglas
Starring Evel Knievel, Gene Kelly, Lauren Hutton
(Columbia/Warner)

GOD, THIS film's shabby. Evel Knievel may be able to jump bikes over more cars than any other human but as a person he scores heavily in the obnoxiousness stakes.

From the first tinny blasts of the movie's theme the crass tone is set for the proceedings. Plotwise the scam revolves around an attempt by evil drug dealers to use Knievel's entourage as a front for importing mountains of smack across the Mexican border into those millions of eager urban mainlines. Needless to say Evel is too smart for them and our little morality play draws to a happy end.

The acting is unrelievedly tedious. Gene Kelly, playing Knievel's mechanic and old friend, pisses on his own legend. Lauren Hutton plays another dumb magazine photographer.

Knievel's stunt skills promised some scope for excitement but director Gordon Douglas, veteran of the ultimate ant movie *Them* and a number of celluloid Sinatra vehicles, soon puts paid to that.

Warner Brothers, wisely avoiding a London screening, plan to slip this turkey in on provincial circuits. You have been warned.

Dick Tracy

Black Sunday (AA)

Directed by John Frankenheimer
Starring Robert Shaw, Bruce Dern and Marthe Keller
(CIC)

Two views of the new John Frankenheimer movie, one of the best received films of the year. The first is anti, the second pro — see the flick and take your pick.

BLACK SUNDAY ONE

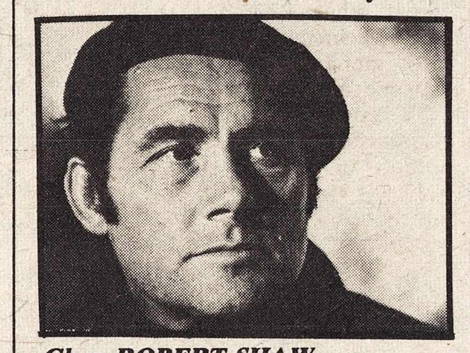
VIRTUALLY A politicised (and technically superior) version of the recent *Two Minute Warning* (the Chuck Heston disaster pic), *Black Sunday* still has enough faults to make it a grave disappointment after Frankenheimer's triumphant return to top form with last year's *French Connection Two.*

An irritant from the outset are the various alien accents mangling Ernest Lehman's overly-literate script: There's German Marthe Keller as a cold-blooded Black September leader, Yugoslav Bekim Fehmiu as the Palestinian who engineered the Munich massacre, and reliable Robert Shaw making an unlikely stab at playing an Israeli agent (though still managing to exude a quietly commanding presence).

Like Shaw — an old dog who sees both sides of the question — the movie uneasily straddles the political fence, admonishing the Israelis as it condones them, justifying the Palestinians as it condemns them. The Americans — as represented by a low profile FBI and 100,000 people in Florida's Orange Bowl — are merely impotent observers as these extremists use their country as a violent playground.

Frankenheimer can still pull off electrically-charged set-pieces (a midnight raid on a terrorist hide-out, a savage street shoot-out in Miami) but the drawn-out climactic sequences are as unsatisfying as the political hedging throughout is offensive.

Monty Smith



Glum ROBERT SHAW

BLACK SUNDAY TWO

MOST DISASTER movies are peopled by glove puppets, the main selling point being the orchestration of a mass handing-in of lunch pails. Frankenheimer's latest is a little different.

Clearly tickled pink to be once more wielding a baton before a big budget, and constitutionally drawn to *andante* counterpoint for gore and technical hardware, he does the expected virtuoso number on the three violent passages. The little difference lies in the flashes of human response and human scale that tug against, though fail to overcome, the overall impression of a purpose-built leisure-filler.

One image achieves a perfect balance. Bruce Dern, having tested his Doomsday machine on a solitary caretaker in a remote barn, stares in wonder and joy at his handiwork. Sunlight pours through the riddled wall, transfiguring him into a mad fallen angel in a medieval frieze. For the first time, his boss, guerilla leader Martha Keller, realizes that his lunacy dwarfs his usefulness. German expressionism rides again, but it's still first past the post.

The final movement with its mounting tension, pays off not with a bang but the whimper in the guerilla girl's eyes as they lock on those of her nemesis, Robert Shaw, and the memory hurtles back to their unfinished business at the beginning of the film.

French Connection Two and *Black Sunday* — Frankenheimer's renaissance — are very much genre armatures, so it would be unfair to criticize him for not entirely draining the crank case to refill with human spirit. Responsibility for the mix in the tank lies with the actors, and *Two* is superior to *Sunday* because Gene Hackman's reel-self is more real than Robert Shaw.

Brian Case

AROUND THE CIRCUITS

Starring that sensational double-header general release:
FUN WITH DICK AND JANE(A) / MURDER BY DEATH (A)
Fonda and Segal share screens with all-star Neil Simon gumshoes' sleuth.
Also featuring those wonderful hit pairings of yesterweek:
EASY RIDER (X) / THE LAST DETAIL
and
OUTLAW JOSEY WALES (AA) / MAGNUM FORCE (X)
Plus the reappearance of two well-worth-seeings:
BURNT OFFERINGS (AA)
— that atmospheric Burgess Meredith horror pic and
PICNIC AT HANGING ROCK (A)
— "The best film to come out of the outback" — Monty Smith.
And a further lap for the assorted Elvis necrophiliac celebration double-U's:
FOLLOW THAT DREAM / KID GALAHAD : G.I. BLUES / BLUE HAWAII : CLAMBAKE / FRANKIE AND JOHNNY : PARADISE HAWAIIAN STYLE / GIRLS, GIRLS, GIRLS.
That's it kid.

Dick Tracy

OUT OF THEIR SKULLS TOUR

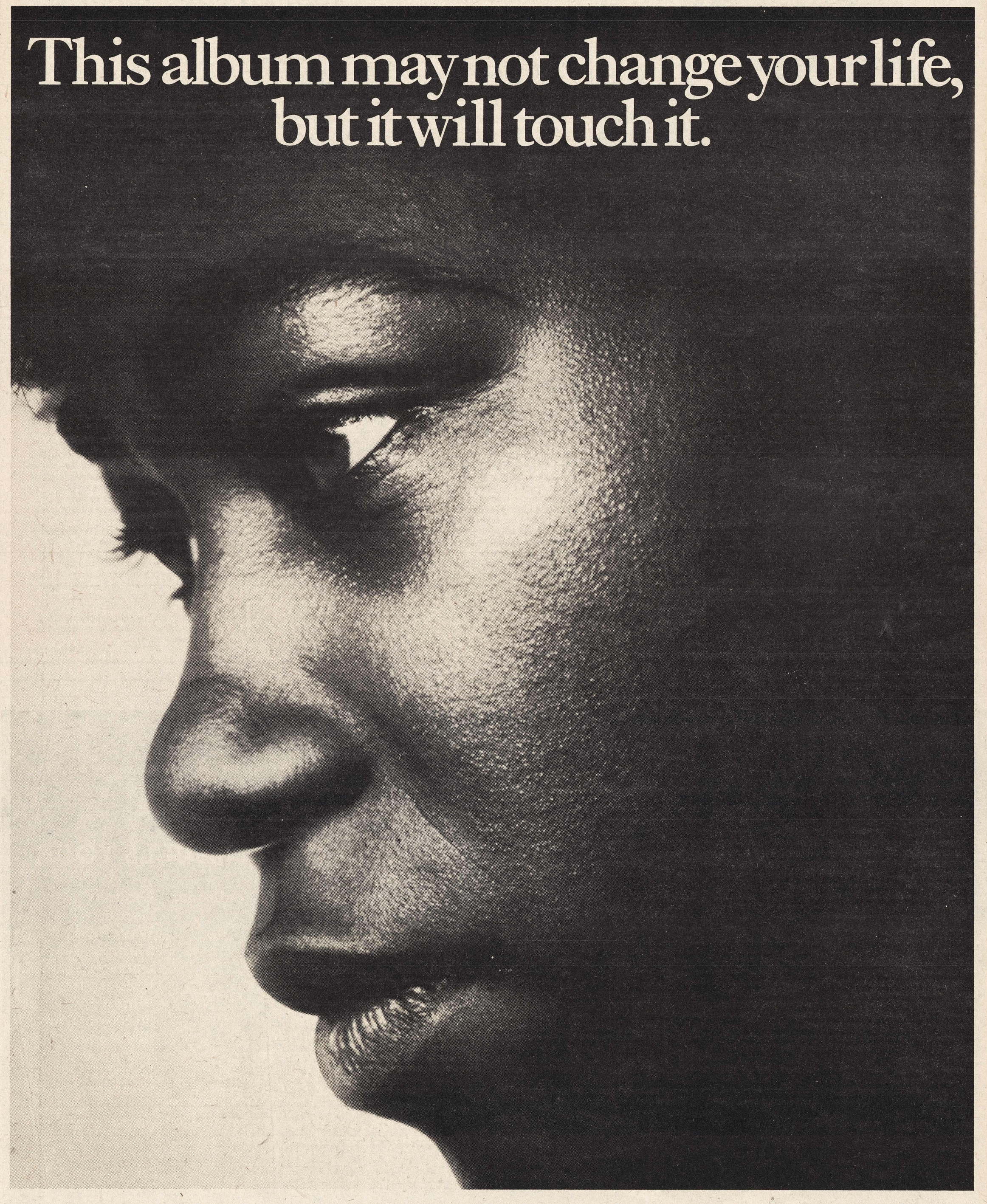
SEPTEMBER

9th	Southgate Royalty Ballroom	London
13th	Top Rank	Cardiff
15th	Unity Hall	Wakefield
16th	Electric Circus	Manchester
17th	J.B.S. Club	Dudley
23rd	Lafayette	Wolverhampton
24th	Casino	Wigan
25th	George Hotel	Stoke-on-Trent
26th	Jenkinson's Bar	Blackpool
28th	Kimbles Ballroom	Southsea
29th	The Nashville	London
30th	College of Education	Coventry

The single; Sweet Love Of My Mind/Don't München It/ You Don't Own Me.

Available on Warner Brothers records and tapes K17002

This album may not change your life, but it will touch it.



'Show Some Emotion'. This year's album from Joan Armatrading.

A&M RECORDS

A&M RECORDS AND TAPES AMLH/CAM/YAM/68433

A PEEP INTO THE SOUL OF PHIL LYNOTT

IT IS Dublin's Holy Hour, those 60 minutes between 2.30 and half past three when all bars close their doors and it is impossible to buy a drink.

Phil Lynott and I head over to Stephen's Green, a vibrant green park set in the very heart of Ireland's deliciously laidback capital.

On a footbridge over the lake Phil squints against the sun and points at some freaks toking up down by the water's edge:

"During the hippy days when I was starting to get into singing we used to buy a five bob bottle of wine and sit over there just getting wrecked . . . It's great here. When people ask me what kind of smoke I like I always say Stephen's Green."

He shifts his gaze to a pair of highly

■ *Continues over page*

A black Irishman — the son of a Brazilian seaman; a Roman Catholic of uncatholic lifestyle; a bass playing poet in a rock 'n' roll band. In his hometown of Dublin Thin Lizzy's Phil Lynott sheds light on all the contradictions.

By CHRIS SALEWICZ **Pix: CHALKIE DAVIES**

■ *From previous page*

palatable French girls lying on the grass, their heads on their backpacks, and smiles a wicked smile: "You used to meet these tourist chicks all the time. You'd say 'I'd love to show you around, but I've got no money'. So they'd go 'Oh, it's OK. I've got money'. So that was it. You were *in!*

"I wasn't," he grins, "a gigolo . . . but it was pretty fookin' close."

An only just post-pubescent colleen appears, leprechaun-like, in front of us. "Oh, Phillip," she purrs. "Give us a kiss."

"I can't," he shakes his head, autographing her newspaper. "I'm too shy."

WE'RE IN a *Top Of The Pops* dressing-room at the BBC's White City studios 48 hours later. "Are you a Male Chauvanist Pig?" the *Daily Mirror*'s Pauline McLeod snuffles through a nasty head cold.

"No, I just don't like women."

Pauline jots down Phil's answer in short-hand.

"Why," she inquires, "have you just brought out your second book of poetry?"

"Purely for the sake of my own ego . . . 'Hey, baby, have you read me new book? Right, let's get it together' . . .

"Plus" — spluttering to prevent a fit of giggles — "I might get let off some Irish tax for saying 'I'm an artist'."

"Are you looking forward to playing in Texas on your American tour?"

"Certainly am." Phil nods sincerely. "They say Texan women standing up beat all the others lying down."

"Are you . . ." — to preserve lady-like decorum Pauline hesitates for a moment — ". . . are you the ra-a-am" — she draws the word out — "they say you are?"

Another sincere nod. "Well, the road crew call me Philip Line-'em-up."

"Do you have a regular love life?"

No-o-o-o-o," Lynott grins lasciviously. "Just these leather trousers." And he opens his legs to facilitate comprehension.

CONSIDERING THAT not two years ago some *NME* staff members believed Thin Lizzy were such hapless losers that maybe we should ignore their existence totally until they sank into some convenient Celtic bog, it's somewhat staggering to realise that the band's undisputed leader, Phil Lynott, is now the most credible and accessible symbol of rock stardom that Britain possesses.

Like the New Wave Lizzy have indubitably benefited from our original icons' flights into tax exile/talent famine/senility. And now Lynott, with his black near-Afro, penchant for (a little dated) velvets, Kensington Market-esque satins, stackheeled boots, and innate sense of swaggering, macho style, is rivalling the likes of Robert Plant or Jimmy Page instead of merely imitating them.

Maybe it's down to the English love of the underdog (although that wouldn't explain their success in the States).

Maybe the fans find their slightly passe image comforting, the antithesis of all that is intimidating about the New Wave protagonists.

Or maybe it's just that within Thin Lizzy there exists the vital, all-human-life-is-here chemistry that marks all great rock bands. Scott Gorham, Brian Robertson (who, paradoxically, appears far more likely to remain with the band if his record company gets off its ass, as its US equivalent has already done, and offers him a solo deal), Brian Downey and, above all, Philip Lynott provide us with Hollywood-style swashbuckling heroes through whom to live out our fantasies.

The only significant difference from Hollywood is that with Lizzy we actually *do* get to see most of what ends up on the cutting-room floor.

Also, you know that in this Dream Factory the product being pedalled is one hundred per cent organic growth with no artificial flavouring, which suggests that the philosophical underdog stance Lizzy were previously obliged to adopt may in the long run produce more meaningful music than the primal warblings of instant-hyped superstars.

Indeed, in the brief fantasy sequence that makes up the liner notes for "Jailbreak" Phil Lynott closes with the following sentence: "The music sailed out into the night then upwards towards the skies, travelling on that thin border between reality and imagination."

Lynott gets off on both what he is doing and the romance of doing it.

BACK IN his schooldays in the lower-middleclass Dublin suburb of Crumlin Thin Lizzy drummer Brian Downey lived just down the the street from where Philip Lynott (pronounced, incidentally, Lie-not), the half-caste son of a Brazilian seaman, was being brought up by his granny.

Lynott's main contact with his mother would come during the summer holidays when he stayed with her at Ma Lynott's, the showbiz boarding house she still runs on the outskirts of Manchester. These visits explain why he became a fanatical Manchester United supporter.

Brian Downey used to call for Philip on the way to school.

The two hadn't begun to operate as a rock'n'roll rhythm section then, though. Lynott didn't start playing the bass to his schoolfriend's drums until the beginning of this decade and the formation of Thin Lizzy.

Until then he'd only used his tonsils — heavily influenced by Sly Stone, Hendrix and Van Morrison — in late-60s West Coast-influenced Dublin bands like The Black Eagles.

In the mid and late 60s Ireland was not the culturally backward rock scene it became in the current wave of troubles, but even so it was tough trying to make a living in an Irish rock'n'roll band and, after dropping out from training to be an architect, Lynott — in a thoroughly Irish display of musical perversity — was frequently forced to work the folk circuit to turn a bob or two.

In 1970 the Lynott/Downey rhythm section pact was inked for the first time. Philip, until then limited to strumming a few guitar chords, took up the bass and along with guitarist Eric Bell became part of the first Thin Lizzy line-up.

A single, "The Farmer", was released in Ireland.

They experienced their first regional breakout in Dublin, which gave them the confidence to cross the Irish Sea with manager Ted Carroll (now owner of Chiswick Records) in London.

After two albums, "Thin Lizzy" and "Shades Of A Blue Orphanage", the band vibed up the traditional Irish song "Whiskey In The Jar" and found themselves with a minor hit single.

"Randolph's Tango", the follow-up, failed to score. And after a similar response to the next album, "Vagabonds Of The Western World", Eric Bell experienced something of a freak-out and quit.

So did his successor, Gary Moore, who never even cut an album with the band.

Enter, after a dispiritingly lengthy set of auditions, 17-year-old Glaswegian Brian Robertson *and* archetypal laidback Californian Scott Gorham on guitars, a new deal with Phonogram, and, after Ted had split to start his Rock On oldies stalls, new managers in Chris Morrison and Chris O'Donnell.

They made "Night Life", then the "Fighting" album, and finally, after an absurdly heavy amount of live work, the "Boys Are Back In Town"-containing "Jailbreak" album last summer which signalled Thin Lizzy's overnight leap from token loser band to protagonists in the pre-New Wave new hierarchy of British rock'n'roll.

LYNOTT, SAYS Scott Gorham, is a far more mellow person today than in 1974. Then, apparently, the black Irishman came across as "a real hard case, very unapproachable".

Considering that today Lynott seems, for all his larger-than-life characteristics, to be one of the most self-possessed musicians I've ever met he must certainly have gone through a few head shifts. Maybe in 1974, though, the band's traumas had cemented him into the blunter end of his Johnny Cool persona — one of the many communication shields he uses to preserve his sanity in this wonderful world of rock'n'roll.

Lynott has now begun to drop those shields to present a far more unified, less fickle human being. And he figures that the hepatitis that hit him last year while touring the States has changed him for the better. More of that later.

Certainly the "self-possessed" description would not have been the apposite this time last year. Then I considered him shrewd, and very suss about the music business, but I also thought — especially after he told me that having sussed out how to pull the right strokes to pull the band up there had placed him in a double-think moral dilemma — that he was essentially a man of probity.

"Self-possessed?" No, there were too many frantic edges. "A Good Bloke" certainly — with an abundance of Leo warmth. And also, in the grand Irish tradition, a hopeless Romantic.

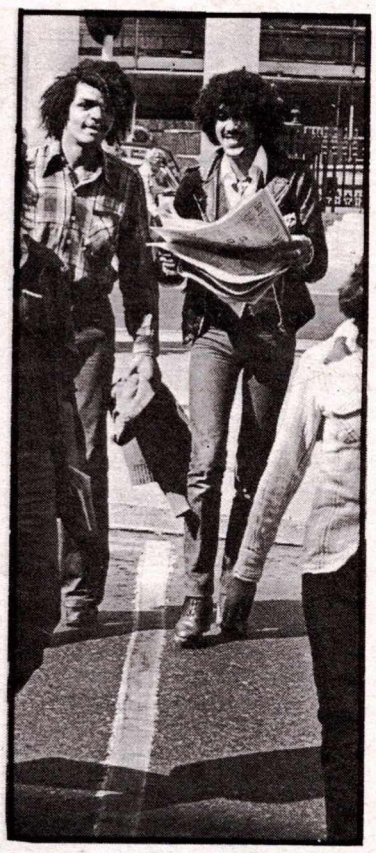
You should never forget that Irishness when considering Lynott or Lizzy. His patriotism is as deeply entrenched in his soul as that other interlinking Irish inevitability, his Catholicism.

Trying to combine being a ram with Roman Catholicism can be a problem ...

Lynott is, in fact, the first rock-'n'roller of the hard-assed variety I've ever met who still professes belief in such a basic organised religion as Christianity — although of course it should have been obvious from the intense sense of High Church Romanticism that his songs and lifestyle exude.

Occasionally, it must be said, one blanches at the double-standards he permits Catholicism to permit him.

OVER THE weekend when Thin Lizzy played Dublin's Dalymount Park open air gig ("The only town in the world where I get nervous before I go onstage") I spent many enjoyable hours with Lynott, hopefully enjoying an insight into what makes him tick.



Here he is gazing into his reflection on the side of his pint of Smethwick's:

"Sometimes I get up there onstage and I go *completely* berserk — I'm often completely of me fookin' head. And it's got sweet fook-all to do with drugs, man. It's just that I can get as heavily into what I'm doing as when I used to be a kid playing cowboys . . . when you'd be completely wrapped up in killing millions of Indians and just living this whole trip out: hiding behind rocks and trees and sneaking off to imaginary places.

"Anybody can be anybody in rock-'n'roll. It allows for all these people to exist within it and live out their fantasies. I mean, I certainly do."

It was Bailey's Bar in the centre of Dublin that the 1916 Rising was planned. And naturally James Joyce did some heavy hanging out there — Leopold Bloom's door hangs on the wall to the left of the entrance to the Men's Room.

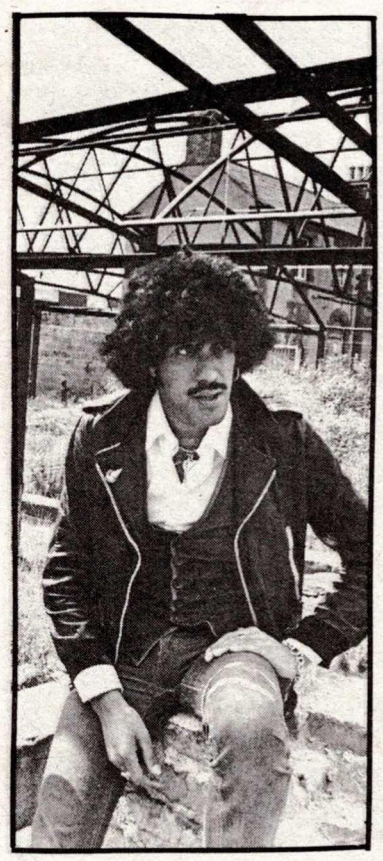
Now, though, it's just another bar on another Saturday night, crammed to the threshold of pain. Philip Lynott is getting some birthday pints down before moving on to serious partying at one of the Guinness family's homes at County Kildare's Castletown House.

From the vantage point of our corner table he points out Boom Town Rats' singer Bob Geldoff pinned against a table.

"I'm really looking forward to coming back to tour England in November after we've got through with the States," he continues. "We can use that as a training ground to try out the new numbers from 'Bad Reputation' — just to get a whole style of set together. And then when we come back we can just come in and *wham* it out.

"And this whole image thing that's

LYNOTT and relations, with grandmother and mother on left.



going down between New Wave and Boring Old Farts will be sorted out and we'll be able to just *play,"*

Lynott himself does not feel intimidated by the sudden emergence of the New Wave to threaten Lizzy's new suzerenity.

"Everything they're singing about I actually *do:* I do what I want to do. I never wanted to be like anybody else. I don't give a fook about good, bad or indifferent music — I just like what I like.

"I don't care if we lose whatever title or success we have. Because it's only something the kids give you. And if *they* want to take it away from you it's their God-given *right,* man. *I've* no God-given right to be up there saying *I'm* the People's Choice'.

"I mean, I'm glad for the couple of years that I've had. And if it's ever all over it's all over. But," — he laughs with an underlying determination — "I'll be the last to give in. *Knowharramean?"*

Suddenly a troubled glaze floats over his eyes. He peers anxiously around the bar: "Hell, man. I hope there's going to be enough chicks at this party . . . 'Ang on, will you. I'll be back in a second." He squeezes his way towards the bar, pausing only to whisper in young ladies' ears and point out the table where he's sitting.

By the time he's returned balancing a tray packed with pints he's been bought as birthday presents a succession of delightul young things have edged their way over and are squatting slightly self-consciously on the edges of stools ignoring each other.

Lynott gives each one's ear (Irish girls only have on ear) a rapid servicing and sits down.

"Fook, man," he mutters, sotto voce, "they're the prettiest colleens in the world in this town.

"The only *trouble* is I can't get away with giving 'em the blarney like I can everywhere else. I have to adopt the more subtle approach *'DO YOU DO THE GIG?'"*

The constantly self-hyped ("Actually, it's Scott all the girls go for — I just talk about it more") Lynott-as-stud image only became operative two or three years back after the end of a long relationship with a woman: "I just went totally insane after being so faithful and so loving for so long . . . That's why I'm the easiest lay in town. Now it's two drinks and *'Take me home, baby'."*

Though there are women who'd claim such a stance to be socially regressive (and, considering the Catholicism that certainly influences his approach to females, they are possibly correct), Lynott doesn't in fact look down on women. He places them on a romantic pedestal. With all his actions (including ushering the girls over to his table, a hometown performance of his Rock Star role), his attitude is tinged with a slight smirk about Life's Ludicrousness.

"I get this big tag of being sexist," he smiles almost gleefully to himself. "But you know I'm not. I think chicks are pretty fookin' together, pretty okay. In general chicks are smart.

"*But* . . . Boys talk different behind chicks' backs. No matter *what* anyone says, if the lads are together then it's different talk to if there's a chick in the company. And because I actually write songs about these situations — like 'Don't Believe A Word' or 'The Boys Are Back' or 'The Rocker' — where it's real Lads' Talk, I get a lot of chicks saying, 'That guy. Who does he think he is? Thinking chicks are dumb?' "

"Which is not the point that I'm trying to put across at all. I'm just trying to show" — he purses his lips — "The *Reeeee-allllll* Truth of what's going on in those situations."

He pauses to wash down a third of his pint and free-associates: "There are times when I've gone with chicks who've been *insisting* to me that I am *not* black! Well, baby, I am certainly not *white. There is no way I can go grooving around South Africa."*

Trying to get a flat in London when you're Irish and black can be a problem ...

AH YES. The Black Question. Is the real clue to Phil Lynott's soul contained within his being a half-caste Celt with all the weirdness of the psyche that that implies? Perhaps the self-possession is also the result of having started off with the advantage of knowing himself to be obviously visually different from the other kids on the block yet without the disadvantage of knowing he was hated for that difference.

Are there many other black guys in the capital, Phil?

"Oh, there's a few. There's . . . uhh . . . there's Dave Murphy." He points out a black guy with dreadlocks over at the bar, who waves a greeting and returns to his pint of Guinness.

The easy-going Irish national soul is not, claims Lynott, too concerned with questions of colour. "If you've got big ears they'll say 'There's the geezer that has big ears.' Or they'll talk about you as the feller with the funny hat and the leather jacket.

"And like I'm black so they'll just go, 'There goes the dark guy.'

"Now the hardest time I ever had being black was when I went to England for the first time and tried to find a pad. Being Irish is bad enough," he splutters, "without being black as well."

For an instant he looks sheepish, as if feeling he's committed a gross sacrilege: "I'm very proud of being a Brother. Don't get me wrong. But I think that there are a lot of people like Stevie Wonder who're more apt than me to put it across.

"My cause is more the half-caste cause. You know, a lot of people are really delicate with the questions: 'It must be really difficult being a half-caste'.

"But," he grins the kind of grin you would expect Don Juan to have, "to me I am Normal. Everybody else is different.

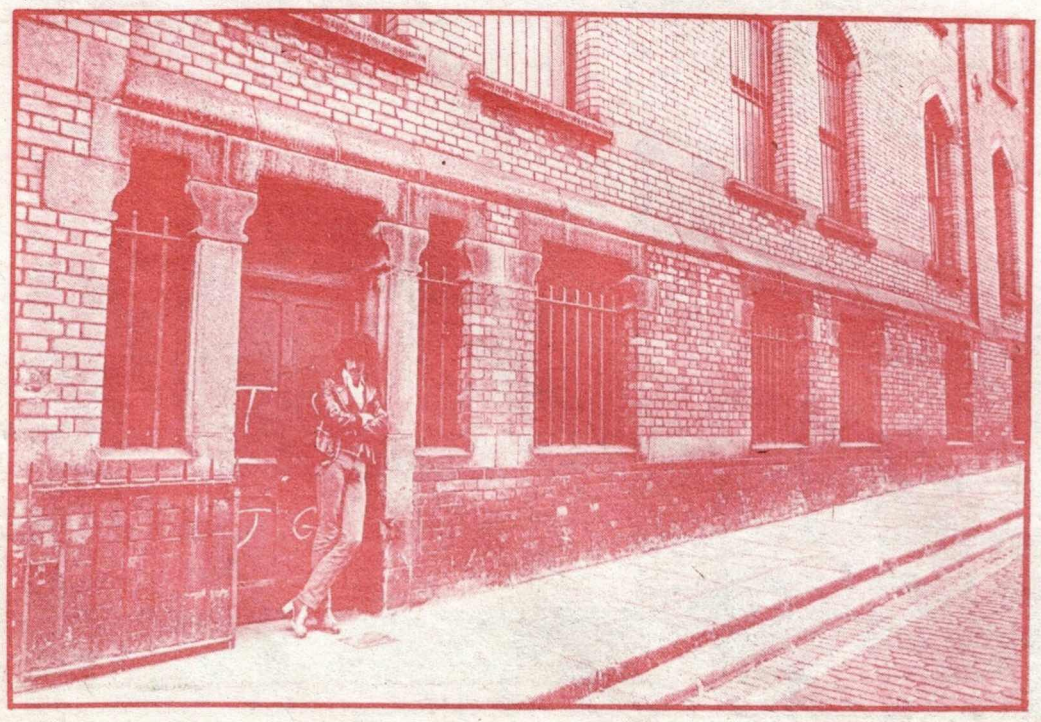
"I know it's an existentialist point of view: that I am the centre of the world."

It's quite logical, though. You can, if you so wish, see all viewpoints, be the fulcrum around which all the nonsense can move. And keep laughing.

"Right," he laughs. "Right . . . well, that's your French writers for you." — He mimicks a stage Irish voice — "They put me perspective roight when I was a young la-a-ad.

"I was into that for a long time. Figuring I was Number One. And if I die the world ends. I was into Sartre and his pals for a long, long time. I believed what they wrote was correct.

"Now," the grin turns into a question mark, "I'm not so sure."



"Damn! One of 'ems seen me..."

Why? Because of It. Because of the Irishman's Great Inescapable. Because of his religious upbringing.

"Because one day I looked at history — history freaks me you know — and for some reason I happened to think . . . and maybe it's that Catholic base that gets you every time . . . that there must be hope; that there must be somebody up there looking after the side of good. It's too easy for evil to win, and good has won out nearly every fookin' time.

"I was born Catholic, reared Catholic, churched . . . everything. But I want to England and saw that other people didn't go to Mass and I didn't go to Mass. I started seeing that it was easy to be with the girls. And I just lapsed.

"But every so often I'll think I'm going to crash in a plane or something and I'll find myself going, 'Jesus, Mary and Joseph, don't scare me like that, Motherofgod, fer fook's sake.' All this stuff that's been beaten into you just comes out.

"It just catches you when you're a kid.

"So now I look on it as a basic set of ground rules that are really important. They're a great set of rules to look at. I can say, 'I'm breaking this rule here.' But at least I have a set of rules to work off.

"Listen, you're staying at the Gresham, aren't you? You'll see little kids begging outside the Gresham. You will, honestly. And then you'll go inside and you'll see hordes of nuns and priests drinking brandy. And it disgusts me.

"But, as much as I'm disgusted by the way it's run, the basic ideals and the fundamental rules that they've taught are very sound.

"Hang on a minute. I'm dying for a piss."

PHILIP LYNOTT is up in the hay loft with one of the young ladies he had so amorously courted in Bailey's when the Gardai drugs squad bust his party at Castletown House.

He and the head of the drugs squad greet each other like long-lost brothers, Philip gets up against the stable wall, is searched, found not to be in possession of anything, and leaves for Dublin.

The cops pick up a handful of people for a miniscule quantity of hash, and then split.

So Lynott is a little disturbed when, sitting having lunch in Dublin's oldest bar, the Brazen Head, two days later, he picks up a copy of the right-wing *Irish Independent.* "Thousands of pounds worth of cannabis and cocaine," the paper informs its readers, were seized when the squad hit the party.

He's even more disturbed when he sees the name Phil Lynott is picked out in bold type in the paragraph above the one that mentions the cannabis and cocaine.

Slipping on his Clint Eastwood avenging persona, he strides (with one bound) the murky waters of the Liffey and is in the dowdy lobby of the *Independent* speaking on the internal phone: "I don't like this story. You associated me with drugs. Me mother and grandmother live in this town. And *I* have to face my neighbours.

"And it's not *true!!!"* he adds succinctly.

Then: "I don't give a fook who did it. I want to know who the editor was yesterday. Who's the news editor? . . . You *must* know. Give us the poxy *names*!"

Someone tells him which floor to visit.

He takes the lift up.

In the editorial offices matters are carried out with a minimum of dignity.

There is A Scuffle.

The bass guitarist, the photographer and myself leave.

Lynott doubles up with laughter as we hit the sunlit street: "They can print *anything* they like about me. I know these people: the very fact that Philip Lynott walked in there is going to be the scandal of the office for *years*!"

Two days later the *Independent* prints a retraction of the story.

PHIL LYNOTT stretches out on the kingsize bed in his automated hotel room on the outskirts of Dublin, taking occasional sips from a pint of bitter. He keeps one eye on the TV set: it's half-time in the Gaelic football semi-finals and Dublin are trailing behind Kerry 13—12.

He disagrees, he tells me, with Scott Gorham's assessment of "Johnny The Fox" as having been a weak album. In the perceptions of the lyrics Lynott thinks it was a far more mature album than anything they'd previously recorded. He wrote much of it while still in the early stages of his recovery from the hepatitis that caused the mid-tour cancellation of the US dates Lizzy were playing while "Jailbreak" and "The Boys Are Back In Town" were heading up the charts both sides of the Atlantic.

"In retrospect," he concedes, "I can see that I was very sick and, therefore, it *is* a lot milder than Lizzy generally are."

Perhaps a little romance is added to Phil's illness — from which he has only just fully recovered — when you hear that "at first I thought I had a fookin' dose."

His over-riding memory of the illness is that he was unable to drink for six months. Standing in bars watching other people getting drunk was a revelationary experience.

"Being sober for so long gives you a whole head turnaround. So I went through a few changes. For the better, I hope. It was definitely me body saying, 'Enough'.

"I'd been living such a wild life up until then. And for the three weeks I was in hospital me mother just laid into me with everything she's wanted to say to me for the last year. *'And you don't look after your teeth either'.* I was just lying there. Couldn't even defend meself.

"And it does hit you after a while that the night life is maybe a bit of a wild life. You're chasing the wrong things. That was the idea behind 'Fool's Gold'. I wouldn't have written either that or 'Massacre' without having been ill.

"You caught me on a bit of that tour: I was going it. I was going ten to the dozen."

Whilst on this subject of living The

■ *Continues page 43*

BO HANSSON

MUSIC INSPIRED BY WATERSHIP DOWN

The renowned beauty spot on
the Berkshire/Hampshire borders:

WATERSHIP DOWN HAS NOW INSPIRED TWO GREAT WORKS OF IMAGINATION.

BO HANSSON has composed and performed another masterwork to follow his award winning interpretation of "Lord Of The Rings."

Like the great sweep of the Hampshire Downs, his new album is, in Keats words, "Born of the gentle South."

"Music Inspired By Watership Down" is in turn lyrical and dramatic, and always evocative.

CAS 1132

CHARISMA

"MUSIC INSPIRED BY WATERSHIP DOWN" IS A BO HANSSON MASTERWORK.

Marketed by Charisma Records Ltd

ALBUMS

JOAN ARMATRADING
Show Some Emotion (A&M)

IN THE LIGHT of the aesthetic and commercial success of her third, eponymous album, the studio (if not the stage) was Joan Armatrading's pearl-proud oyster.

For her fourth, she could of course have made "Joan Armatrading" all over again. The predominantly orange and black artwork of "Show Some Emotion" suggests that A & M at least might like us to believe she has.

But then looks is deceiving and anyway such an obvious step wouldn't have been in character.

In fact she's never made an unsatisfactory (as in *plain bad)* album. Gus Dudgeon and Pete Gage might not have produced "Whatever's For Us" and "Back To The Night" too sympathetically, but all things are relative; it was only Glyn Johns' intuitively *right* production of "Joan Armatrading" that exposed the weakness of the earlier albums.

Her songs have always been strong, although I happen to miss further lyrical tours de force from Pam Nestor, with whom Ms. Armatrading regrettably no longer collaborates.

Much of Ms. Armatrading's striking presence on record would seem to stem from her resolving an apparent incongruity — she's black and so is her voice, yet she makes music with (mostly) white musicians and appears content to have them interpret her songs accordingly.

Sometimes I regret she didn't record with The Movies, her backing band whilst they were signed to A&M, whose confident, controlled rock into light jazz frames was an ideal foil for her on stage.

But perhaps The Movies' smooth mainline would have proved something of a liability in the studio since Ms. Armatrading persists in swinging right across the musical spectrum — and a versatile singer, player and writer demands equally versatile support.

Hence presumably the permutations here: Georgie Fame. "Rabbit" Bundrick and Tim Hinkley on keyboards; Dave Markee and Bryan Garofalo on bass; David Kemper, Henry Spinetti and Kenney Jones on drums; Mel Collins on saxes and — the one constant — Jerry Donahue on guitars.

Although Dave Mattacks is conspicuous by his absence, his clean-limbed, compact drum style obviously found favour; his successors have adopted much the same approach.

From where I'm listening "Show Some Emotion" differs from the main body of the Armatrading oeuvre since it cajoles in a more indirect, discreet fashion. "Joan Armatrading" was instant, enduring impact; "Show Some Emotion" is generally more restrained. An already resourceful artist makes her most artful (as in subtle) move so far.

Her voice is inevitably the main focus; her unstrained use of a wide octave spread remains wondrous to behear.

I've never taken to the Van Morrison comparisons. Whereas Morrison's delivery insists on a resolute *yang* assertion of (natch) masculinity, Ms. Armatrading's is all the more unique for embracing both a gruff *yang* (as on "Kissin' and Huggin' ") and a tender *yin* (as on "Willow"). More often though she matches up both vocal temperaments in the space of one song: dominance and submission, as some would say.

In the meantime her vocal phrasing is as pliant as the proverbial sapling, her acoustic guitar and piano playing emphatically accomplished. And so the songs, with Johns once again opting for a direct, natural production.

In one respect the material's as before; it beds down soul, folk, blues, jazz and whatever else you'd care to mention under the same roof, and with enviable comfort.

A softscreen ballad, "Warm Love" (not the Van Morrison song) is the obvious successor to "Down To Zero", likewise the serene "Willow" to "Save Me". Both are highly charged and indicate that Ms. Armatrading's index of possibilites is comprehensive; she runs little risk of repeating herself.

"Never Too Late" eases into an offbeat calypso slipstream, the band stirring up a fire and Donahue to the fore with a characteristically emphatic solo.

"Show Some Emotion", "Mama Mercy" and "Get In The Sun" are free and easy jazz-tinged skimming, pretty funky too. "Opportunity" just sways at hip level, sly and sinuous.

And so on. I'll spare you the blow by blow litany.

Joan Armatrading is currently one of precious few individuals able to lend the (justifiably) maligned singer-songwriter tab some strong credibility.

At the same time "Show Some Emotion" is supremely soulstrung music as you've never heard it and — given the disco-saturated state of the western world — as you're unlikely to hear it again for some time.

Move on up and let it take you.

Angus MacKinnon

SORRY: POWER AND FRENZY ARE OUT TO LUNCH

(Would melody amd romanticism do 'til they get back from the pub?)

THIN LIZZY
Bad Reputation (Vertigo)

THIN LIZZY have been pretty low-profile so far in 1977; most of their touring has been across the water and all we've heard of them have been reports from the States.

Reports of them proving something of an embarrassment to a bill-topping Queen by blowing them away on stage, reports of the on-again-off-again participation of prodigal son guitarist Brian Robertson, reports from people who'd heard the new album that it was *something of a departure.*

Well, what "Bad Reputation" represents is Thin Lizzy in general and Phil Lynott in particular coping with a rise in status and the problems thereby caused.

Ever since the "Jailbreak" album, and — more specifically — the mass international breakthrough that followed the "Boys Are Back In Town" single, me and a whole lot of other people have considered Thin Lizzy to be one of the very best bands currently functioning in rock and roll. After seeing them at Hammersmith Odeon last November I came away frothing at the mouth and convinced that they were the best band I'd seen all year, and the other weekend I saw 'em again at Dalymount Park in Dublin and they blew me away all over again.

Thin Lizzy have an enormous amount going for them. They're one of the few bands who can play complex, sophisticated, highly arranged music without losing one iota of their basic rock and roll balls, they can be flash in a kind of old-fashioned platform boots and long hair way without seeming elitist or star-trippy or self-important, and they can wind their audiences up to an astonishing level of excitement without ever going in for crude manipulation techniques.

Their music is sufficiently varied and inventive for them to play long sets without getting boring or repetitive and Phil Lynott can write lyrics about being a street kid and about the things that matter to kids without ever getting condescending or patronising.

They can draw upon heavy metal, comic book fantasising, Irish traditional themes, classic rock dreams, pop romanticism and immediacy, macho posturing that rarely (if ever) degenerates into dumb sexism. Thin Lizzy are more the Compleat Rock Band than anyone else.

All of which makes "Bad Reputation" something of a letdown.

Misgivings were rife from the first glance at the cover. Instead of the elegant comic-book visuals that Jim Fitzpatrick — the Neal Adams/Jack Kirby-inspired artist who designed four of their last five covers, even down to their recent Decca compilation album — usually provides, we get a drab sleeve that aims for classic simplicity but just ends up shoddy. More perturbing, only Lynott, drummer Brian Downey and guitarist Scott Gorham get their mugs on the front cover, though Brian Robertson is on the back cover and on half of the inner sleeve.

Most of the album was cut without Robertson, who showed up in the last week of recording to overdub lead guitar on some of the tracks. The album was recorded in Canada with Tony Visconti producing instead of John Alcock, who did the honours on "Jailbreak" and "Johnny The Fox", Lizzy's two best albums thus far.

Visconti's taste for the grandiose and the fact that the whole band wasn't working together for the entire period of recording have resulted in a drastic loss of the crackling immediacy that has always been one of Thin Lizzy's calling cards on record.

"Bad Reputation" sounds studio-ish in the worst sense of the word: technological cuteness substituted for straight-shooting rock power, a fussed-over staleness muffling direct communication and the reek of overdubs oozing from the grooves.

The material isn't really up to the astonishingly high standards that Phil Lynott has set himself over the last few years. "Dancing In The Moonlight" — their current hit single — is far and away the best thing on the album. In the tradition of "The Boys Are Back In Town" on "Jailbreak", it kicks off the second side with style, finesse and immense charm, but whereas "Boys" only overshadowed its surroundings for the first few plays, "Moonlight" is the only track on "Bad Reputation" that seems entirely lacking in pretension.

You know why; the lyric, vocal and arrangement are Lynott at his best, witty, soulful and hugely evocative of the pain and pleasure of being young, in love and under attack. It has an absolute deftness and rightness that is only sporadically present when he tackles Big Important Subjects like mercenary soldiers ("Soldiers Of Fortune" and "Killer Without A Cause"), religion ("Dear God") or the heroin trade ("Opium Trail").

Obviously, there's no reason why a songwriter like Phil Lynott — one of our more gifted practitioners of the trade — should not have a go at topics like this, since people with less than one percent of his gifts feel entitled to do so — but he seems to fall into the trap of descending to mere platitude on some of these occasions.

The arrangements and production are similarly snared; the intro to "Dear God" is a de Milleian extravaganza more suited to one of our more absurd techno-grandiose outfits, and the intro to "Soldier Of Fortune" with Lynott declaiming over phased gongs and synthesised goulash is similarly over the top.

The title cut is a suitably gritty HM thrash with a few neat insights into the provincial prissy mentality in the lyrics, but it's kind of like the cover: an attempt at a powerful simplicity that just isn't powerful enough to transcend the tawdry.

"Opium Trail" has an admirable pace, but the echo and reverb on Lynott's voice has the unfortunate effect of unconscious self-parody. The lyrics display what is simultaneously Lynott's greatest strength and his greatest fault his romanticism. Lynott is such a total romantic that *everything* he sings about becomes romanticised, even heroin. Even when he's warning the listener of the destructive properties of the Big H, he unconsciously cuts out the squalor of junk and makes it sound attractive.

The side ends with a beautifully melodic and drifting cowboy song about a gold prospector giving up and going home. "Southbound" is delightfully pretty without being mimsy, a trick that Lynott can pull off like nobody else.

Then there's the swinging, finger-snapping pulse of "Dancing In The Moonlight" followed by the raunchy, hard-charging "Killer Without A Cause" — very reminiscent of "Rocky" from "Johnny The Fox" but not as so much so that it causes any active discomfort. "Downtown Sundown" is a love song in a similar musical vein to "Southbound", "That Woman's Gonna Break Your Heart" is oddly Beatley and "Dear God" is . . . dear god!

"Bad Reputation" is something of a holding operation. It presents a smoother, more obviously "produced" variation on various Lizzy staples with a corresponding lessening of impact.

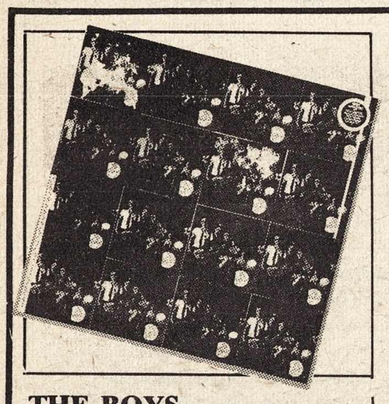
It's a dilution — in the final analysis — and while I have far too much respect for Lynott and his colleagues to suspect that they'd ever go in for bland-out, this is far too damn close to it for comfort. The relegation of Brian Robertson — a far tougher and meaner guitarist than Gorham — to a supporting role may not be of Lizzy's choosing, but it certainly results in a diminution of their impact.

This is the first Lizzy album that wasn't some kind of an advance over its immediate predecessor. The softening of focus tilts their balance too far over to one side; what creates much of their tension and power is the play-off between their subtlety and romanticism and their power and aggression.

I hope their next album represents a return to basics, one step back to go two steps forward. Thin Lizzy have an honourable and prominent position in the rock landscape and hip MOR should have absolutely nothing to do with it. "Bad Reputation" isn't even a step in that direction — more like a nod — but the sound and approach on this album doesn't do the band even halfway justice.

The power and frenzy of their live appearances demonstrates beyond a shadow of a doubt that they haven't lost one whit of their strength and commitment. Therefore it is both puzzling and disheartening that they should have made an album which sounds as if they have.

Charles Shaar Murray



THE BOYS
The Boys (NEMS)

THE BOYS' album is like the mutant bastard offspring of an unholy liaison between The Monkees and the Sex Pistols.

Threats to puke up over your granny jostle with lyrics of urban psychosis, squeals of a smarting lost cherry and complaints about girls who kiss like a nun are combined with the musical sensibility to make a Who album out of potential singles, to juxtapose a perfect understanding of the Trash Aesthetic with a melodic/-dynamic consciousness causing the Central Nervous System terminal addiction. Couplets, riffs, slogans and tunes to haunt you on the tube.

For sure, The Monkees and the Pistols. Of course, it's great. "Sick On You" opens the album with glorious mock-malevolence that makes it possibly the ultimate punk-rock record.

"I'm gonna be, gonna be sick on you!/I'm gonna be, gonna be sick on you!/And if I'm gonna puke, you betcha life I'll puke on YOU!"

The only people who won't be able to raise a chortle at this are the Safety-Pinheads who chuck bottles at DJs who play reggae, and the lard-arse Reactionaries who see punk-rock as a threat to Society As We Know It. Silly sods . . .

The Fab Four's "Call Your Name", "I Don't Care" and "First Time" all exemplify The Boys' weakest material — the songs for which the two guitarists Matt Dangerfield and John Plain don't lay down some highly disciplined fret-slashing to underscore the ambiguity of the lyrical innocence/cynicsism.

When Plain and Dangerfield *do* nail down some heavy hook-line manners over Jack Black's frenetic drumming and Kid Reid's bassline (always amazes me how the Boys rivvum section holds together so well with Reid outfront in the spotlight doing vocals and calisthenics), the HM density is tempered with the melodic GBH of Casino Steel's keyboards. The best numbers ("Tumble With Me", "Tonight", "No Money", "Box Number" and "Cop Cars") are an explosion of rockfire and pop-skill unseen since the MC5's "Back In The USA".

Sure, it's about as apocalyptic as acne, but nethertheless the world will need magnificent pulp like this for as long as kids love getting wrecked, laid, and hate cops, school and living at home.

The final cut, "Living In The City", is worthy of the Noo Yawk Dolls and I can't put *anything* higher than that, can I now?

"Living in the city under traffic control/It's just enough to make you believe/There's a subway to heaven and an underground to kingdom come/Living in the city under shadows of things to come/Everywhere I turn there's lights like a Midnight Sun".

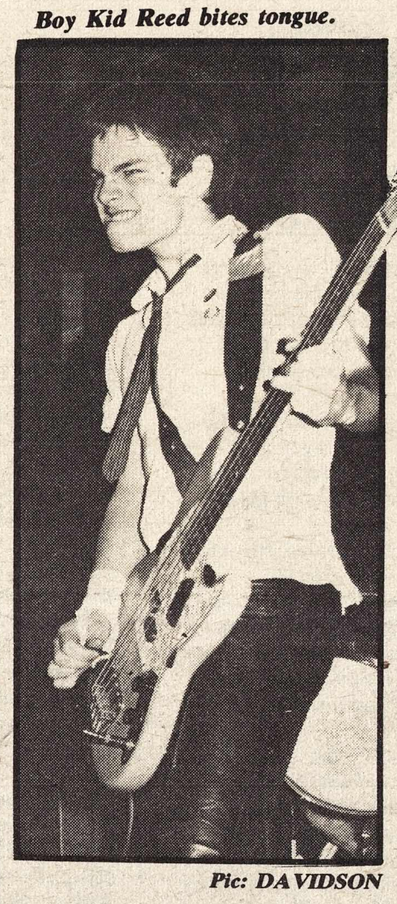
And to think that I almost grew my hair . . .

Tony Parsons

MOXY
Ridin' High (Power Exchange)
MOXY
Moxy II (Power Exchange)
PIPER
Piper (A&M Import)

THE LESS tasteful of our readership may remember that I recently endangered my health in the cause of science by immersing myself in The Great American Heavy Metal

Boy Kid Reed bites tongue.



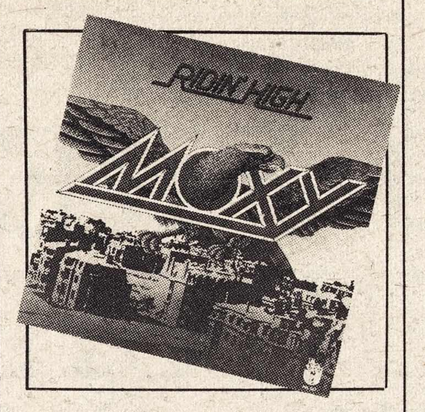
Pic: DAVIDSON

UGH! I Like It!

Conspiracy — which entailed playing Kiss, Rush, Starz, and Bozo albums till they came out of my ears.

Well, Moxy got lopped off, partly because they seemed *so* drearily archetypal that I couldn't think of much to say about them. That was in June, when Power Exchange picked them up for UK distribution and put out their then current album, "Moxy II".

It sounds a little better now, but back then it sure suffered



next to Starz and Rush. The ingredients? Free, Aerosmith, blah blah. The comparisons? AC/DC, and no doubt millions of American heavy metallists whose record companies are considerate enough not to subject our tender British ears to them.

Produced by Aerosmith sound mastermind Jack Douglas, "Moxy II" has weight but lacks the Tyler gang's vibrancy. But it's certainly got weight.

Power Exchange gave the impression it was really only pushed out as a taster for the new-this-month Moxy album, "Ridin' High" — which they had hoped to promo with a tour. Certainly "Ridin' High" blasts in with considerably more energy than "Moxy II" — though the ferocious bluster of the title track is dispelled quite ludicrously halfway through by an absurdly misplaced mouthbag.

Equally absurd are the words concocted by the group for singer Buzz Shearman to huff and puff over. *"She had young legs, soft skin, and a cold, cold heart".* indeed.

That poetic chorus was composed by drummer Bill Wade — but *he's* alright. He's thundering beefily away in the background, and Buddy Caine is soloing greedily all over Shearman's vocals anyway, so who cares what's in the words?

Here comes the quiet bit. *"Seems like only yesterday she was in my arms."* Right, lads, that's his lot. Now let's get some *power* going around here.

In fact, much of the initial energy turns out to be sheer weight again. The most *exciting* moment of the set comes via the use of an overdubbed audience; the most laughable moment is "Rock Baby", which sounds exactly like Aerosmith playing Ted Nugent's "Stormtroopin' ".

Would that Moxy had the verve of their mentors. The Stork-from-butter test comes when you put "Rocks" on straight after "Ridin' High". No contest. It also proves Aerosmith *aren't* just Jack Douglas' dummies.

So. A competent HM outfit, especially instrumentally, with tidy arrangements, a modicum of good taste and a classy producer. But songs? *Originality?* Sorry, wrong planet.

Piper I commend to your attention as an interesting one to watch. Led by singer and writer Billy Squier, they're a motely crew who've turned out an album that attempts to temper melodic heavy metal with from-the-heart songwriting. There's an interesting air of unease that separates them from the rest of the mob, because Squier *means* what he sings.

What's more, they're managed by Kiss svengali Bill Aucoin — *and* there's one remarkable polished jewel among all the rough diamonds in the "Piper" set, a superb high energy pop-rock nugget called "Who's Your Boyfriend?".

It's certainly one of the great tracks of the year, and if Piper can begin to match it regularly they could be enormous. With Starz, Aerosmith and the Cult already wiping the floor with 90% of the "new wave", tell me what you got to look so pleased about . . .

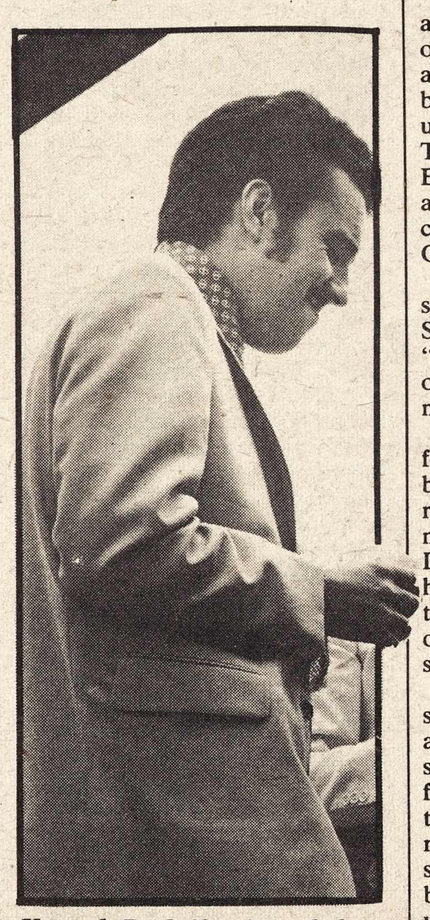
Phil McNeill

GEORGE BENSON/MANDRILL/ MICHAEL MASSER
The Greatest (Arista)

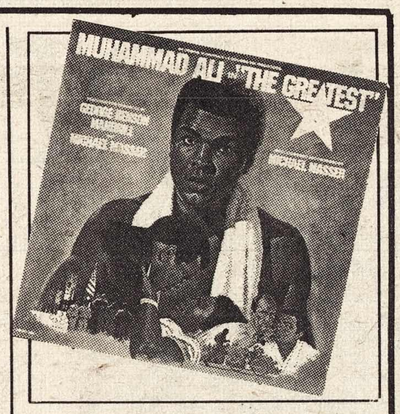
FROM A meatbag of a movie, a score that never really sounds like a contender.

Perhaps it was just bad luck that the Muhammad Ali biopic came out so soon after "Rocky" had given cinema audiences more gum-shields than they could eat. The consensus seems to be that Ali's own performance in the film was marred by sentimental indulgence. The same is true of the music.

Mmm... Hot Dogs!



Kursaal Paul Shuttleworth bites burger. Pic: JOE STEVENS.



It was written by Michael Masser (an unfortunate surname in the circumstances), and he's mainly come up with overkill schmaltzy ballads, setting out the Ali philosophy in grandiose fashion. Sample: *"Learning to love yourself is the greatest love of all."* Which is taking narcissism a bit far even for Ali.

The fact that George Benson sings and plays guitar on "The Greatest Love of All" and "I Always Knew I Had It In Me" does little to redeem them. And hardly does much for Benson, either.

The album only displays spirit and attack on a chunk of would-be Afro-rock called "Ali Bombaye". Its purpose is to celebrate Ali's victory in Zaire, and Mandrill turn in a vigorous performance.

On balance though the knees-up here is somewhat less lively than those engineered by Johnny Wakelin and Georgie Fame when the Ali comeback was still topical.

Bob Edmands

KURSAAL FLYERS
Five Live Kursaals (CBS)

THE SOUTHEND seafront, the amusement arcades, the fish and chips, the endless pier, are all part of my earliest childhood memories. It isn't a booming holiday resort any more, only a fading promenade for day-trippers. Even the vast Kursaal fun park has been stripped of its attractions, leaving only a silent facade and dance-hall, hiding a new car park.

Anything that reminds me of Southend's tacky glamour and instant seaside fun of the past must be OK. The Flyers have always had a convincing end-of-the-pier show element in their make-up, and on this album, recorded live at the Marquee, the fun comes over as strongly as the songs.

It's pop music in the best sense, not fresh and cool like a sea breeze but warm and memorable like a breath of hot dogs, candy floss and warm beer.

The new songs are "Original Model," about the kind of oaf who kicks sand in your face and then tells his mates, and "TV Dinners," one of the sharpest rockers the Kursaals have done with an unforgettable hook in *"She's living on TV dinners 'cos she's living alone."*

There's another hot piece of action in "Revolver," the other side of the new single, and a big dipper of a Merseybeat encore in Mike Berry's up-tempo "On My Mind". Things then slow down for The Beatles' ballad "Anna" and accelerate to a '60s anthem closer, The Easybeats' "Friday On My Mind."

Also present are new on-stage versions of "Little Does She Know," "Pocket Money," "Street Of The Music" and other Flyers standards you might have heard before.

This band has been hovering for some time in a limbo between pub-rock, country-rock and the Top 30 singles market. The post-Graeme Douglas line-up are featured here and the country wail of the steel guitar has given way on a number of tracks to straight rock rhythm.

With "Five Live" the Kursaals have neatly wrapped up and packaged their past and sound like they've found their future. They must have found the right direction because this record is more fun than a king-size cheese and pineapple burger and it's cheaper than a week in Southend.

Kim Davis

CARAVAN ON TOUR

THE £1 TICKET THAT GETS YOU THE BAND GETS YOU THE 50P VOUCHER THAT GETS YOU THE ALBUM

We want you to see Caravan, right? So you buy a ticket – a ticket that will cost you just **£1, ALL INCLUSIVE,** and guarantee you a reserved seat. But hold on, we're not finished yet – you also get a voucher that will entitle you to a **50p DISCOUNT** off the normal retail price of Caravans' latest album, **'BETTER BY FAR'.** Neat, huh? But then we wouldn't have done it if we didn't think you and Caravan were worth it.

Peter Bowyer, in association with Arista present

CARAVAN ON TOUR

September

19th Bristol, Colston Hall

20th Birmingham, Odeon

22nd Leicester, De Montfort

23rd Newcastle, City Hall

24th Glasgow, Apollo

27th Manchester, Free Trade Hall

29th Sheffield, Town Hall

October

2nd Hammersmith, Odeon

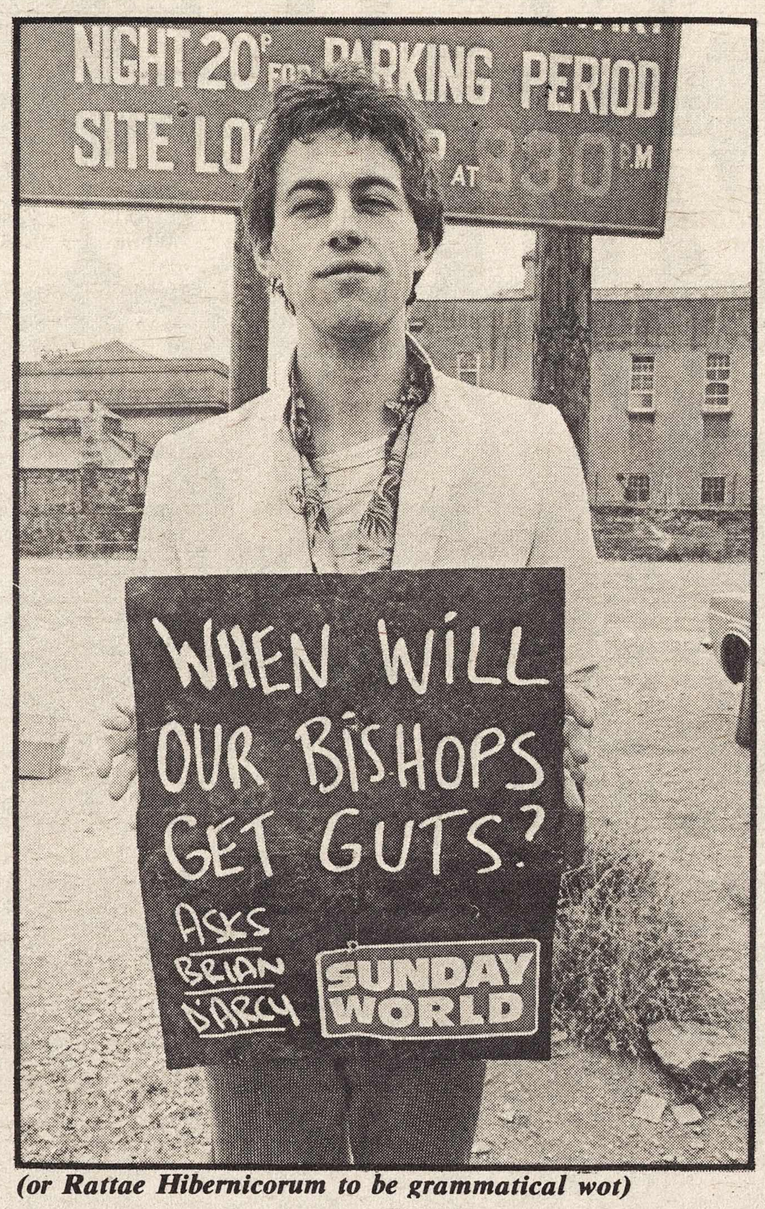
CARAVAN! we're with you all the way!

As soon as we heard
'BETTER BY FAR'
your debut album for Arista, we just knew we'd signed
one of the most exciting and innovative bands ever.
Congratulations
ARISTA

SPARTY 1008. Cass. TC. ARTY 1008.

ARISTA IN ACTION

RATTI HIBERNICI



(or Rattae Hibernicorum to be grammatical wot)

THE BOOMTOWN RATS
The Boomtown Rats (Ensign)

NO MYTHS today, I've taken a vow against hyperbole since poor Presley croaked. I'm very worried, you see, about midwifing any more monsters.

The Rats are being made out to be the Anointed Ones of the season and there's a rapidly rising incidence of genuine hysteria greeting their gigs, so who needs me going over the top anyway?

Everybody's doing the rat, and it's easy to see why if you've ever been to a gig. Visually they're right there — aggressive, speedy and commanding, determined to take kids by the balls.

And if they owe a lot to the Stones, so what? Try and name one hot commodity (oops, I mean *artiste*) who's popped up in the last two years who doesn't remind you of somebody else if you're old enough to remember '66, '56 or whatever.

In fact the whole Rats number has been calculated with a lot of suss, and so far they've done everything right. When they arrived here from Dublin in May sassy lead mouth Bob Geldof said they were going to gig their asses off, build up some excitement gradually and drop the bomb — the album — when people were slavering for it. And it's all coming off right on target with bods from Croydon, Cardiff and Canadian television squealing.

And after the build-up, the album actually makes it. The interesting thing about "The Boomtown Rats" is that it was recorded before they got here. Musically they have improved on stage 100 per cent in a few months, able to hold their own in any company and impress even at the mammoth outdoor gig I saw in Dublin a few weeks ago.

Yet the album is a lot cleaner, brighter and hotter than the reasonably primitive, if tough, affair I would have expected. Producer Robert John Lange (who also did the deed for Parker and the Rumour) has them down sounding slightly more shrill, frenetic and Ramones-ish than where they are now, but he's managed to help sharpen the edges of their presentation (God, it sounds like I'm bucking for the *New Faces* panel again) without getting fussy or clever.

What emerges is nine direct, raunchy tracks from the core of their stage repertoire (the punny "Do The Rat", alas, was given a miss) which verify that there really is something here. While the Rats have far to go before their material can be described as brilliant, its beginnings are promising in attitude and explosive in delivery.

"Lookin' After No. 1" already has it made in the shade as the meanest, nastiest chart entry since the Pistols, from Simon Crowe's killer drum attack opening to Geldof's cynical whine and the skull-slicing riffs from guitarists Gerry Cott and Garry Roberts.

"Neon Heart" is less original and I'm getting really bored hearing about whores, bitches and good-looking dumbdumbs, but it's sure good to dance to, and Johnnie Fingers inveigles some cheer out of the brooding rhythm on keyboards.

"Joey's On The Street Again" is, like The Stranglers' "Dagenham Dave", a sort of testament to a dead fan, a "legend in his lifetime with the neighbourhood kids"; Dave committed suicide and Joey, we're told, was knifed.

I guess getting offed and joining the ranks of immortalised rock 'n' roll fatalities is a pretty cool one if you are one of those irritating brutes who dismiss every kind of awfulness with an "It's only Rock 'n' Roll" spiel, but I'm pleased to note that the Rats' sketch of Joey's bleak street scene — rendered with elegant melody and embellished by some fine, hot sax from notorious loony Albie Donnelly — is both articulate and pointed.

"Never Bite The Hand That Feeds", too, is grimly sympathetic for our perennial rock heroine, "Little Girl", who spits on parents' emotional blackmail and still winds up in a kitchen sink drama. While all this is going down you can do a fair old approximation of the Hully Gully or the Hitchhike to the pounding R&B.

"Mary Of The Fourth Form" is another entry in the "my - paedophiliac - fantasy - is - dirtier - than - yours" stakes, throbbing suitably to a feverish pulse from Crowe and bassist Pete Briquette. Geldof shrieks in the dirty mac corner.

"She's Gonna Do You In" is a fresh stab at the stuff incipient heavy metal freaks and seminal '60s punks doted on in the Great Beat Boom, all quick punch, ringing guitar riffs and frantic harmonica — and it still scores.

"Close As You'll Ever Be" is blatantly mid-tempo Stones a-go-go and my favourite track; Geldof's voals are at their most insistent and beguiling wrapped around a bludgeon of a beat and simple but scorching guitar chops.

"I Can Make It If You Can" is a similarly derivative, hard-hearted and heavy ballad achieved with rather surprisingly beauty; it's also the most adventurous ensemble playing they've pulled out yet.

Virtually the stage anthem these days, "Kicks" is red hot malcontented teenage fodder *("wanna be a movie rocker soccer star")* taken at a breakneck pace, with the straightforward rock out curiously broken up by one brief, drifting fantasy fill (look ma, I'm Rick Wakeman) before it gets back to business and leaves you gasping.

The Rats got the goods, all right. What this debut does is prove that the Rats are, deservedly, happening. It's really the *next* album that will be more important for gauging how far they can continue to make it happen. If they can develop their material they'll have everything. For now, you're missing out on some fun if you don't pin your ears back and — you guessed it — do the rat.

Angie Errigo

THE DOOBIE BROTHERS
Livin' On The Fault Line (Warner Bros)

A CLUTCH of good singles and a couple of halfway decent albums a few years back is not the kind of legacy which will be able to sustain The Doobs' indulgent trifles much longer.

Which is why I expected something a bit better from "Livin' On The Fault Line", because for too long they've been trading off listless retreads of a proven formula. With two drummers and three guitarists in the line-up, you'd be entitled to expect something *vaguely* bracing, but all this album proves is that Skunk Baxter's got himself a cushy number.

And that The Doobies have changed direction — believe it or not, for the worse.

They're now into drippy

wet, watered-down soul muzak, as exemplified by "You Belong To Me", sloe-eyed funk for the slowly funked commuters who get off on AM radio. "Echoes Of Love" continues the oh-so-smooth programming, with more of David Paich's fussy arranging.

"Nothin' But A Heartache" is faily typical of the sub-MOR-onic style employed: cloying strings, Sooty organ, definitely lacking something in the testes department. Even the title track is a travesty, buried beneath a morass of prissy embellishments (vibes, man) and pathetically insipid vocals (a problem throughout).

The only surprise is that "You're Made That Way" isn't the single. With its discreet synths and integrated horns (you know the deal), it's perfect AM fodder. Warners have instead plumped for "Little Darling (I Need You)", an utterly redundant rendition of the Holland-Dozier-Holland song.

The only times they stay away from the soul-tinged efforts are on "Chinatown" (when they sound like Seals and Croft — dynamic, huh?) and "Larry The Logger Two Step", a hippy-dippy acoustic rag afterthought.

The Doobies used to be, at least, a scruffy version of The Carpenters. They ain't even scruffy anymore.

A word of praise for producer Ted Templeman — for staying awake.

Monty Smith

RACING CARS
Weekend Rendezvous (Chrysalis)

APPROXIMATELY A year after its release, Racing Cars' first album "Downtown Tonight" still stands as an impressive debut. Firmly upholding established musical values, the Cars pre-empted

the New Wave with their own roots following pushing the band into the charts.

Since then all has been quiet on the Cars' front, no other single following in the slip-stream of "Horses", a fine pop ballad even if it did jar after a while, with only a support gig with Bad Company at Earl's Court nudging the band back into prominence. In the meantime the New Wave has seized the spotlight from such "up and coming" bands as Racing Cars and Cado Belle, themselves responsible for a very respectable first album.

And, sad to report, "Weekend Rendezvous" has nothing about it which will reassure those amongst us who still long for a band whose committment to playing music is at least two thirds as important as being, ahem, socially relevant.

Racing Cars are committed to playing music, and also, as the new elpee so clearly illustrates, to progressing. But despite their admirable musical skill especially evident in their dual guitar axis of Graham Williams and Ray Ennis, a basic lack of inspiration is all pervasive.

"Weekend Rendezvous" gets ten out of ten for effort but try as hard as they might Racing Cars can't disguise what is essentially a dull record. That said, there are isolated moments to enjoy on "Weekend Rendezvous", even if "Down By The River" and the title track are the only songs that convince as decent writing. Arrangements are often imaginative and the guitar work, somewhat redolent of Steely Dan, is never cliched.

Perhaps the malaise has something to do with the group producing themselves. Next time round a professional producer should be employed, one who has a good sense of what and what does not make a good song. And who'd retain the group's admirable tastfulness but also give them a certain degree of raunch.

Surely the New Wave aren't going to have it all their own way?

Steve Clarke

OMAHA SHERIFF
Come Hell Or Waters High (Good Earth)

INTRIGUING, ODDBALL debut from a band that could catch on as a cult with ageing intellectuals. Nothing whatsoever to do with the Wild West, or indeed, with the similiarly named Egyptian film star.

These guys appear to be a bunch of English hippies preserved intact from the Summer of Love. The sort of people who are grown under glass in Canterbury. The principal source of their weirdness appears to be Tony Visconti, who produced their album and played bass.

Their main technique is to mix up assorted musical styles in incongruous ways. At one moment, for example, a ukulele will rub shoulders with a crass, blasting guitar solo, and a song with a twee title like "Waltzing In The Rhododendrons" will turn midway into an aggressive rocker.

Just the sort of thing that Visconti's old chum David Bowie would surely admire. Approach with caution.

Bob Edmands

IMPORTS

THE LATEST load of guff from Jem Records, whose Import label has been providing an interesting flow of reissues, reveals that **David Bedford's** "Nurses Song With Elephants" has made a re-appearance on Import 1008.

Originally released in Britain in 1972, at a time when Bedford was working with Lol Coxhill, another refugee from Kevin Ayers' Whole World, "Nurses Song" is an oddball special. It contains such cuts as "Some Bright Stars For Queen's College", which features 80 girls' voices and 27 plastic pipe twirlers (including John Peel, upon whose Dandelion label the disc make its debut); "Sad And Lonely Faces", a six piano soiree that includes a poem read by Ayers; and the 15-minute-long title track, a piece fashioned for ten acoustic guitars, on which Mike Oldfield makes an appearance.

Another Import release is **Blackfoot Sue's** "Strangers" (Imp 1007), which, to the best of my knowledge, has never seen the light of day before. Sue, who had a top five hit back in '72 with "Standing In The Road", cut one album — "Nothing To Hide" — for DJM and then made "Strangers", which was to have been issued on the US Passport label in 1974.

Contractural difficulties caused this idea to take a nose-dive and Blackfoot Sue seemed to disappear off the reservation never to be seen in gigsville again.

"Strangers", which is *possibly* the band's last will and testament, is an enjoyable enough album containing well-tailored rockers like "Care To Believe"; intended chart fodder like "Tobago Rose" and "Bye Bye Birmingham"; a banjo-assisted country comfort in "Touch The Sky"; and even a two guitar, bass and drums interpretation of Tchaikovsky's "1812" that runs for nearly 11 minutes.

Blackfoot Sue's final dance around the totem then? Well, not quite. Y'see, it seems that a *third* album, "Don't Push Your Mother While She's Shaving", was also cut and Import say that if "Strangers" sells strongly enough then they'll provide "Shaving" with an airing in the not too distant future. So stay tuned for further bulletins.

"Games, Dames and Guitar Thangs" (Warner Bros) by **Eddie Hazel,** would seem to come from a good home. Produced by George Clinton and assisted by Bootsy Collins and various other Parliament / Funkadelic / Rubber Band associates, guitarist Hazel comes on like a low-level Hendrix, employing such material as "California Dreaming" and Lennon-McCartney's "I Want You (She's So Heavy)". Put aside a little listening time in order to check it out.

The size of the crowd shown watching the band in action on the sleeve of **"Foghat Live"** (Bearsville) would indicate that the Savoy Brown offshoot still pulls 'em in over in Carter country. And while no similar audience is depicted on the sleeve of "Country Comes To Carnegie Hall" (ABC), then it's pretty safe to assume that **Roy Clark, Don Williams, Freddy Fender** and **Hank Thompson,** the quartet of headliners who supply the music power on this double-album live shot, had the SRO signs operative at their prestigious New York gig last May.

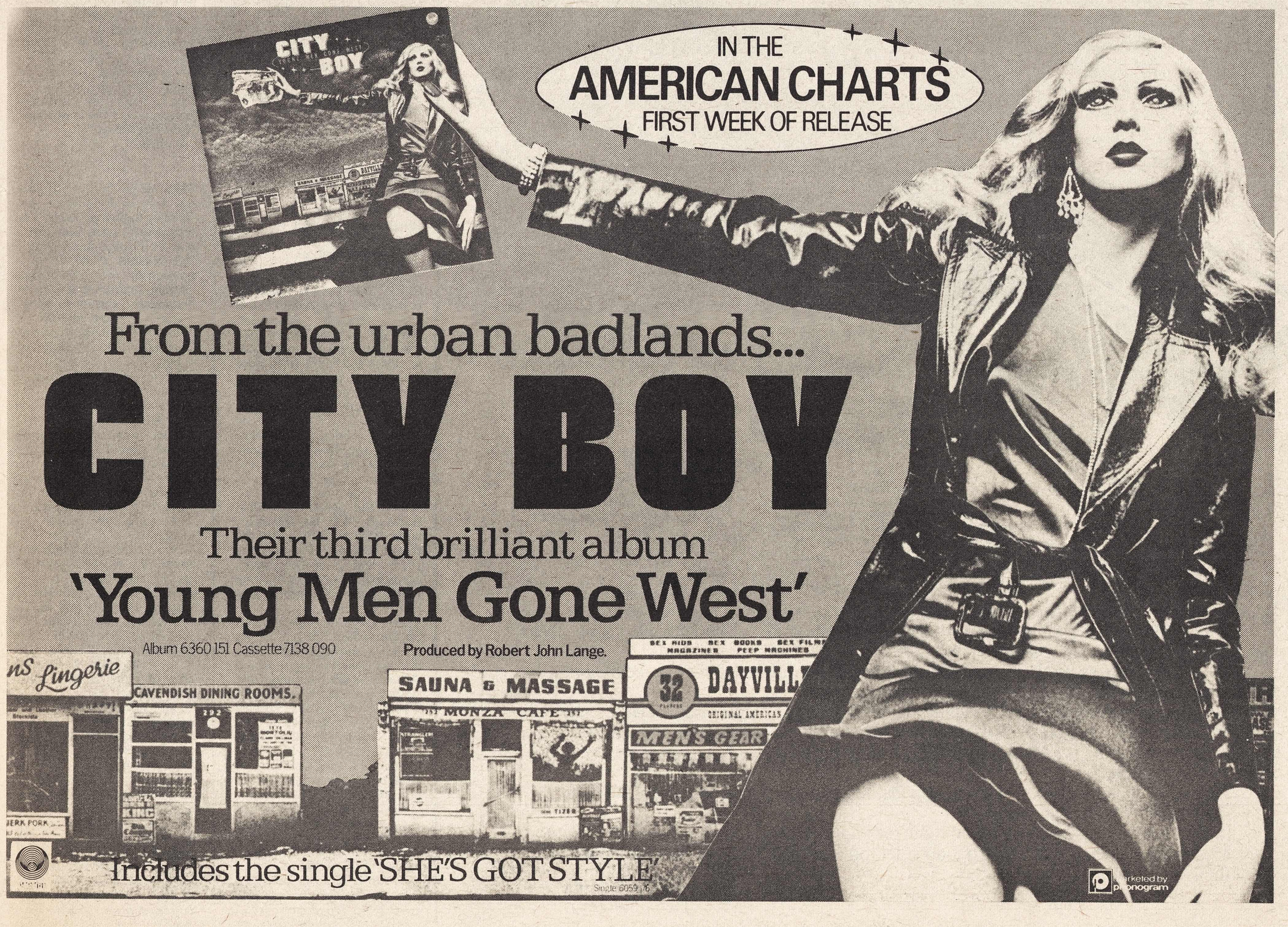
Barry White collectors who must have everything have been confounded by the arrival of ol' mumble-tums' "Sings For Someone You Love" (20th Century) in three different sleeves. **"Robert Gordon** with **Link Wray"** (Private Stock) is reliably reported to be a hot schnitz rock'n'roll-wise. Rob Stoner, guitarist on the "Rolling Thunder" get together, also smears on the Brylcream for this one. **Jerry Reed's** "Eastbound And Down" (RCA) includes three songs from his current C.B. radio and car-chase movie "Smokey And The Bear".

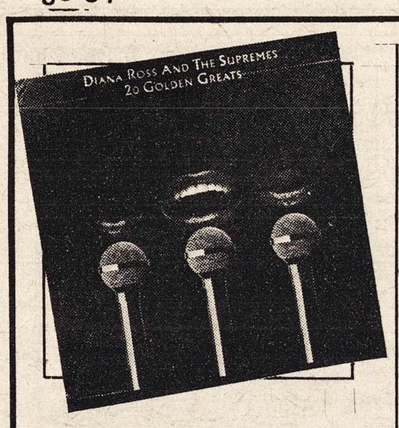
"Donovan", a Mickie Most production, has the Sunshine Superfolky debuting on Arista in the company of Ronnie Leahy (keyboards), Nick South (bass), Colin Allen (drums) and Isaas Guillory (guitar).

Parke Records latest scam-sheet reports the arrival of such jazz cookies as **Sun Ra's** "Piano Solos Vol.1" (IAI), **Hank Crawford's** "Tico Rico" (Kudu), **Grady Tate's** "The Master" (Impulse), **Elvin Jones'** "Time Capsule" (Vanguard), **Art Pepper's** "The Trip" (Contemporary) and "CTI Summer Jazz — At The Hollywood Bowl 1972" (CTI), a three volume set that contains contributions from just about everyone who's received a pay-cheque from Creed Taylor during the past 157 years.

And finally, a mention of "The Bitch Is Bad" (ABC), a made-in-Memphis job from **Denise La Salle,** which is as good a name as any to end on.

Fred Dellar





DIANA ROSS AND THE SUPREMES
20 Golden Greats (Tamla Motown)

IF THEY weren't the highest form, they sure as hell were the most refined. The three-piece girl vocal group is almost a dying art. Only a few mutant objects who turn up on TV spectaculars keep the flame alive. Even Labelle are gone. Once, though . . . ah, once.

In the beginning there were The Marvelettes. (Well, I suppose in the beginning there were the Andrew Sisters, but that's getting pedantic.) They laid it down hot and raw. High stepping, big-hipped broads from the Motor City who just got themselves in an uproar when that boyfriend of theirs couldn't get it together to write.

The Shirelles were kind of wistful, but still meaty. All they wanted to know was if the dude would still love them tomorrow. The Ronettes and Crystals probably would have laid it down hot and raw if they hadn't fallen into the hands of Uncle Phil Spector. After he'd had hold of them, they just laid down so much of it that they strutted into the realm of sensual overload.

The Supremes never laid it down either hot or raw. They never did anything as unseemly as that. The Supremes were brittle, crystalline, hard as cut glass and as polished as any of the sequins on skinny Diana's skin-tight dresses. They took high class about as high as it would go.

Possibly the only problem that afflicted The Supremes was that somewhere along the line they ceased to be hip. The recent excesses of Diana Ross Superstar have blinded a lot of us to just how good the ladies were when they made the great classics "Where Did Our Love Go", "Baby Love", "Stop In The Name Of Love" and "You Keep Me Hanging On".

The Supremes were always in love. Not only that, they knew how to spell it. They knew it wasn't spelled L-U-V.

And what's more, they suffered. Oh God, did The Supremes suffer. For months on end, way back then, they didn't seem to put out a solitary release that didn't proclaim how Diana's highly polished Tiffany soul was being racked by the tortures of passion left high and dry.

I suppose the other problem to which The Supremes fell victim was the matter of their soul quotient. If you judged soul on a scale of ten, Otis Redding would have pushed the pointer well past the nine mark. On the same scale The Supremes could have considered themselves lucky to have made it as high as two point seven. But judging things on that level, though, Smokey and the Miracles wouldn't have gone much higher.

That's the problem about trying to calibrate something like soul. It just can't be done. Soulfulness isn't just a matter of how many times you go "gotta-gotta" in the course of a tune. A lot of people learned this the hard way, including Mick Jagger.

In the days when Berry Gordy still thought mainly in terms of hit singles, both The Miracles and The Supremes were the cream of his stable. It's nonsense to look back from the safety of another decade and claim that they didn't have soul. Of course they had soul. It was just that it was a kind of penthouse soul that not everyone raised on James Brown easily comes to terms with.

The real cause of the Aunty Tom aura that now seems to surround The Supremes has to be put down to Ms Ross's later ruthless efforts to become the token negress whom every *Playboy* reading executive would like to have as a mistress.

Another contributing factor to the slight bad taste that surrounds The Supremes must be some of the later songs they churned out in an attempt to be topical. "Love Child" and "No Matter What Sign You Are" were so loaded with age-of-Aquarius jive that they just stuck in the throat of most diehard Motown fans.

Don't let all this blind you, though. Before the fall, The Supremes managed to produce some of the greatest glossy soul singles the world has seen. Anyone who has a copy of "The Miracles' Greatest Hits" should have a copy of this nestling beside it.

Make no mistake about that.

Mick Farren

Now you can see why Hitachi UD cassettes sound so good.

When we decided to make the UD series of cassettes we went back to basics. The tape.
We developed PX gamma-hematite, a magnetic material that under a microscope looks like perfect, uniform, needle-shaped crystals.
Even if you never see them, you'll certainly hear the difference they make; increased sensitivity and clarity over conventional recording materials.
PX also gives you extended frequency response, reduces tape noise and increases the dynamic range which enables you to record the most powerful sounds without distortion.
Not content with just producing an outstanding tape, we went on to produce an outstanding cassette.
We looked at leader tapes, stabilizing pads, slip sheets, cases and sealing methods.
In fact, every feature in a cassette.
In almost every instance we found room for improvement.
Most cassettes may look alike, but don't let that fool you. You can judge an Hitachi UD cassette by your ears.

HITACHI
In a word, reliability.

Hitachi Sales (UK) Ltd., Hitachi House, Station Road, Hayes, Middlesex UB3 4DR.

The Black Lion Roars Tonight

PENNY REEL Takes Five In This Rasta Rock Roundup

CULTURE
Two Sevens Clash (Joe Gibbs)
YABBY YOU
Deliver Me From Mine Enemies (Vivian Jackson)
FRED LOCKS
Black Star Liner — True Rastaman (Vulcan)
THE ABYSSINIANS
Forward On To Zion (Klik)
VARIOUS ARTISTS
Sweet Feelings (Nationwide)

FROM THE distinctive prostrations of the vogue Culture trio, revealing itself in the highly-original personality of leader Joseph Hill; through Yabby You's sombre irations of Jah vengeance, and beachcomber Fred Locks' intelligent ruminations; to the gentle, intensely-musical understatements of Jah Satta and The Abyssinians — here are the disciples of the One Faith declaring the fears and conclusions of their people in blessed exposition . . .

"These are the times to change your ways: looking at the signs, these are the last days . . ." — and this, the recorded history of their passage.

What this quintet of albums have in common, I-man would not care to define; unless to mention — in passing — the devout sincerity of each. Nevertheless, there does exist a definite sympathy, a tension between the five, just in the *feel* of the music. Sounds called Black Lion, undoubtedly.

Here is reggae's muse at its most perceptive and persuasive. Remember, any impasse at Selassie's divinity is just a trap Babylon sets the unwary. To quote Marley: "Ras Tafari isn't a culture, it's a reality." Is true, them just don't *blood-claat* know!

Catch the beat.

CULTURE HAVE emerged as something not unlike the 1977 reggae sensation. Fittingly so, considering the trio have been as responsible as any — and appreciably more than most — in establishing the year in the calendar.

Apparently something to do with its title, "Two Sevens Clash" has been the cult stepper amongst the more hip new-wave idren throughout the summer months.

Billy Idol was the first to realise the phrase's ramifications, greeting his audiences with "this is 1977, when the two sevens clash," earlier this year; and Joe Strummer's corps, natch, were not too long in following the blonde dread's lead.

Previous to this, "Two Sevens Clash" and Culture **were causing excited ripples** on the London reggae scene. As early as last November, the single was mashing up D. Nunes and Black Bionic sounds — following in the wake of two earlier titles, "This Time" and "See Them A Come" — a subsequent Johnny Clarke authorised re-cut, and Tapper Zukie toast.

For the hit, Culture took their cue from Marcus Mosiah Garvey; and arranged the song around a stricker militant Mighty Two rhythm.

"Marcus Garvey prophesy, seh: St. Jago de la Vega and Kingston is gonna meet. And I can see with my own eyes, it's only a housing scheme that divides — what a li' bam bam aiee yea, when the two sevens clash. It dread!"

The remainder of the set is of similar unique fare — even if nothing else matches the electric dynamism of the title track. It opens with the plaintive "Calling Rasta For I" — another stepping rhythm — before changing pace on "I'm Alone In The Wilderness".

The third cut — "Pirate Days" — is my own personal favourite. Acknowledging a theme developed by Little Roy's "Christopher Columbus", Culture invoke Jamaica before the Spaniards invaded the island bringing their genteel European culture of rape, genocide, syphilis and black slave trading.

I've already mentioned Joe Hill's histrionic vocal style; and this is to the fore on the LP's most unusual cut, "I'm Not Ashamed" — the trio's fourth single release. Other bonus marks go to the roaring "Get Ready To Ride The Lion To Zion", and an attractive interpretation of Ras Michael's "Jah Pretty Face".

It dread!

THE MUSIC of Vivian Jackson and the Prophets — now Ifficially known as Yabby You, collectively — has been consistent ever since the waxing of "72 Nations Bow" in 1974; through the recording of three albums, dozens of singles and discomixes; and introducing a stable of talent like Wayne Wade, Trinity, Prince Pampado, The Variates and others.

Unlike the majority of his reggae brethren, Yabby You refutes Haile Selassie's divinity. His 1975 song, "Anti Christ", was a pointed attack on the Lion of Judah.

"Selassie is jus' like the Queen of England to I-man, Jah Reel," he told me last year. "An evilous Anti-Christ come to fool the people, you no see't."

Nevertheless, his inspiration comes of a source not dissimilar to that of his contemporaries, and espouses Marcus Garvey, Ethiopia and Jah — the Messiah yet to come.

"Deliver Me From Mine Enemies" lacks the immediacy of the Culture disc, but is probably of more durable substance. There is a lasting quality about Yabby You's work, that renders his entire body of output eminently contemporary. They still play "72 Nations Bow" down blues.

Probably the best two cuts on the album are "Blood Ago Run Down King Street" and "Pound Get A Blow" — both angry fugues, delivered without spite.

"Did you read it in the news today, the pound has fallen down; for they are planning to buy black people for a thousand pounds? Little did they know

Culture: hottest reggae album of '77.

Jah is still on his throne — Babylon gone down."

The lyric refers to Powell's 1976 "repatriation" speech; and offers an alternative standpoint to that posed by Errol Dunkley the Man ("Eunuch Power") and Tapper Zukie ("Ship Sail"). While, for a fuller appreciation of "Blood Ago", substitute the name of the Street from King to Oxford, or Acklam Road even . . .

Also of merit are "Zion Gate", "Judgement Time", "Pick The Beam Out Of" and Vivian's spirited version of the Rasta folk classic, "One Love". His more sentimental musings — "I Love You" and "Lonely Me" — will also appeal to some sensibilities. A commendable LP.

RELEASE OF Fred Lock's "Black Star Liner — True Rastaman" set was subject to considerable delay. Phonogram withdrew their financial support from the budding Vulcan company, who held the tapes, and the set appeared in various white label guises — at inflated prices — before this lushly-packaged presentation was made available.

The interim detention has done little to hinder the set's musical accomplishment. Fred Locks is a Rastaman of the Twelve Tribes persuasion; and "Black Star Liner — True Rastaman" is the young dread's vision of redemption, transcribed musically.

"Black Star Liner" was the roots hymn that catapulted Fred Locks (Stafford Elliott) to fame a couple of years back; but it is the "True Rastaman" track off this current set that has proved the most appealing — another perennial sound-system favourite.

Strident horns, tinkling glockenspiel, thudding bass and drum rhythm, pounding percussion, an echoing female chorus — all the ingenuities of Jahlovemuzik — introduce Mr. Locks crying: *"So Jah seh, Rasta don't work for no CIA — Jah sent us here to show the way."* It is one of the more compelling tunes to have come out of JA in this most recent tribulation.

"Don't Let Babylon Use You" continues the theme. *"Don't be no Bag o' Wire in this time; guns are only for a time; don't take this for no nursery rhyme. Tell me are you really feeling sweet, when you sit down to eat? You eating blood money."*

"Walls" finds Fred Locks — who lives with his idren out on the beaches of Jamaica — bemoaning the existence of high rise barriers, to be taken on any level the listener deems applicable; whilst "Wolf Wolf" repudiates those false nyahs that *"knot up them head, and fight 'gainst dread."* Carnival sticks men, rip-off record companies, and the like.

EVEN IN reggae terms, The Abyssinians have always been a group with an "underground" reputation. Roots . . . culture . . . tradition . . . righteousness . . . prophecy . . . repatriation . . .

These bald concepts, bandied platitudinously to disguise much that is tired or trite in modern reggae, are the true legacies of Jah Satta's group, probably more than any other Jamaican act.

The trio's foundation has been assimilative of the holy Ras Tafari ethic since its earliest inception and incarnation: their songs — all — declarations of rights!

Leader of the outfit is Bernard Collins, otherwise "Jah Satta"; back-up vocalists are the Manning brothers, Lynford and Donald.

Another bro', Carlton Manning, was lead singer of the Carlton & the Shoes rock-steady group, in whose songs — "You And Me", "This Feeling", "Love Me Forever", "Happy Land" — were the

Yabby Youth: No to Selassie.

seeds of the Abyssinians sown. In fact, when Ital/Nationwide released Carlton and co's most recent effort ("Sweet Feelings") in the UK, they credited the song to The Abyssinians, such is the two groups' affinity.

Bernard Collins and the Manning brothers first came together in early 1969, to cut the legendary "Satta Massa Gana", produced by themselves, and arranged by Heptones lead-singer, Leroy Sibbles (who also played bass on the session) at Studio One in Brentford Road, Kingston. It was released on the Abyssinians' own Clinch label.

"There is a land, far far away; where there's no night, there's only day. Look into the book of life and you will see, that there's a land, far far away. Satta amassa gana, La Amhak hulagize."

Nearly three years later — at the end of 1971 — JA showbiz magazine *Swing* saw fit to proclaim "Satta Massa Gana" one of the year's most outstanding releases, such was its durability.

To this day, the record has not dated; and is regarded as one of the foremost Ras Tafarian devotional tunes ever. Various Ethiopian churches in Jamaica use it in services; whilst, in London, a Sir Coxsone sounds session is never complete without the song's inclusion.

Their second release, "Declaration Of Rights", was in the same class as its predecessor, and has survived equally well. Detailing slavery's iniquity, The Abyssinians urged *"get up and fight for your rights, my brothers,"* with a plea for repatriation from Babylonian society.

Following a couple of Clinch self-productions — "Let My Days Be Long" and "Poor Jason White" — the trio came forward with "Yis Mas Gan" for Lloyd Daley the Matador, their first UK release, on Trojan's Harry J subsidiary label, in 1972. From the same mould as "Satta", "Yis Mas Gan" is another outstanding declaration of the Abyssinians' Ras Tafarian allegiance, with lyrics in Amharic.

"Yis mas gan hulagize (let Him be praised continually); *kebir La Amhak yis mas gan* (glory to God, let Him be praised)."

In 1975, Bernard Collins and the groups were approached by producer Geoffrey Chung with a view to making this LP. From the first sessions with Chung came the classic single "Tenayistilin Wandimae", released in the UK on Sound Tracs, and proclaimed reggae Single of the Year by *Blues & Soul* journalist Chris Lane.

Unfortunately, this brilliant song has been mysteriously omitted from the "Forward On To Zion" set by Klik; and the re-cuts of "Satta", "Declaration" and "Yis Mas Gan", though quite brilliant, lack the ethereal magic of the original versions.

Nevertheless, with these and seven new songs — including "Abendico", "Black Man Strain" and the single "African Race", to name only the more memorable moments — the set remains one of the best ever to emerge from JA.

Roots . . . culture . . . tradition . . . righteousness . . . prophecy . . . repatriation: The Abyssinians are all this, and more. So give Jah praise and let the music play.

"SWEET FEELINGS" is just that — a collection of roots, Rasta and lovers of rock from the catalogue of Ital/Nationwide one of the better small record companies.

Artists included on the set are Carlton & the Shoes, Brent Dowe, The Royals, Wayne Wade, Pat Kelly, Larry Marshall and the Unforgettables.

Fred Locks: Yes to The Twelve Tribes.

The title track is the one mentioned earlier, credited to The Abyssinians, with Carlton Manning offering a poignant, seemingly effortless performance. The Shoes rarely make a record — something like half-a-dozen in a decade — but they are always quite superb. And "Sweet Feeling" is in the matchless class of its rock-steady predecessors.

The Royals are another under-rated group with an impressive pedigree. "When You Are Wrong" and "Only For A Time", included here, are from their Jamaican "Pick Up The Pieces" set, due for UK release by Conflict in the near future. Lead-singer Roy Francis is a unique singer, who lisps in numbers to fine effect.

Larry Marshall's "Behold I Come" is the prime cut from his Amanda self-productions; Brent Dowe has rarely been in better voice than on "It Was Love"; The Unforgettables render an enjoyable interpretation of Gene and Eunice's "This Is My Story"; and Pat Kelly's "How long" re-cut is suitably superb. Only Wayne Wade's cloying version of The Carpenters' "Close To You" mars an otherwise satisfactory set.

According to my evening paper, reggae — "the rhythm of violence" — was a contributory factor to the Notting Hill Carnival violence.

Bullshit! If reggae didn't exist, it might just be necessary to invent it.

Catch the beat.

Penny Reel

THE GREGG ALLMAN BAND
Playin' Up A Storm (Capricorn)

SOME OF you may recall that way back then, just after the notorious cocaine bust, when the roadie got sent down the river, there was an awful lot of brave talk about how gruntin' Gregg Allman should be placed under a total boycott. His records shouldn't be played on the radio, they shouldn't be reviewed in the press, in fact, the name of Gregg Allman should never again stumble glinking into the light of day.

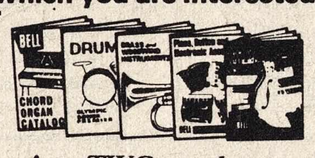
Of course, this excommunication didn't work. I imagine it was because, first, the rock and roll media just aren't sufficiently organised to pull off a stunt of that magnitude, what ever the paranoid may clain, and, second the continuing Gregg'n'Cher soap opera was just too tempting to leave alone.

What the combined media failed to do, however, Gregg may yet achieve all on his ownsome. If he turns out a couple more albums like this he'l be, sure as hell, on the fast road to oblivion.

For those who care (is there *anybody* who cares?) this is a leaden perambulation through a truckload of redundant rock-/blues cliches in the company of Bill Stewart, Neil Larsen, Ricky Hirsch, Steve Beckmeyer, John Hug and Willie Weeks. Allman may call it playin' up a storm. I call it boring.

Mick Farren

The instrument you want be it Accordion, Harmonica, Brass, Woodwind, Guitar and String instruments — Electronic and Reed Piano Organs, Electric Pianos, Disco Units, Microphones, Amplifiers or Accessories and Lighting. You can get them all from Bell's. Keen prices and hire purchase terms available. Call and inspect our fabulous range, or send for details of the instruments in which you are interested.



Any TWO catalogues FREE on request

CALL OR WRITE TODAY

BELL'S

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS LTD
(Dept MX.68)
157/159 EWELL ROAD
SURBITON, KT6 6AR
Phone 01-399 1166
Callers welcome
Open all day Saturday

BELL'S FOR EVERYTHING MUSICAL!

Ron's Music
39 PIONEER MARKET
ILFORD LANE, ILFORD, ESSEX
Tel: 01-478 2292

NOW IN STOCK
THE AMAZING NEW GUILD B301 BASS £289

GUITARS
Telecaster — Black R/W Neck £239.95
Strat — Black R/W Neck £270.00
Ibanez Les Paul Custom — Cherry £192.00
Ibanez Les Paul Standard — Tobacco Sunburst £163.50
Ibanez Artist 2619 ..... £273.00
Hondo Rickenbacker Bass — Coffee. £98.50
Antoria 175 Copy £173.00
Shergold Masquerander rrp £170; Our Price £120.00

AMPLIFICATION BARGAINS
Marshall 100W Transistor Lead/Bass rrp £110 Our Price £95
Marshall 100W P.A. Desk with Reverb ..... rrp £244 Our Price £220
Marshall 100W Combo rrp £263 Our Price £225
Marshall 30W Combo rrp £155 Our Price £130
Marshall Supabins rrp £172 Our Price £150
Marshall 100W valve Amp rrp £214 Our Price £180
H/H 4 x 12 ..... rrp £177 Our Price £150
Yamaha 50W Combo rrp £229 Our Price £189
Dave Simms August 100W P.A. Amps £149.95
Dave Simms 2 x 12 Plus Piezo Horn Cabs ..... £172 per pair
Custom 45W Trucker Combo £97
2nd Hand Selmar 100W Transistor Bass Amp £75
Many other makes available from stock

EFFECTS
M X R Envelope Filter £55.00
M X R Phase 90 ..... £80.00
M X R 6-Channel Graphic Equaliser £55.00
Bell Electrolabs Voice Box £53.50

Access and Barclaycard accepted
H.P. terms available
All prices include VAT
MAIL ORDER SPECIALISTS
FOR STOCK FAX AND INFO CALL:
01-478 2292

NEW!
Microphones
for the professionals

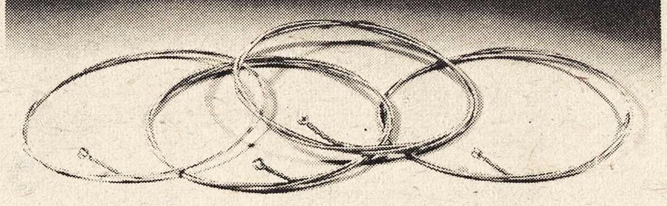
Three new studio mikes: the PRO M70, M80 and 90 for singers and musicians. A new stereo capacitor mike, the SME900, for top quality single-mike stereo recordings. A new professional tie-clip mike, the PRO M60, with high frequency boost. And a new hyper-directional "rifle" mike, the PRO M40.
All these and many, many more. All engineered to Eagle's exacting high standards, and to go with them all the windshields, connectors, stands, mixers you need.
Everything Eagle produces is guaranteed for two years – and we run our own service and repair departments.

Please send me your catalogue with full details of your microphones and other studio equipment.
Name .....
Address .....
.....

Eagle International, Precision Centre, Heather Park Drive, Wembley HA0 1SU Middlesex Tel: (01)-902 8832

Eagle
NME

Chris Squire's "Swing Bass" Guitar Strings



Once Used, Never Forgotten ROTOSOUND music strings

JAZZ

By BRIAN CASE

BETTY CARTER, on stage or off, comes on like carbide in an inkwell. ENERGY! Lemon-yellow blouse, purple culottes, red bandanna about her brow, she crouches and guns that supercharged voice at you — SSSHHHABBADABBA OOLYA BA BA — a scat incantation that claps across the tables at Ronnie Scott's like a jumping cracker — BOOYA BOOYA BWELA BA — stuttering centrifugal skid around the rim of the room, low notes, high notes, a lithe lithe line as Betty turns the tune every way but loose.

Between sets, she sits in the dressing room, a leg over each arm of the chair, head cowled in a towel like a dumped champ. It's been an inattentive house, chattering through a startling Monk's "Midnight" in 3/4 and "My Favorite Things" in 4/4, sleeping on the didactic musicianship of her own "With No Words" which she wrote to show the modal cats that vamp ain't all you can do with the form.

Back home, she fills the Carnegie Hall, rated second to Sarah in the *Downbeat* Critics' Poll, commands respect.

"What did you mean by 'Thank you — you're unbelievably London'?" I ask. "Too polite, too gossipy, poker up the ass?"

"Poker up the ass." Betty grins with that wide, expressive mouth, and jumps up to mime a little Anglo-applause that resembles squeezing a balloon.

Betty Carter started singing in high school in Detroit, won an amateur talent contest singing "The Man I Love", and joined Lionel Hampton's band in 1948 as the Be-Bop department. That was the golden age of music before the dollar bore all before it. Clubs were always crowded and cats like Bird would sit in with her.

"Ella was the only one who scatted changes. Most scat singers were men, and they usually stayed in a Louis Armstrong-sound feeling. Ella was equipped musically to do something — and she did. She was the only one who could really stand and deal."

Betty's on record with King Pleasure, taking the trumpet part on "Red Top", but vocalese — putting words to instrumental solos — isn't really her bag. "That's not the same thing as standing there and scattin' from the hip. Somebody else has already done the job. Scatting is like anything else — you can shuck with it if you want, but it'll come off just like that. However you use it, that's how it'll come off".

Inevitably, Elvis came up. The news had broken around the time of Betty's opening set. Did she see Elvis as part of the general pillage of black music. Crudup lift-off and all?

"He'd paid some dues. Listen, this was a poor white boy — he wasn't born with no silver spoon in his mouth. He paid the musical dues that he was adapted for. He wasn't a jazz performer where he'd have to come through the ranks and learn — he was a C & W man, and he started out doin' things in dives just like everybody else.

"There's no comparison between Elvis Presley's dues-paying and my dues-paying. He worked in his kinda dives and I worked in mine, and we all got gypped and ripped off in our kinds of dives.

"Even those who've got instant hits pay dues, because they're paying dues just to keep another hit going. You can't stop. That alone is dues-paying that I don't wanna experience. It's much more difficult that growing to a point where you are ready to handle it. It's dues-paying whether its before success or along with success, and the second produces more suicides, more frustration, alcoholics, fads, less direction.

"There's more of them rock 'n rollers out there tired and starving that had a hit, I mean THAT HAD A HIT!"

The nearest thing to a hit that Betty had was with Ray Charles, "Baby, It's Cold Outside", back in 1960. It's still selling, hanging in there.

"In the '60s it was just on the crest of The Beatles, of this whole system which turned values around — money now, performance later. What The Beatles did, they more or less put a stamp on permission to imitate blacks, whereas Elvis Presley never said he got his feeling or his music from us. He never SAID anything.

"But The Beatles SAID it — now you all can go out there and you can imitate anybody black you wanna imitate, talk like us, act like us, do that and get across. Elvis, Bill Haley and Bobby Darin had a black feeling in the '50s, but nobody talked about that because it was race music. Black music was only played on black radio station dials."

Betty is one active talker. Her voice goes from pinpoint to bullhorn within a sentence, eyes boring into yours to hook with a whisper, head thrown back to roar at the ceiling, pacing the carpet, acting out the dramatis personae of her history lesson.

"The only thing that bothered me was the moment The Beatles caught on, so many of the black R & B groups had to take a heavy back seat because YOU'RE beginning to flood us, YOU'RE coming outa the woodwork! Record companies no longer depended on US to make money — they could do us and sell us to their own people. They don't need us."

"How did you feel about the rise of Detroit?" I ask, ears flat against my head and in the gale of her seminar. "Not tempted to climb on?"

"I was already indoctrinated into New York when Motown got to Detroit. It destroyed the values of music in Detroit. Really. Now there's no jazz left.

It's got everybody thinking they're gonna be another Stevie Wonder or a Gladys Knight. When I was with Lionel Hampton at the Apollo in 1949, I knew I had something going for me with my little stuff. My name was jumping around in the city a little bit, you know. I could go into the Apollo with The Orioles, doing what I did, so there was no real need for me to switch if the people were enjoying what I was doing anyway. It encouraged me to improve."

"But these days you pull white audiences?" I venture.

"I've had an all-white audience for the last three years. Really, totally because the black free music of the late '50s turned off black listeners, alienated black fans. Whites who had been listening to dissonances and Bartok and Stravinsky would TAKE one man playing for an hour. Black listeners don't have the patience — they're not long-distance runners. We lost 'em. That's when the white audiences came into being, for Cecil Taylor and Ornette Coleman and all those guys."

"But Taylor says he's taking the music back to Africa, reclaiming," I say, tickling the blue touchpaper with my Zippo.

BOOM!

"That's a heavy commitment for one man to take, now. HOW you gonna deal with a whole country? Cecil Taylor has NEVER worked for any black folks, he's never been patted on the back by a whole black audience saying Thank You! Who does he think he IS? You can't tell me you've got black music and black people don't ever hear it. You can take an inventory and ask how many people know WHO Cecil Taylor IS in Harlem, and you'll find out there's NONE! African music is rhythm. Cecil's never been dealing with rhythm. He's a free person."

"Well, I find a strong rhythm in it," I tell her. "A longer curve of rhythm maybe, not snapping at you like an elastic band, but a rhythm with room to breathe."

"YOU find it because you're YOU! You're not BLACK. You'll find it because he's playing it for you, he's not playing it for ME. Black people can't find it. It AIN'T rhythm! Rhythm ain't rhythm unless it's rhythm. Rhythm goes back to Africa and the Latinos, and you can't make it into another word, put another meaning on it because you want it to go along with what you're feeling at this point.

"If we're going back to African culture like Cecil Taylor says he is — which is his con game on you, it ain't gonna be on ME — understand — then he's gotta play some rhythm for me or you can forget it!"

Betty strode up and down, staring at me and shaking her head. She's spent 25 years on the New York scene, seen 'em come, seen 'em go — Chaloff, Eager, Parker on the nod with his head back instead of bowed so no-one would think the cat was on, Miles burned up about Hubbard, sharing a desk with Alice Coltrane, nee McLeod, watched Coltrane die inside on the stand — and Betty really searches to steer me clear of false prophets and cant.

"You don't really realize how heavy rhythm is until your heart skips a beat. You almost choke, right? If it slows up, something happens to you physically. If your heart stays in rhythm, your life just goes right on and keeps steppin' But if it jumps or does anything funny, you're FUNNY!

I remember a time when Cecil Taylor opened at the Coronet Club in Brooklyn — and he couldn't open! The only people who stayed were the ones who had been TOLD this was intellectual, the newest thing — this is why you get all that rhetoric from Cecil. It's got nothing at all to do with MUSIC. We've never gotten into any conversation about MUSIC. Never!

"I'm gonna deal with my black

Each one has something different to say for itself

Agfa PEM Series
The professional tape with a matt black coating for firm, even winding and a ferric oxide layer which gives a better high-frequency performance, lower HF distortion and 40% less tape hiss than conventional low-noise tape.

New Agfa Carat Ferrum + Chrom
The new high-quality cassette based on dual-layer technology that gives an unsurpassed performance: an upper chromium layer with optimum properties for recording high and highest frequencies and a lower layer of iron oxide for first-rate reproduction of low frequencies.

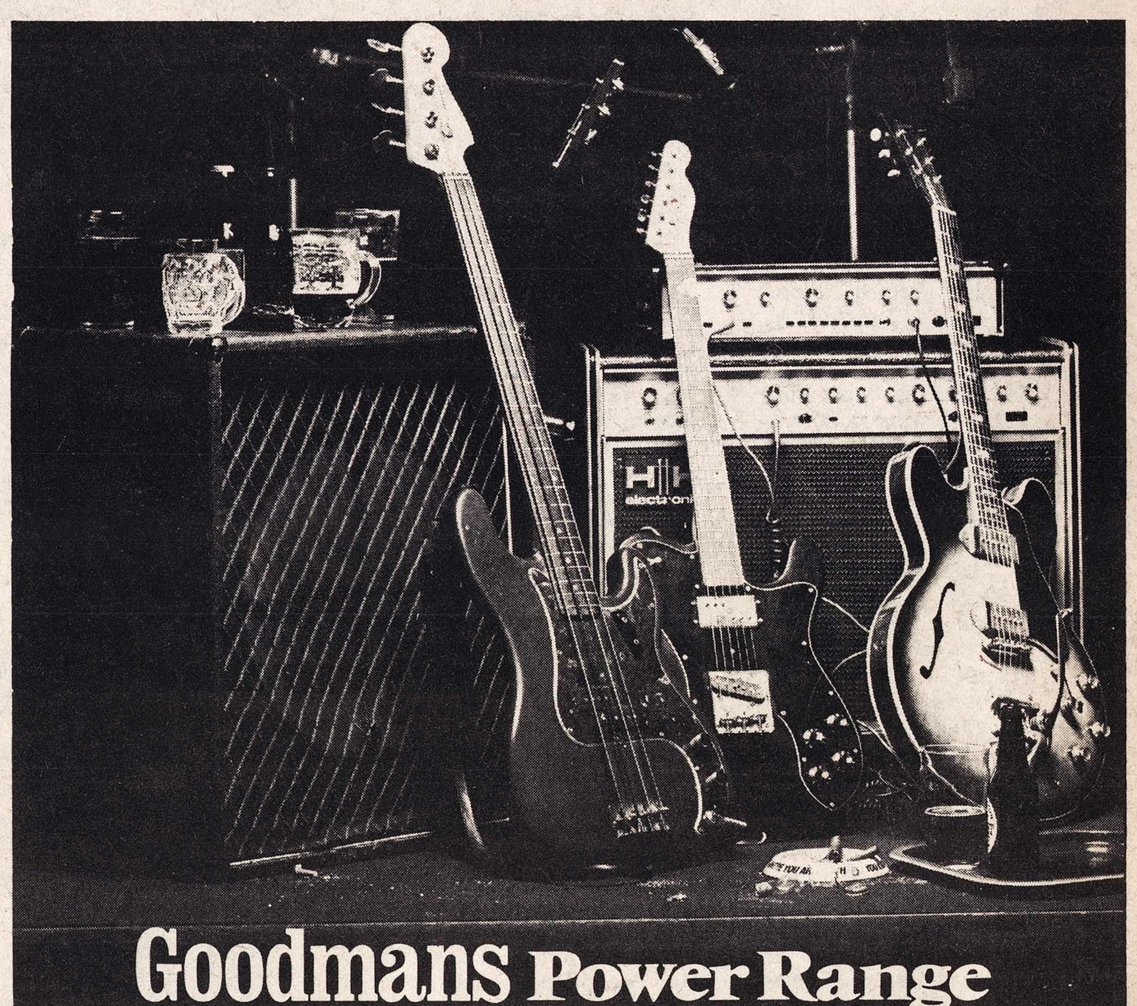
Agfa Stereo -Chrom
The chromium dioxide cassette that offers faithful reproduction, greater purity of acoustic overtones, clear rendering of orchestral sound and unadulterated reproduction of speech altogether a superior high-frequency performance.

Agfa Super Ferro Dynamic
Improved output at the right price the SFD Cassette brings out new levels of performance from your machine. Its highly refined high-density iron oxide records with lower noise and better results; and the special built-in tape guidance mechanism means SFD Cassettes have the reliability to match their performance.

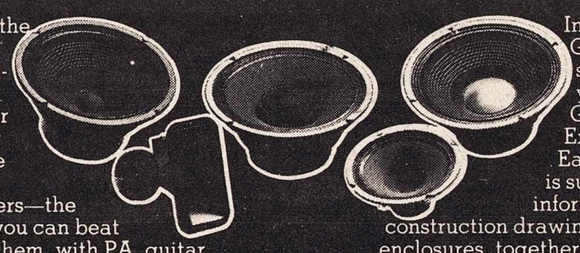
New Agfa Super Color
High dynamics at low cost a higher density of iron oxide gives recording level control and frequency response that are better than ever before, even on the simplest machines. With exclusive color coding for easy reference in your cassette library and a thumbslot for easier opening.

There's a lot to be said for Agfa

JOIN THE AGFA SOUND IMPROVEMENT MOVEMENT



Goodmans Power Range
15 years hard work backed by 50 years power experience



Goodmans are the largest manufacturer of loudspeakers in the U.K.—with over 50 years power experience. We make a rugged range of speakers—the Power Range, you can beat the guts out of them, with PA, guitar, bass and keyboards—terrific power handling, sparkling performance. Ask John, the bass player, his Goodmans 18 in. has seen most of the high (and low) spots in Europe, taken its fair share of spilled pints and with a few extra screws to hold the cab together, is still going strong.

Insist that your gear is fitted with Goodmans Power Range loudspeakers—don't gamble with your success, bank on Goodmans 50 years Power Experience.

Each Goodmans loudspeaker is supplied with full information, detailed construction drawings for suitable enclosures, together with connection details for single and multiple speaker systems.

Goodmans
Goodmans Loudspeakers Limited, Downley Road, Havant, Hampshire, PO9 2NL, England.

Goodmans Loudspeakers Limited, Downley Road, Havant, Hampshire, PO9 2NL, England.
Name
Address
NME

SCATTIN' from the hip

BETTY CARTER has a hornets' nest of opinions Our man wears the bicycle clips and cullender

BETTY CARTER: "The avant-garde isn't playing for black people." Pic: VALERIE WILMER

people ONLY through my MUSIC, taking my music TO them. Everything you believe should come through your music — that's the only way that I'm gonna deal with my politics. It's supposed to take you FROM all that — you've got all that to deal with 23 hours of the day, political and home-mess — you come out to be taken away from all that shit for a few minutes.

"As long as you get up on the stage and take somebody's money, you're in the business to entertain people. It's no longer you alone. I don't understand the logic of the artist who thinks he can get up there and play for two hours straight and think that I'm not going to be bored. He can't play THAT much piano. I get tired of ME! TWO HOURS! WHAT! I don't deserve that. You can't be selfish, you gotta think about the audience and the club owner."

"But don't you think the artist has a duty to stretch and educate his audience too? After all, most of them are fed crap on the airwaves and commerce conditions them to settle for that."

She didn't. "Listen — if there's a man and he's got a lady with him and they're sitting there on their anniversary or love-night or whatever night it is, they don't wanna be bored to death.

"We got into a vamp bag, and we vamped and vamped and vamped and VAMPED. The bass player's gotta play one note — I mean, how much can he learn if he's gotta do that for four hours? It doesn't make any kinda sense. These are all things which didn't teach musicians the whole thing, and it puts them in a bind today. NOW they hafta return to their roots to learn the basics so they'll have more facilities to be more creative. Do you know where I'm comin' from?"

I nodded weakly.

"If you've got 10 tenor players out there who sound like Coltrane, there's something wrong with the music. Why didn't they copy him in the 50's when he was playing changes? They wanna make it quick — instantly! I want them to get off his back, let Coltrane rest in peace. His music is valid only because he had the foundation, and if you don't have it and you're copying him, it ain't valid. I'm not going for it.

"Miles Davis is not out there for us. Donald Byrd is so busy making money, he's never gonna do anything constructive. When Ornette Coleman decided he just wasn't gonna do anything for five years he lived off grants, and he and everybody else thought he was a genius, but you can't be a genius sitting on your ass. You gotta have on-the-job training also. Now," she concluded, "if you put all that together into one real good package, why, right NOW, we can't give these kids six groups of a different kind of creative intelligence."

Gloomily, she foresaw a musician shortage on the horizon, due to avant-garde lectureships in the music colleges, formula funk from the likes of Herbie H., and the consequent shrinkage of training grounds.

"Every jazz artist who came up in the 40's and 50's, who's still alive, is making money today. Every single one of them — Art Blakey, Horace Silver, Dizzy Gillespie, Sarah — everybody that created something of value in the business, is making money 35 years later. You dig? The music was accepted as long as you were good. It was all about being a performer, being in the business. It wasn't about getting rich quick, it was about learning your craft and then getting rich. All you had to do was be good."

And she is.

SELECTED DISCOGRAPHY
King Pleasure, "The Source" (Prestige); Ray Charles & Betty Carter (ABC); Betty Carter, "Round Midnight" (Roulette), "Finally — Betty Carter" (Roulette); "Bet-Car", "Betty Carter Album" (Bet-Car).

"Yesterday's Music." Get it today.

If you've ever seen Meal Ticket live, you'll know that "Yesterday's Music" is a very special number. It's almost their anthem, with the fans usually taking over the vocals from the band.

Now it's a single, a very special single and this is the first time it's ever been recorded. If you're a Meal Ticket fan keep the faith, if you're not you'll soon be converted.

LOGO A LOGO RECORDS PRODUCTION

"Yesterday's Music." The new single from Meal Ticket. INT 539

Marketed by EMI Records Limited. 20. Manchester Square. London W1A 1ES

INTERNATIONAL

ALL YOU NEED IS LEE - The girl: Suit in 100% cotton Indigo Denim. Rider jacket and straight-leg Ranger jean. Western short-sleeve shirt with epaulets and front pockets, small checks, 100% cotton. **The boy:** Straight-leg Ranger jean in spare rib corduroy, 82% cotton and 18% polyester. 100% pure Shetland wool sweater, V-neck, fashion colours. Western long-sleeve shirt with stripes, epaulets and front pockets, 100% cotton.

A company of VF corporation

Lee®

Founded Kansas USA 1889

ON THE TOWN

The Road to Damascus, Part 646.
The Doobies deliver devastatingly; unbeliever Phil McNeill is converted by sheer force . . .

The secret weapon: hallucinogenocide

Doobie Brothers
RAINBOW

YOU WON'T BELIEVE this — I know I wouldn't — but The Doobie Brothers turned in a truly superb performance in Finsbury Park last week, cramming more music into 90 minutes than most groups play in a week and remaining totally spellbinding throughout.

Knew you wouldn't believe it. Three hours before the gig I was still looking for someone else to cover it so I could go see some punks in a pub. Reluctantly I dragged myself into the sold out Rainbow — its atmosphere positively meek in comparison with the Iggy/Clash/Rods audiences I've grown accustomed to fighting through at the bar there — and, to my utter amazement, found myself stumbling out at the end of the evening blankly astonished at the sheer zesty brilliance of the Boobie Drothers show.

They'd been prefaced by Crawler, formerly Back Street of that ilk, who were liquid, sensual, technically excellent and very boring. No fun.

Then the equipment came onstage. And it kept on coming. Enough ironmongery to keep an entire Indian village supplied in safety pins through the nose for ten years. The Boobies' chances of justifying it, in my book, were nigh on zero.

I couldn't tell you what The Doobie Brothers started their show with because I was too busy counting them. Jeez, there's seven of 'em! Three are up back hitting things — two drummers and a percussionist — while in front there's a keyboard player with his back to us, the obligatory black bassist, and two guitarists with waist-length hair who look like rejects from L. Skynyrd. Not macho enough for Ronnie's mob.

In fact, that's the Doobies' instant appeal. They look so ridiculous. One guitarist in particular, whom I christen Four Eyes for the duration, sits on a high stool pedalling his legs epileptically, head framed in spex and headphones, and occasionally standing up to kick his baggy white trousers about with all the grace of Boris Karloff taking his first steps in Frankenstein's cellar.

But his guitar playing! You thought Stiff invented the gawky, bespectacled rock-'n'roll genius? You haven't seen Jeff Baxter in action — for indeed, it is this very Skunk we see before us now, veteran of a thousand Max Bell and Steve Clarke features, and perambulating member of the D. Bros / S. Dan / L. Feat caucus, not to mention sessions for the likes of Carly Simon. I said *not* to mention . . .

The second number runs straight out of the first. It's "Takin' It To The Streets". More numbers follow, all running straight on from the one before so that time becomes telescoped. With no messin' between tracks, they play three songs to any other band's two, and the effect is like the rapid unveiling of an entire spectrum before your eyes, so versatile are the Doobies.

Fourth up is "It Keeps You Runnin'", pianist Mike McDonald singing a good lead, the others harmonising perfectly. Baxter starts a poignant break with the outrageous bravado of an intro line culled from the Scots porridge advert — a melody he also chucks in, less riskily, an hour later.

And then my mind split open.

To complete their first half hour of nonstop music, the Doobies employed their sole gimmick of the night: a spectacular revolving globe creating a dizzying swirl of light whilst crummy smoke immersed the stage. But the musical accompaniment was something else.

Stepping right out of the song-oriented funk-boogie motif on which they elaborate most of the time (always, let it be said, with great invention), the band somehow guided the music effortlessly into an almost harrowing series of massive crescendoes, a synthesizer bass shaking the floor as electronic mayhem careened around the quadrophonic set-up — which, I believe, only came into play during this segment and at the very end of the set.

It was a shattering display of force which reaped a deserved audience eruption, but it posed questions about what it is ethical for a band to submit its audience to — as did the closer, "I Don't Believe You" (?), which used the quad even more stunningly. If you'll forgive the messed chronology, I'd just like to skip to that for a moment.

This time, rather than a staged, essentially electronic work-out, the quad came into play on a straightforward high grade boogie. What they did I don't know — maybe boosted the presence on the entire multi-megawatt PA — but suddenly the volume seemed to leap dramatically, causing at least one hardened veteran near me to shove his fingers in his ears. And *we* were about 40 rows back.

Again the synthi bass shook the floor, but this time the band jammed rabidly on, seemingly divorced from the absolutely deafening, yet strangely clear, noise that filled the hall and pressed you physically into your seat as surely as having a firehose strafing the arena. The sensation of watching a band of mere humans, whom you don't really *believe* can be playing this music which is actually *assaulting* your senses and requires a *conscious* psychological defence, I can only compare to vaguely remembered experiences with certain mild hallucinogenics.

It wouldn't surprise me to find it was equally dangerous.

In between times the Doobies played to a consistently high standard — which was, in its way, even more impressive.

Music of this calibre must require total dedication. For 90 minutes the septet almost never put a foot wrong, constantly manipulating the texture of their music with extra-sensory empathy, conducted by Baxter's flailing little arms and feet, each note an integral part, each player with integrity.

And always tempered with unobrusive musical humour.

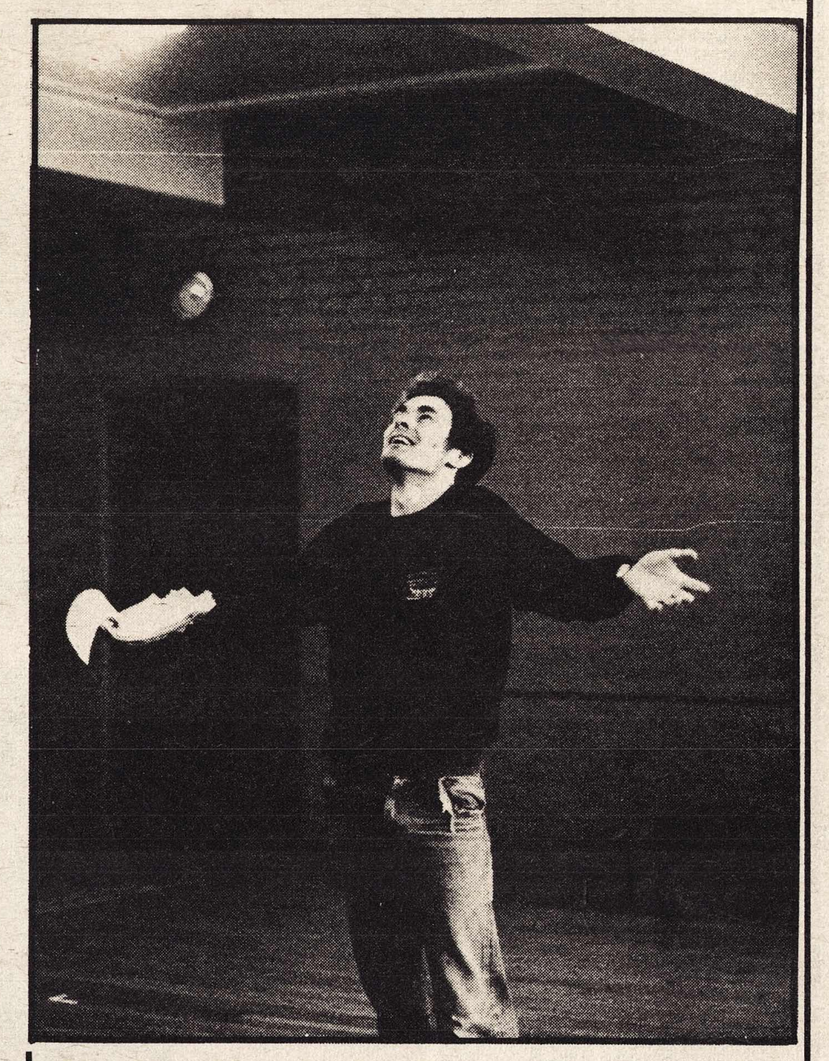
An 'acoustic' electric guitar solo from Pat Simmons would lead into a lovely mid-tempo country rocker. An Allman Brothers style boogie would make way for the new single, Marvin Gaye's "Little Darlin' ", real infectious dance music with hilarious clockwork swing. An amazing Baxter guitar solo on a boogie like "Captain Silver" would be followed by an even more amazing Djangoid break during the new LP title track, "Living On The Fault Line", which also featured some quite transfixing group changes.

And so on. The only doobious moments for me were, partly coincidentally, when one of the drummers took vocals: once for "Don't Start Me Talkin' ", which didn't take too kindly to the smoothie jazz treatment he tried to impose upon it, and again in "Jesus Is Just Alright", when they phased inexplicably into a fairly monstrous smarmy 3/4 section.

Despite an audience which (not having been told to stand up) remained rooted to its seat, they finished to tumultuous acclaim and — natch — blatted through "Listen To The Music" to encore.

On the way out, I almost took my press ticket to the box office to insist on paying for the privilege.

Phil McNeill



"Oh God, why did it have to be such a rotten script?" Glenn Conway as Dean. Rehearsal pic by PENNIE SMITH.

Raking over the ashes again

DEAN: A MUSICAL ON THE LIFE OF JAMES DEAN
LONDON CASINO

THE ESSENCE of James Dean's extraordinary appeal is, essentially, James Dean himself.

A mixed up, misunderstood, beautiful kid who carried the anxieties of a generation on his shoulders, *the* potent symbol of the 1950's.

Revered then, deified now, after smashing into immortality at 110 mph.

Like Scott Fitzgerald, Dean could have been said to have 'invented a generation'. The moody and introverted loner, smouldering on the periphery of society. He transmitted his confusion, putting a glamorous face on delinquency, and striking a sympathetic chord in a way that only Presley and Dylan have achieved since.

Two decades on, Dean still exudes a fascination to the generations obsessed with ephemera — which is why, I suppose, £150,000 has been lavished on a musical biography of him.

What tended to get overlooked in the necrophiliac explosion after his death was that Dean was a hell of a fine film actor who never realised his true potential.

A lot of James Dean's appeal had to do with what he *didn't* say, the eloquence of unfinished sentences, the resigned shake of the head as he realised communication was impossible, and that's one reason why *Dean* doesn't work. It's crushing a butterfly on the wheel of verbosity.

The failure of the show is highlighted in its finale, where a couple of dozen stills of Dean are projected above the action, and simply in those black and white shots lie the essence of what James Dean was about. He had *it*, and two hours of showbiz razzamataz doesn't.

What that mythical 'it' (power, charisma or whatever) was can be best appreciated from the movies; just check out *East of Eden, Rebel Without A Cause* and *Giant* whenever you get the opportunity.

There's one moment in the show, when Glenn Conway first appears as James Dean, shuffling onstage in that familiar scruffy overcoat and lighting a cigarette with his back to the audience, then turning, and standing like a frightened rabbit in a car's head-lamps, and the years peel away and your jaw drops open in disbelief because he *is* James Dean (1931 - 1955).

But then he opens his mouth and the illusion's gone. Conway's accent grates like fingernails scraping across a blackboard.

Conway tries hard. He's got Dean's spastic, balletic movements off to perfection as he dashes around the stage like a coiled spring, but he ain't James Dean — partly due to the lumbering score, partly due to the stilted direction and partly due to Conway himself — and there's an end to it.

The songs are memorable mainly due to their high standard of mediocrity. Only Jill Jaress's "Happy New Year Kid" gets more than half way across the footlights in any form of catharsis.

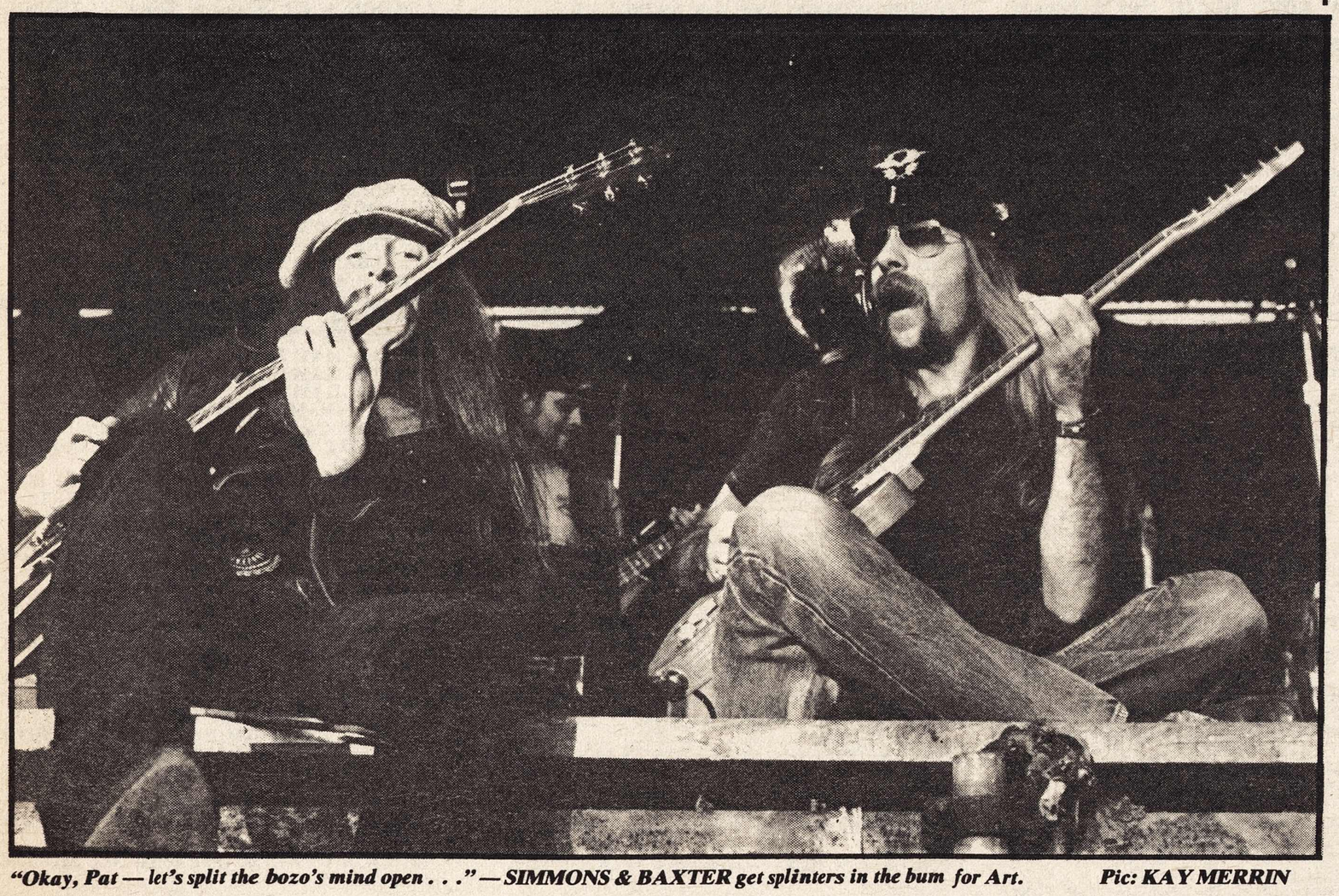
It was particularly weird seeing this show the week after Presley checked in permenently at Heartbreak Hotel.

If Dean hadn't died back then, how would he have ended up? Fat, 46, still insecure and trying to find life at the bottom of a cheeseburger?

Maybe it's best it ended when it did on High 51, and all that's left are a lot of memories, three near-perfect movies and a legend time will not diminish.

(The necrophilia industry will see to that — Ed.)

Patrick Humphries

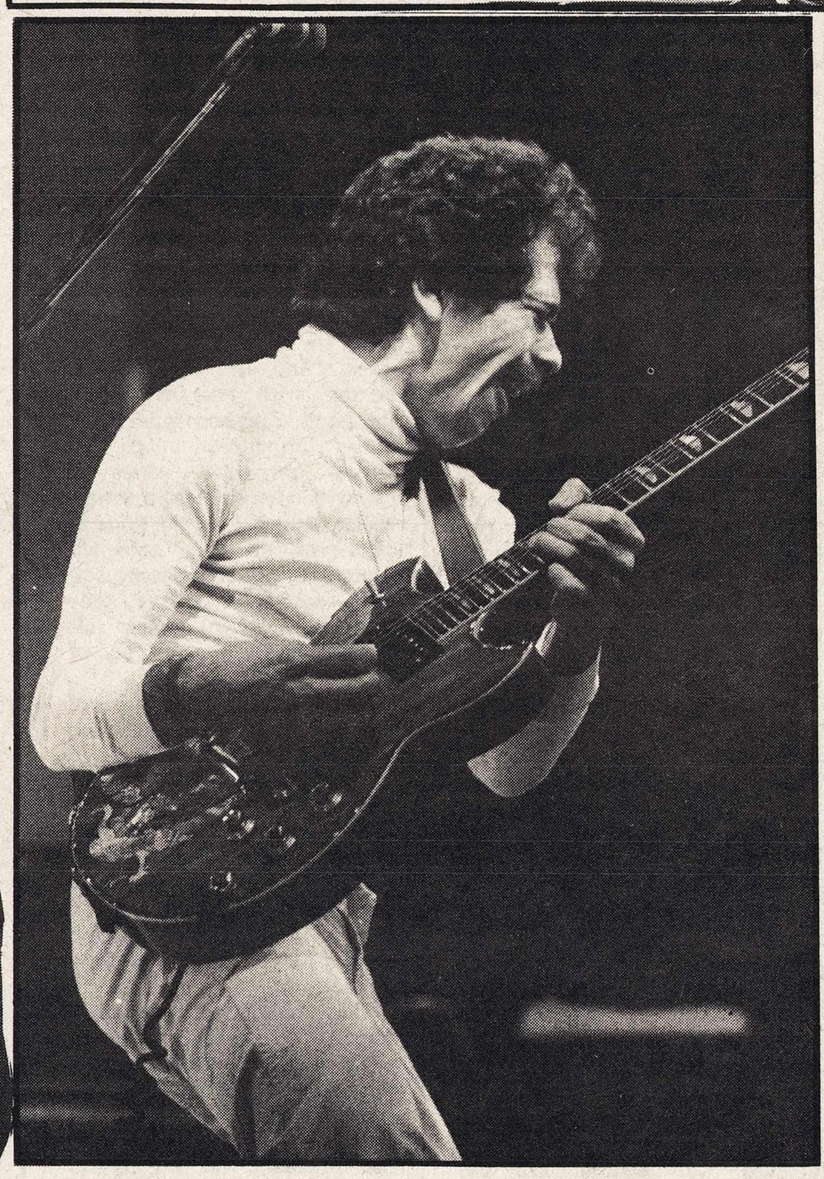


"Okay, Pat — let's split the bozo's mind open . . ." — SIMMONS & BAXTER get splinters in the bum for Art. *Pic: KAY MERRIN*

NATIONWIDE GIG

Above: RONNIE SPECTOR with SOUTHSIDE JOHNNY & THE ASBURY JUKES. Left: CARLOS SANTANA

ELVIS COSTELLO



Crystal Palace Garden Party

THE TENTH Garden Party at the Crystal Palace Bowl in South London takes place on Saturday (noon to 8pm). Santana top the bill, and the U.S. of A. also provides the highly-acclaimed Southside Johnny and the Asbury Jukes, who are bringing along the delectable Ronnie Spector. Elvis Costello and the Attractions head the British contingent, which also includes Brand X (with Phil Collins) and Crawler.

The Palace Bowl has a 15,000 capacity, and there should be some tickets still available on the day at £5.30 each.

● If you don't fancy the Bowl bill, there's a reggae feast at the Rainbow, where the near-legendary Big Youth and his band are appearing, together with another top Jamaican name, Dennis Brown. As well as Saturday, this colourful show is also at the same venue on Thursday and Friday.

THURSDAY

BEDFORD Nite Spot: ALFALPHA
BIRKENHEAD Mr. Digby's: ACCELERATORS
BIRMINGHAM Golden Eagle: SHOOP SHOOP
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: MAGNUM
BRADFORD Princeville Club: BETHNAL
BRIGHTON Alhambra: THE ZOOBIES
BRISTOL Crockers: DESPERADOS
BRISTOL Granary: FIGHTER
BURTON Playhouse Theatre: MIKE HARDING
CHELMSFORD City Tavern: AMAZORBLADES
CHESTERFIELD Aquarius: NOLAN SISTERS
COVENTRY Mr. George's: TOM ROBINSON BAND
EDINBURGH Royal British Hotel: STEREO GRAFFITI
EDINBURGH Tiffany's: BERT JANSCH / MEDIUM WAVE BAND
EXETER Zhivago's: MARTY WILDE
GLASGOW Amphora: CHOU PAHROT
HEMEL HEMPSTEAD Great Harry: MAGNUM 44
HENDESFORD The Anglesey: FORCE
HIGH WYCOMBE Nags Head: TONY McPHEE's TERRAPLANE
LANCASTER No 12 Club: WINDOW
LONDON BARNES Red Lion: FRED RICKSHAW'S HOT GOOLIES
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: MASTERSWITCH
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: CAROL GRIMES' SWEET F.A.
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: NO DICE
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Crawfords: THUNDERCLAP NEWMAN & BOB FLAG
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: GLORIA MUNDI
LONDON FULHAM Greyhound: ZIB BAND / RADIATORS
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: XTC
LONDON HAMMERSMITH The Swan: SIDEWINDER
LONDON HARROW ROAD Windsor Castle: VISITOR 2035
LONDON HIGHBURY Roundhouse: GNASHER
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: BUSTER CRABBE
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: SIOUXSIE & THE BANSHEES / THE ANTS
LONDON Marquee Club: JOHN MARTYN
LONDON NEW BARNET Duke of Lancaster: JERRY THE FERRET
LONDON OLD BROMPTON ROAD Troubador: DAVE EVANS & SAMMY MITCHELL
LONDON OXFORD ST. 100 Club: MATUMBI
LONDON PLUMSTEAD Green Man: SAM APPLE PIE
LONDON Rainbow Theatre: BIG YOUTH & THE ARK ANGELS / DENNIS BROWN
LONDON SOUTHGATE Royalty Ballroom: FLYING SAUCERS
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: DEAD FINGERS TALK
LONDON TOOTING The Castle: PAINTED LADY
MANCHESTER Rafters Club: LONDON / THE VICTIMS
MONMOUTH White Swan Hotel: NIGHT BIRD
NORWICH Cromwells: MUSCLES
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: PELICAN
PENZANCE The Garden: THE ADVERTS
PORTSMOUTH H.M.S.Dryad: SOUL DIRECTION
POYNTON Folk Centre: GRAHAM SHAW
ROTHERHAM Windmill: GENERATION X
SHEFFIELD City Hall: HARRY CHAPIN
STIRLING McRobert Centre: CHRIS BARBER BAND
SUTTON Red Lion Club: ANNE LENNOX-MARTIN / SAM STEPHENS
UXBRIDGE Pinn Inn Club: GRAND HOTEL
WELLINGBOROUGH Sports & Social Club: SHAKIN' STEVENS & THE SUNSETS
WOLVERHAMPTON R.A.F. Cosford: GOBBLINZ

FRIDAY

ABINGDON Steventon Village Hall: ASHTRAY AND THE DOGENDS
BEDFORD Nite Spot: U-BOAT
BELFAST Ulster Hall: SUTHERLAND BROTHERS AND QUIVER
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: GENERATION X
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: SPITFIRE
BIRMINGHAM Rialto: RICO
BRIGHTON Alhambra: DARKEARTH
CHATHAM Central Hall: ROGER WHITTAKER
CHELMSFORD Chancellor Hall: GRAND HOTEL
CROMER West Runton Pavilion: HEAVY METAL KIDS
DERBY Allenton The Crown: FREDDIE 'FINGERS' LEE
EDINBURGH Dominion Cinema: CHRIS BARBER BAND
EDINBURGH Royal British Hotel: STEREO GRAFFITI
EDINBURGH Tiffany's: JET HARRIS AND THE DIAMONDS
EGREMONT Tow Bar Inn: WINDOW
GRANTHAM After Eight Club: GOBBLINZ
HIGH WYCOMBE Nags Head: ARDAZELL/LAZY
HORNCHURCH Bull Inn: PEKOE ORANGE
KIDDERMINSTER Stone Manor: STAGE FRIGHT
LEEDS Grobs Wine Bar: SPYDER BLUES BAND
LEIGHTON BUZZARD Bossard Hall: THE PLEASERS
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: PLUMMET AIRLINES
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: JENNY HAAN'S LION
LONDON DEPTFORD Albany Empire: SQUEEZE/THE REALISTS
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: THE JOLT
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope and Anchor: AMAZORBLADES
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: LITTLE ACRE/RIFF RAFF
LONDON Marquee Club: 999
LONDON PUTNEY White Lion: JOHNNY G's B'ZERKO/THE TAKE OFFS
LONDON Rainbow Theatre: BIG YOUTH AND THE ARK ANGELS/DENNIS BROWN
LONDON SOUTH BANK National Theatre Foyer: MIKE WESTBROOK'S ALL STAR BAND
LONDON SOUTHGATE Royalty Ballroom: THE PIRATES
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON The Pegasus: ZETH
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: CONSORTIUM
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: HI TENSION
LONDON WATERLOO The Wellington: RINGWRATH
MANCHESTER Electric Circus: STRIFE
MIDDLESBROUGH Kirklevington Country Club: THE 'O' BAND
NEWCASTLE City Hall: SYDNEY DEVINE
NORTHAMPTON Black Lion: THE SHOPLIFTERS
NUNEATON Railway Club: SOUL DIRECTION
OAKENGATES Town Hall: MIKE HARDING
PLYMOUTH Woods Centre: TABLE
POWYS Rhavader Community Centre: SHAKIN' STEVENS AND THE SUNSETS
PRESTON Duck Inn Grapevine: ZHAIN
ROSS-ON-WYE Harvey's: LONDON/THE VICTIMS
SCARBOROUGH Penthouse: TOM ROBINSON BAND
SKEGNESS Sands Showbar: BRUCE RUFFIN
SOUTHPORT Coronation Hall: BERT JANSCH
SOUTHPORT New Theatre: HARRY CHAPIN
ST ALBANS Abbey Theatre: DICK GAUGHAN/ROY BAILEY/LEON ROSSELSON
WALSALL Bilston Cock Inn: GEOFF BODENHAM
WOLVERHAMPTON Lafayette: BETHNAL

SATURDAY

ASHBOURNE Ilam Hall: ALBION DANCE BAND / GARY & VERA ASPEY / TONY CAPSTICK / DOUG PORTER
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: GENERATION X
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: RICKY COOL & THE ICEBERGS
BIRMINGHAM Bogarts: SUPERNOVA
BIRMINGHAM KINGS HEATH Hare & Hounds'; MR. GLADSTONE'S BAG
BIRMINGHAM Mercat Cross Pub: COLD COMFORT
BOURNEMOUTH Top Rank: BILLY OCEAN
BRACKNELL South Hill Park Folk Club: ARKIES TOAST
BRIDLINGTON Spa Royal Hall: NEW VAUDEVILLE BAND
BRIGHTON Alhambra: WILDLIFE
BRISTOL Granary: S.A.L.T.
BUCKLEY Tivoli Ballroom: WINDOW
CAMBERLEY Lakeside Country Club: PLATTERS
CAMBRIDGE Corn Exchange: FLYING SAUCERS / MATCHBOX
CHATHAM Central Hall: AFTER THE FIRE
CONINGSBY Castle Club: GRAND HOTEL
CROYDON Red Deer: ZIB BAND
DUBLIN Stadium: SUTHERLAND BROTHERS & QUIVER
DUNFERMLINE Kinema: SLAUGHTER & THE DOGS / THE DRONES
DUDLEY J.B.'s Club: BETHNAL
FISHGUARD Frenchman's Motel: SUNWHEEL
GLASGOW Apollo Centre: HARRY CHAPIN
GLASGOW Burns Howff: CHOU PAHROT
HALIFAX Civic Theatre: MIKE HARDING
HITCHIN College: TRAPEZE
LIVERPOOL Le Metro: QUAD
LONDON BATTERSEA Old Swan: ERROL DIXON
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: TOM ROBINSON BAND / SORE THROAT
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: THE MOVIES
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: JENNY HAAN'S LION
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Roxy Club: NEW HEARTS
LONDON CRYSTAL PALACE Concert Bowl: SANTANA / SOUTHSIDE JOHNNY & THE ASBURY JUKES / ELVIS COSTELLO & THE ATTRACTIONS / BRAND X / CRAWLER
LONDON DEPTFORD Albany Empire: DIRE STRAITS / TERRAPLANE BLUES BAND
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: RIFF RAFF
LONDON HAMMERSMITH The Swan: AMAZORBLADES
LONDON HARLESDEN Roxy Theatre (morning): RIOT SQUAD / TWO WAY ARMY
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: PETE BROWN'S BACK TO THE FRONT
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: THE JAM / THE JOLT
LONDON NEW BARNET Duke of Lancaster: DEAD FINGERS TALK
LONDON PECKHAM Bouncing Ball: JOHNNY CLARKE
LONDON Rainbow Theatre: BIG YOUTH & THE ARK ANGELS / DENNIS BROWN
LONDON S.E.13 Black Bull: FREDDIE 'FINGERS' LEE
LONDON SOUTHGATE Royalty Ballroom— BRUCE RUFFIN
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: BUSTER CRABBE
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: HI TENSION
LOUGHBOROUGH Town Hall: SWINGLE II
MANCHESTER Electric Circus: SUBURBAN STUDS / SNATCH
MIDDLESBROUGH Rock Garden: STRIFE
NARBETH Crosshands Inn: SHAKIN' STEVENS & THE SUNSETS
OAKHAM R.A.F. North Luffenham: GOBBLINZ
REDDITCH Tracey's: LONDON / THE VICTIMS
ROCHESTER Nags Head: PEKOE ORANGE
SALISBURY Arts Centre: STAN TRACEY OCTET
SLOUGH Fulcrum Theatre: ROGER WHITTAKER
ST. HELENS Theatre Royal: LIVERPOOL EXPRESS
TAMWORTH The Chequers: FORCE
TAMWORTH Kingsbury Club: STAGE FRIGHT
WISHAW Crown Hotel (lunchtime): THE PESTS

SUNDAY

ACCRINGTON Lakeland Lounge: WINDOW
AYLESBURY King's Head: JACKRABBIT
BARROW Maxim's Disco: GENERATION X
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ (lunchtime): MENSCH
BIRMINGHAM Kings Theatre: THE BROTHERS
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: BULLETS
BLACKPOOL ABC Theatre: MIKE HARDING
BRIDLINGTON Spa Royal Hall: ELVIS PRESLEY TRIBUTE with RAVING RUPERT
BROMLEY Churchill Theatre: THE YETTIES
BUXTON Pavilion Gardens: SWINGLE 11
CAMBELTOWN Victoria Hall: SYDNEY DEVINE
CHELMSFORD Folk Club: WENDY GROSSMAN
CHELMSFORD City Tavern: BLACK SLATE
CROYDON Greyhound: LONDON/THE VICTIMS
GOUROCK Ashton Hotel: CHOU PAHROT
HORSHAM Capitol Theatre: CHRIS BARBER BAND
LEEDS Fforde Green Hotel: J. J. JAMESON
LONDON Alexandra Palace: STAN GREIG BIG BAND/TONY LEE TRIO
LONDON BATTERSEA Nags Head: TIM ROSE
LONDON CHALK FARM Downstairs at the Roundhouse: ZIB BAND
LONDON CHELSEA Man in the Moon: LOCAL OPERATOR
LONDON CLAPHAM Common (open-air): THE DARTS/RICO/DIRE STRAITS
LONDON CLAPHAM Two Brewers: PAINTED LADY
LONDON FINCHLEY Torrington: CAROL GRIMES & SWEET F.A.
LONDON HACKNEY Adam & Eve: FREDDIE 'FINGERS' LEE
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: SUNWHEEL
LONDON HARROW RD. Windsor Castle: SLIPSTREAM
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: DIRE STRAITS
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: JOHN OTWAY & WILD WILLY BARRETT
LONDON Marquee Club: TOM ROBINSON BAND
LONDON OXFORD ST. 100 Club: THE JAM/NEW HEARTS
LONDON TOTTENHAM COURT RD. The Roebuck: ORIGINAL NIGHTHAWKS
LONDON W.C.1 Pindar of Wakefield: THUNDERCLAP NEWMAN & BOB FLAG
MANCHESTER Electric Circus: THE MODELS/ STILETTO
MARGATE Winter Gardens: PLATTERS
MIDDLESBROUGH Rock Garden: STRIFE
NEWBRIDGE Club & Institute: SUNWHEEL
NEWCASTLE City Hall: HARRY CHAPIN
POYNTON Folk Centre: LEON ROSSELSON/OLD TIME EXPRESS
REDHILL Lakers Hotel: HOT POINTS
SCARBOROUGH Futurist Theatre: CILLA BLACK
SOUTHAMPTON Botley Hotel: SHAKIN' STEVENS & THE SUNSETS
ST. ALBANS Goat Inn: DONAL MAGUIRE
YORK Branigan's: THE SNEAKERS

MONDAY

BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: SHADES
BIRMINGHAM Golden Eagle: CRYER
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: HOPPER
CHELTENHAM The Plough: THE INDEX
CHESTER Quaintways: J. J. JAMESON
CHIGWELL ROW Camelot Club: CULPEPPER COUNTY
COVENTRY Smithfield Club: STAGE FRIGHT
DONCASTER Outlook Club: THE ADVERTS
EDINBURGH Nicky Tams: CHOU PAHROT
ERDINGTON Queens Head: QUILL
EXETER Cavern: SIOUXSIE & THE BANSHEES
ILFORD Cauliflower Hotel: ORIGINAL EAST SIDE STOMPERS
LEEDS Royal Park Hotel: SPYDER BLUES BAND
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: SPECIAL BREW
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: THE JOLT
LONDON FULHAM Greyhound: SPITFIRE BOYS
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: FRUIT EATING BEARS
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: SHAKIN' STEVENS & THE SUNSETS / NO SWEAT
LONDON PUTNEY Half Moon: PEABODY & McNULTY
LONDON WARDOUR STREET Vortex Club: PENETRATION / NEW HEARTS / UNWANTED / THE MEAT
LONDON WEALDSTONE Royal Oak: MUCKRAM WAKES

GUIDE

LONDON WEST HAMPSTEAD Southside Club: DOCTORS OF MADNESS / THE JOLT
LONDON W.14 The Kensington: LANDSCAPE
MERTHYR TYDFIL Tiffany's: THE 'O' BAND
OBAN Corran Hall: SYDNEY DEVINE
OLDHAM Coliseum: MIKE HARDING
ROMFORD Hermit Club: SIDEWINDER
RUGBY Emmaline's Club: JENNY DARREN
SCARBOROUGH Golden Ball: WENDY GROSSMAN
SOUTHAMPTON Top Rank: BILLY OCEAN
YORK Grab & Ducat: STRANGEWAYS

TUESDAY

ABERDEEN Top Rank: SLAUGHTER & THE DOGS/ THE DRONES
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: SIOUXSIE & THE BANSHEES
BIRMINGHAM Hippodrome: SMALL FACES / BLUE
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: JAMESON RAID
CAMBRIDGE Dog & Pheasant: EATER
CARDIFF Top Rank: THE PIRATES
CHELTENHAM Tramps: SOUL DIRECTION
CHELTENHAM The Plough: ANGEL
CLEETHORPES Winter Gardens: BUZZCOCKS
COVENTRY Locarno: THE ADVERTS
DUNOON Queens Hall: SYDNEY DEVINE
FLEET Fox & Hounds: DR. YAZOO
HEMEL HEMPSTEAD Great Harry: THE PLEASERS
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: HEAD OVER HEELS
LONDON FULHAM Golden Lion: SPITERI
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: 999
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: PHILIP RAMBOW / BURY BARRETT
LONDON Marquee Club: GENERATION X / STEEL PULSE
LONDON N.4 The Stapleton: LANDSCAPE
LONDON OLD BROMPTON ROAD Troubadour: STEFAN GROSSMAN
LONDON OXFORD ST. 100 Club: LONESOME SUNDOWN / TEQUILA BROWN BLUES BAND
LONDON WANDSWORTH The Ship: NEMA
LONDON WARDOUR STREET Vortex: THE JOLT
LONDON WOOLWICH Tramshed: GRAND HOTEL
LONDON WARDOUR ST. Vortex Club: DOCTORS OF MADNESS / THE JOLT / MASTERSWITCH / SHAM 69
NEWCASTLE City Hall: PETER GABRIEL / NONA HENDRYX
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: GAFFA
OXFORD Corn Dolly Club: McCOY
PERRANPORTH Green Parrot: STRIFE
PLYMOUTH Castaways Club: XTC
PLYMOUTH Woods Leisure Centre: SPITFIRE BOYS
ROTHERHAM Windmill: THE 'O' BAND
SHREWSBURY Tiffany's: LONDON / THE VICTIMS
SOUTHPORT Midnight Lounge: WILDFIRE
SUTTON COLDFIELD Old Mere Hotel: JENNY DARREN
WISBECH College: BUSTER JAMES BAND

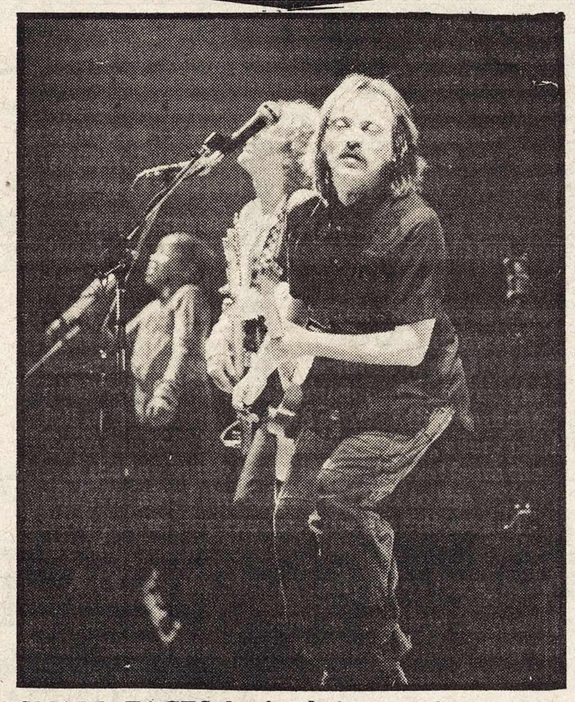
WEDNESDAY

BIRMINGHAM Bogarts: LITTLE ACRE
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: MR. DOWNCHILD
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: FUNKTON
BRISTOL Arts Centre: GOOD QUESTION
CARDIFF Top Rank: BILLY OCEAN
EXETER Catharsis: WINDZOR / FLOATING GOAT
GREENOCK The Regency: CHOU PAHROT
HUCKNALL Miners Welfare: JENNY DARREN
HULL New Theatre: ELKIE BROOKS
ILFORD Kings Club: PLATTERS
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: NORTHSIDE RHYTHM & BLUES ENSEMBLE
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: BUSTER CRABBE
LONDON CHINGFORD Queen Elizabeth: JERRY THE FERRET
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: JOHN GRIMALDI'S CHEAP FLIGHTS
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: THE LURKERS
LONDON HAMMERSMITH The Swan: BUSTER JAMES BAND
LONDON HARLESDEN Roxy Theatre: FIVER / LITTLE BO BITCH
LONDON HARROW RD. Windsor Castle: LIGHTNING RAIDERS
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: 999
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: COLIN HINDMARSH
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: THE STUKAS
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: J. J. JAMESON
LONDON W.C.1 Pindar of Wakefield: PEKOE ORANGE / ALTERATIVE TV
MANCHESTER ARDWICK Apollo: SMALL FACES / BLUE
MANCHESTER Free Trade Hall: LOVELACE WATKINS
NEWCASTLE City Hall: PETER GABRIEL / NONA HENDRYX
NOTTINGHAM The Old General: STRANGEWAYS
PETERSFIELD Mercury Club: BETHNAL
SOLIHULL Golden Lion: THE FIRST BAND
SOUTH WOODFORD Railway Hotel: ORIGINAL EAST SIDE STOMPERS
TORRINGTON The Plough: STRIFE

RESIDENCIES

BATLEY Variety Club: SWEET ILLUSION
Thursday for three days
BIRMINGHAM King's Theatre Restaurant: THE BROTHERS
Week from Sunday
BRIGHTON Sherry's: JENNY DARREN
Thursday for three days
BRISTOL Crockers: TOBY
Monday for three days
DERBY Bailey's: JIMMY JAMES & THE VAGABONDS
Thursday for three days
JERSEY St. Helier People's Park Folk Festival: HARVEY ANDREWS / TIM BROADBENT / JEANNIE HARRIS / MIKE CURRIE / FLOWERS & FROLICS / RICKY HUDSON etc.
Friday for three days
LEICESTER Bailey's: NEW EDITION
Week from Monday
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: THE DARTS / AMAZORBLADES
Week from Monday
LONDON Rainbow Theatre: BIG YOUTH & THE ARK ANGELS / DENNIS BROWN
Thursday for three days
LONDON Ronnie Scott's Club: MARION WILLIAMS
Monday until September 21
LONDON Royal Court Theatre: "SLEAK!" with ALBERTO Y LOST TRIOS PARANOIAS
Monday for three weeks
LUTON Cesar's: MADELINE BELL
Week from Sunday
MANCHESTER Golden Garter: HELEN SHAPIRO
Week from Monday
NOTTINGHAM Commodore Suite: LULU
Thursday for three weeks
OLDHAM Bailey's: THE BROTHERS
Thursday for three days
PURFLEET Circus Tavern: LENA MARTELL
Week from Monday
SHEFFIELD Bailey's: FUMBLE
Thursday for three days
SOUTH SHIELDS Tavern doubling NEWCASTLE La Dolce Vita: CRAZY CAVAN 'N THE RHYTHM ROCKERS (Thursday for three days) / PINKERTON'S COLOURS (Week from Monday)
ST. AGNES Talk Of The West: MARMALADE
Week from Sunday
STOCKTON Fiesta Club: DELEGATION
Week from Monday
STOKE Jollees: CILLA BLACK
Week from Monday
WAKEFIELD Theatre Club: ROCKIN' BERRIES
Week from Sunday
WATFORD Bailey's: ALVIN STARDUST
Week from Monday
WESTON-SUPER-MARE Webbington Country Club: POCKET ORCHESTRA
Week from Sunday
WORKINGTON Rendezvous: THE DOOLEYS
Week from Sunday

TOURS OPENING



SMALL FACES begin their second tour since their re-formation, though this time it's a fairly short one. It opens in Birmingham on Tuesday, followed by Manchester on Wednesday, with more gigs to come next week. Support act is Blue.

PETER GABRIEL opens his long-awaited sell-out provincial tour with two nights at Newcastle City Hall (Tuesday and Wednesday). Special guest on all gigs is Nona Hendryx, making her British solo debut now that Labelle have split.

ELKIE BROOKS sets out on her first-ever major British concert tour on Wednesday, when she performs in Hull.

● **SUTHERLAND BROTHERS & QUIVER also go on the road this week, with dates in Belfast (Friday) and Dublin (Saturday). We'll be featuring them in the Gig Guide next week, when their tour arrives on the mainland.**

TV RADIO

BOTH BBC and ITV launch their autumn schedules this week, so there's plenty of action on the box in terms of new series, though rock doesn't figure very strongly. But things improve in a few weeks' time with the return of "Whistle Test" and "Sight And Sound" (see news pages). Meanwhile I've picked out three shows as the best bets of the coming week:

● "Mermaid Frolics" (ITV Saturday) is film of the Amnesty International concert at London Mermaid Theatre last May. Among those featured are **Julie Covington, Pete Atkin,** the **Bowles Bros. Band, John Cleese** and **Peter Cook.**

● The second of the new **David Essex** series (BBC-1 Tuesday) was filmed mainly in Wales, and has **Ronnie Spector** as special guest.

● Joining **Marc Bolan and T. Rex** in this week's "Marc" show (ITV Wednesday) are the **Steve Gibbons Band** and **Roger Taylor** of Queen.

Other contributions from BBC-1 include **Kid Jensen** with "Top Of The Pops" (Thursday), highlights from this year's Billingham event in "Folkweave Festival" (Sunday) and **Charley Pride** guesting in the **Osmonds'** show (Tuesday).

Over on BBC-2, the incomparable U.S. jazz guitarist **Joe Pass** is featured in an "In Concert" repeat (Thursday); "Rhythm On 2" has the **Albion Dance Band** and the **Yetties** in an edition subtitled "West Country Folk" (Friday); **Swingle II** are in the **Anne Lorne Gillies** show (Monday); and **George Hamilton IV** is **Tammy Wynette's** guest (Wednesday).

Friday's ITV schedules include **Flintlock** in "Fanfare" and, later in the evening, the second "World Of **Pam Ayres".**

If you're a horror movie addict, you'll be glued to BBC-2's current Saturday night series, and this weekend you can see **Lon Chaney** in "House Of Dracula" and **Vincent Price** in "The Fall Of The House Of Usher". The same channel on Sunday screens the classic Western "High Noon" with **Gary Cooper,** while sci-fi devotees won't want to miss "The Omega Man" with **Charlton Heston** (BBC-1 Monday).

Radio 1 has a new series of "It's Rock'n'Roll" hosted by **Stuart Colman** at 5.30 on Saturday, followed by "In Concert" with **Blue** and **Radio Stars.** Sunday's "Summer Of 67" show is called "Where Were They Then, Where Are They Now?" and includes (among others) **Fleetwood Mac, Neil Diamond, Bob Marley** and **Boz Scaggs.**

On Radio 2 tonight (Thursday), **David Allan's** "Country Club" is followed by **Jimmy Cooper** and **Roy Bailey** in "Folkweave".

On Radio Luxembourg, **Stuart Henry's** "Sound System" album chart — based on listeners' letters — is broadcast at midnight on Friday. It comprises:

1. **YES** "Going For The One"; 2. **BROTHERS JOHNSON** "Right On Time"; 3. "The Best Of **ROD STEWART**"; 4. **DONNA SUMMER** "I Remember Yesterday"; 5. **"STEVE WINWOOD"**; 6. **STEVE HARLEY** "Face To Face"; 7. **"MINK DE VILLE"**; 8. **GRATEFUL DEAD** "Terrapin Station"; 9. **BE-BOP DELUXE** "Live! In The Air Age"; 10. **BONEY M** "Love For Sale"; 11. **"NEW WAVE"**; 12. **AVERAGE WHITES & BEN E. KING** "Benny And Us"; 13. **ELP** "Works"; 14. **BARBRA STREISAND** "Superman"; 15. **BOB MARLEY** "Exodus"; 16. **JOHN OTWAY & WILD WILLY BARRETT** "Otway And Barrett"; 17. **F. MAC** "Rumours"; 18. **STRANGLERS** "Rattus Norvegicus"; 19. **NEIL YOUNG** "American Stars 'n Bars"; 20. **"MAZE".**

GIG GUIDE IS Compiled by Derek Johnson

STUKAS (L—R): Raggy Lewis, John Mackie, Paul Brown

The Stukas

MARQUEE

CHOPPER MEETS THE Shadows. This looks like your friendly local bike gang, all spruced up for *Top Of The Pops,* their hair cut short and deadly weapons left in the dressing room.

Raggy Lewis, rhythm guitarist, who looks as much like Jerry Lewis' absent-minded professor as Buddy Holly or Hank Marvin, is playing the old Mick Green / Wilko riffs with his specs sliding down his nose. Opposite him there's bass and lead dipping and swaying together like mutant Merseybeats. Paul Brown's the exception, the one in the leather jacket, addressing the audience without even the flicker of a facial expression.

"Is there anyone here who likes football?" Oh no, he's blown it. Sport is Uncool. He's even got Long Hair. Remember that? There's no artificial 1977 Cool about The Stukas, but they don't need it. Their songs are great. Timeless. Nothing new, but pure Stones-Feelgood British R&B, the old Chuck Berry beat London-style.

Okay, there's a couple of duds, sliding so near heavy metal that some pattern-shirted bozo next to me starts spreading his dandruff round, but the football drone is the intro to a red-hot, running and jumping, physical jerk saga.

Then, can you believe it, a rock 'n' roll song about a brand new refrigerator. The real killer was lifted straight out of the ancient *". . . c'mon and walk with me"* "Slow Down" anthem (yeah, the one The Jam have dificulty playing in tune) but who cares how old it sounds? It's all about little girls and hits you like instant Top Ten; which means it hasn't got a chance.

They aren't giving out many titles, but who needs them? And even a middle-aged Rods audience, tapping their feet to a Stukas support set, can recognise "Thirty Days". At full throttle this band plays so fast and sharp they could jump the punk bandwagon. I hope they don't, because music can still be fun as well.

Kim Davis

JAZZ DIARY

OH THE RELIEF at reading *Newsweek's* headline that jazz is alive and well, much fanning of cheeks and flipping of sweat from the brow. Don Weller's **Major Surgery** will be burning a candle at Putney's Star & Garter on 10th September, **Amalgam** at The Phoenix on 7th and the **Tony Coe Quartet** plus Fran Landesman will be knocking a benediction on the bedside visitors at the 7 Dials on 15th.

Scotland's Platform have had to cancel the **Al Haig** concerts, but will be back in business with the **Billy Butterfield** gig at the Black Bull Hotel, Milngavie, in October. Meanwhile, **Joe Temperley** will be there on 11th September, followed by **Ruby Braff** on 25th Glasgow Rhythm Club is giving a series of lectures — piano jazz and **Frankie Newton** on 16th, **Freddie Condon** & Co. on 23rd and a gabfest of four on 30th including "Strike Up The Bard", **Joe Temperley, Wilbur Harden** and **Pee Wee Erwin.** Radio Clyde's *World Of Jazz* is broadcast from midnight until 2am on Sundays, and features recorded conversations with **Dave Holland** and **Steve Swallow** on 11th September, **Jack De Johnette** on 18th, and a tribute to **Mike Gibbs** on 25th.

BBC Jazz Club is broadcasting the music of the Ian Hamer Sextet on 11th, the **Bobby Wellins Quintet** sharing the bill, the **Dave Hancock Band** on 18th, and the **Michael Garrick Sextet** with the **Al Gay Quartet** on 25th.

A new book by William J. Schafer and Richard B. Allen *Brass Bands And New Orleans Jazz* has been published by Louisiana State University Press, paper and cloth editions, photos, discography, the lot.

Scoop for **Pepper**-watchers has to be the re-release of the legendary Tampa — printers, have a care! — on Vintage Jazz Records, available through Collet's Record Shop. Boss Pepper, great **Russ Freeman.**

Brian Case

Wizzo is so musical

marquee

90 Wardour St., W.1 01-437 6603

OPEN EVERY NIGHT FROM 7.00 pm to 11.00 pm
REDUCED ADMISSION FOR STUDENTS AND MEMBERS

Wed 7th and Thurs 8th Adm £1.50
JOHN MARTYN
PLUS Friends and Jerry Floyd

Fri 9th Sept Adm 85p
999
Plus Tools and Ian Fleming

Sat 10th Sept Adm 75p
THE STUKAS
Plus The Criminals and Ian Fleming

Sun 11th Sept Adm 75p
TOM ROBINSON BAND
Plus Support and Nick Leigh

Mon 12th Sept Adm £1.00
FOLK EVENING WITH
BERT JANSCH
Plus Friends and Jerry Floyd

Tues 13th Sept Adm £1.00
GENERATION X
Plus Support and Jerry Floyd

Wed 14th Sept Adm 85p
BOOMTOWN RATS
Plus Berne Tormae and Ian Fleming

Thurs 15th Sept Adm 65p
NO DICE
Plus Support and Ian Fleming

Hamburgers and other Hot and cold snacks are available

THE RED COW

HAMMERSMITH ROAD, W.6

Thurs. Sept 8th 60p
XTC

Fri. Sept 9th FREE
THE JOLT

Sat. Sept 10 FREE
RIFF RAFF

Sun. Sept 11 FREE
SUN WHEEL

Weds. Sept 14 60p
THE LURKERS

FULLERS TRADITIONAL ALES

THE NASHVILLE ROOM

Thursday, Sept 8th £1.00
SIOUXSIE and The BANSHEES
+ THE ANTS

Friday, Sept 9th 75p
LITTLE ACRE
+ RIFF RAFF

Saturday, Sept 10th SOLD OUT
THE JAM
+ THE JOLT

Sunday, Sept 11th 75p
JOHN OTWAY
and WILD WILLY BARRETT

Monday, Sept 12th 75p
SHAKIN STEVENS & THE SUNSETS

Tuesday, Sept 13th FREE
PHIL RAMBOW

CORNER CROMWELL ROAD/NORTH END ROAD, W14
(Adjacent West Kensington Tube Tel: 01 603 6071)

VORTEX

AT CRACKERS 203 WARDOUR ST., LONDON W.1.
Every Mon & Tues 8.30pm till 2am

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 12th
PENETRATION
NEW HEARTS UNWANTED
THE MEAT
D.J. Jerry Floyd

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 13th
DOCTORS OF MADNESS
THE JOLT MASTERSWITCH
SHAM 69
D.J. Nick Lee

SHEER UNLIMITED ENTERTAINMENTS *presents*

CAMBRIDGE CORN EXCHANGE. Sat Sept 10th — 8 pm
AUTHENTIC FIFTIES ROCK & ROLL
FLYING SAUCERS
+ GRAHAM FENTON'S MATCHBOX + FIFTIES FLASH HOP
"BLIMPS" at the Dog & Pheasant, Cambridge, Tuesdays 8-2 am
Tues 13th Sept — EATER + Johnny Nogood
Tues 20th Sept — THE LOOK + Johnny Nogood
CHELMSFORD CHANCELLOR HALL at 7.30
Sun Sept 18th — THE ADVERTS + THE CRABS
Sun Sept 25th — BOOMTOWN RATS + THE LOOK

If you missed
SHAM 69
at The Roxy Club last Saturday, you can see them at
THE VORTEX
on Tuesday September 13th

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS

MINK DeVILLE

WITH GUESTS
TYLA GANG
ANDY DUNKLEY 'THE LIVIN' JUKE BOX'
RAINBOW THEATRE
232 SEVEN SISTERS ROAD, N.7
SUN. 25th SEPTEMBER at 8.00
TICKETS £2.50, £2.00, £1.50. (INC. VAT) ADVANCE THEATRE BOX OFFICE 263 3148 9, LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE., 439 3371. PREMIER BOX OFFICE, 240 2245. USUAL AGENTS OR ON NIGHT

TELEPHONE 01-387-0428/9

MUSIC MACHINE

CAMDEN HIGH ST. OPP. MORNINGTON CRESCENT TUBE. N.W.1

Wednesday, Sept. 7th £1.00
JOHNNY DUCANN MOTHER SUPERIOR
Free admission for one with this advert before 10.30 pm

Thursday, Sept. 8th £1.50
NO DICE
+ HEAD ON

Friday, Sept. 9th £1.50
5000 VOLTS
+ FISHER Z

Saturday, Sept. 10th £2.00
THE MOVIES
+ Axis

Monday, Sept. 12th £1.00
90° INCLUSIVE
+ Support
Free admission with this ad for one before 10.30 am

Tuesday, Sept. 13th £1.00
SAM APPLE PIE
+ Support
Free admission with this ad for one before 10.30 pm

Wednesday, Sept. 14th £1.00
BUSTER CRAB
+ Support
Free admission with this ad for one before 10.30 pm

Thursday, 15th
CADO BELLE
+ Support

LICENSED BARS - LIVE MUSIC - DANCING
8PM - 2 AM MONDAY TO SATURDAY

051

Will be at the SPORTSMAN, LIVERPOOL, Thursday September 8th
and
The Park Hotel, Netherton, LIVERPOOL.
Saturday September 10th.

THE ROXY CLUB
41/43 NEAL ST., COVENT GARDEN, WC2

Wednesday, September 7th
Audition night 50p
THE MEAT
+ Cycles
+ Tickets

Thursday 8th September
MODELS
+ Tools

Friday, September 9th
SKREWDRIVER
+ Wasps

Saturday, September 10th
NEW HEARTS
+ Bazoomies

SPEAKEASY
01-580 7930

SPEAK-EARLY

Friday September 9th
THE ONLY ONES

Saturday September 10th
WHIRLWIND

Monday September 12th
TO BE CONFIRMED

Tuesday September 13th
THE LIGHTNING RAIDERS

---

words words words

words words words words words words words words words words words
WORDS (Barry Clarke), CITY HALL, ST. ALBANS
SATURDAY SEPTEMBER 17th
DEAF SCHOOL
+ DAVE FORESTER
MARY JANE DISCO BAR, FOOD
Advance tickets £1.25 from Box Office, Chequer Street, St. Albans. Telephone 64511 or £1.30 on door.
words words words words words words words words words words words

FOR DETAILS OF ADVERTISING
ON THE LIVE PAGE RING
BRIAN B on 01-261 6153

West Runton Pavilion
Nr. Cromer, Norfolk
Tel. West Runton 203
Friday, September 9th
HEAVY METAL KIDS
+ TRICKSTER
Saturday, September 10th
ROKOTTO
+ THE TRINIDAD CAVALIERS STEEL BAND
Friday September 16th
SAM APPLE PIE
+ NO DICE
Saturday September 17th
SUTHERLAND BROTHERS & QUIVER
+ very special guests
CITY BOY

DUKE OF LANCASTER
Beside British Rail
NEW BARNET
01-449 0465
Thursday Sept 8th
JERRY THE FERRET
Friday Sept 9th
SHADY LADY
Saturday Sept 10th
DEAD FINGERS TALK
Sunday Sept 11th
STAG
Tuesday Sep 13th
CHAMPION

WOODS
PLYMOUTH
Tel 266118 - late bar
Next Tues 13th Sept 50p
BETHNAL
+ MONSTER GUT
Next Weds 14th Sept 80p
STRIFE
+ DAYLIGHT ROBBERY

TICKETS . . TICKETS . . TICKETS
AVAILABLE FOR LONDON CONCERTS OF THE FOLLOWING:

SEPTEMBER 8/10	BIG YOUTH & DENNIS BROWN
SEPTEMBER 10	SANTANA
SEPTEMBER 17/18	JONATHAN RICHMAN
SEPTEMBER 22	DON WILLIAMS
SEPTEMBER 24	SUTHERLAND BROS & QUIVER
SEPTEMBER 24	SMALL FACES
SEPTEMBER 25	MINK DE VILLE
SEPTEMBER 26	ELKIE BROOKS
SEPTEMBER 30	IGGY POP
SEPTEMBER 30/ OCTOBER 1	CAMEL
OCTOBER 2	CARAVAN
OCTOBER 2	LITLE RIVER BAND
OCTOBER 2	BOOMTOWN RATS
OCTOBER 2	CAROL BAYER SEGER
OCTOBER 5	HAWKWIND
OCTOBER 6	BARCLAY JAMES HARVEST
OCTOBER 8/9	PHOEBE KING & BOBBY BLAND
OCTOBER 9/11	WEATHER REPORT
OCTOBER 9	ULTRAVOX!
OCTOBER 13	IAN GILLAN
OCTOBER 14	BUDDY GUY
OCTOBER 14/15	DR. HOOK
OCTOBER 15/16	DR. FEELGOOD
OCTOBER 16	MOTORHEAD
OCTOBER 16	ELVIS COSTELLO
OCTOBER 19	TOM PAXTON
OCTOBER 20	RACING CARS
OCTOBER 21/22	BOB SEGER & THE SILVER BULLETT BAND
OCTOBER 23	STEVE GIBBONS BAND
OCTOBER 23	LEO SAYER
OCTOBER 24/27	YES
OCTOBER 28	ELVIS COSTELLO
OCTOBER 30	SPLIT ENDZ
NOVEMBER 1/2	SUPERTRAMP
NOVEMBER 3/4	STEVE HILLAGE
NOVEMBER 3/4	JOAN ARMATRADING
NOVEMBER 3/6	STRANGLERS
DECEMBER 13/15	STATUS QUO

LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS
96 SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, W.1. Tel. 01-439 3371

Phil Lynott

■ From page 27

Total Experience it is perhaps pertinent to note that Lynott has just had published his second volume of poetry. Unlike the first, *Songs For While I'm Away, Philip Lynott* only contains lyrics from his songs.

"Poet?" he considers. "Seems like a whole career. It's hard enough trying to say I'm a musician. I'd just prefer it to be musician. I work in lyrics, and music has lyrics.

"But *poetry* in that, *yes,* it means a lot to me. I was actually writing down what I thought and believed in at these periods in me life."

In fact, Lynott's songs, often bound together by primal Celtic and Hollywood Western imagery, plus omnipresent references to Catholicism, fuse into a highly romantic, highly moralistic, and also, frequently, innocent view of the world. One suspects that were their writer not such a hedonist those frequent hints of the Great Irish Tradition of Sentimentality might well become hyper-cloying.

"The main thing that pushes me to write a song is to share my personal experiences. Plus," he grins, "the sheer ego of thinking my life is so important it should be shared.

"But," he smiles, "I also put it down for meself. It helps me really get a perception of phases I was going through. That way both the books and the albums have been a great source, a great guide, for me to see how I'm developing as a person and if I'm actually achieving the things that I originally set out to do.

"Basically, though, it's to share an experience . . . I could preach," he adds, as if it's a subject with which he's done a deal of braincell wrestling, "Bob Dylan did it a lot in the old days and a lot of the New Wave bands are doing it a lot now . . . They're preaching really strong stuff . . . But *I* can only do that when I'm right. And I have to go into it a little bit deeper than just a catchy line.

"In a way I ran into that with 'Fighting'. It was preaching anarchy, you know. And whereas Johnny and his boys may be into anarchy I'm not. I'm *extreme* — But I can't take anarchy." He shrugs his shoulders. "Maybe there's a reference to Ireland in that."

LYNOTT stands at a unique moment in a rock musician's career. "I'm completely zapped," he tells me almost bashfully, "at how much we're accepted as a major band."

He can, if he so chooses, ease up and follow the well rehearsed route to safe commercial colossus. (Indeed, CSM, in his review of "Bad Reputation", has already alluded to an MOR tinge — so has the choice been made already?). Or he can follow his chosen art to its ultimate, to perhaps justify to himself the ravaging and self-abuse that is beginning to appear more and more as the hallmark of rock genius.

He is conscious of the decision he must make: "When I wrote 'Warriors' on the 'Jailbreak' album, which is a song about heavy drug taking, the only way I could give any sense of heavy drug takers was by describing them as warriors; that they actually go out and do it.

"People like Hendrix and Duane Allman were perfectly aware of the position they were getting into. They weren't slowly being hooked. It was a conscious decision: to go out and take the thing as far as it can go. To the limit.

"And," he laughs, "some of them really did. *Tell us what it's like, man.*"

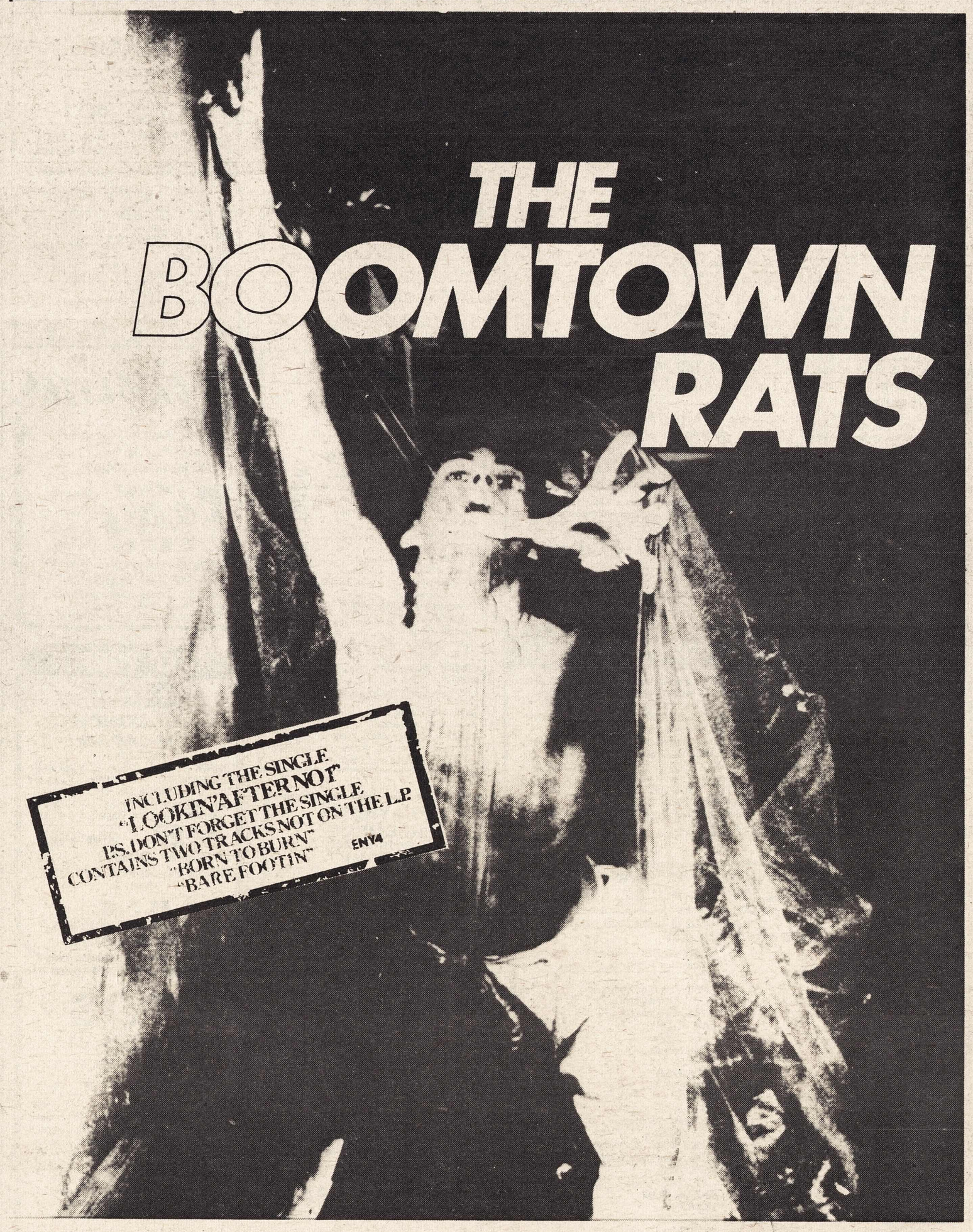
However, there is obviously something autobiographical in "Warriors"; Lynott's whole approach to life appears close to placing *him* as a warrior figure, cutting his way through life like Kirk Douglas in *The Vikings,* a knowing grin just floating about the lips.

So will he take it to that extreme?

"I don't know . . ." he gazes away from the TV out of the window at the storm clouds. "We've succeeded in doing what we want to do. I've put all me energies into the new album. Now we've achieved our goals we have to find new ones.

"And if those goals mean taking it further to the extreme I won't be able to tell you until we get back from America.

"But," he bursts out laughing, "I'd do it — and I know I *will* do it — whether I was successful or not."



ALBUM OUT NOW-BUY IT
Ensign RECORDS
Produced by Robert John Lange.
ENVY1

TANDY'S

THE EXPERT EXPORTERS

ATTENTION!

ALL OVERSEAS READERS

(U.K. readers should go quietly FRANTIC!)

If you live in NORWAY, DENMARK, SWEDEN, FINLAND, GERMANY, BELGIUM, HOLLAND, AUSTRALIA, NEW ZEALAND, etc., why pay £4 and over for your LPs when you can buy high quality new and unplayed LPs from the expert personal exporters for half that price.

Write today for full details including the new TANDY's catalogue plus list of new releases.

Trade enquiries welcome

TANDY'S RECORDS

TANDY'S RECORDS LTD.
(DEPT. NX)
Anderson Road
Warley
B66 4BB
Tel. 021-429 6441/2
Telex: TANDORDS 338024

HAVE YOU GONE

FRANTIC

YET?

If you don't mind paying £3.50 for your LP's FRANTIC is not for you, but FRANTIC customers save up to 85p off the price of top selling LP's and £1.50 off double albums. Of course, they also enjoy the FRANTIC 48-hour service given by the experts of mail order.

Write today for the new FRANTIC catalogue which contains 1,000 amazing bargains.

FRANTIC

MAIL ORDER COMPANY
WARLEY
WEST MIDLAND B66 4BB
Tel. 021-429 6441/2

SHOPS — RECORD COLLECTORS — DJs
WHAT'S BELOW IS IMPORTANT

For seven years we have been the leading mail order outlet for oldies and current records. We issue every fortnight a booklet that contains 1,000s of oldies dating back to the 40s until the present day. We have also pages on soul, disco, rock and pop, and country music. The booklet costs (UK) 1 year £1.10, 6 months 70p (Overseas) 1 year £1.75. Wholesale and overseas welcome.

BELOW IS A SMALL SAMPLE OF WHAT YOU'LL FIND IN OUR BOOKLET

OUR TOP 30 ROCK RECORDS

1. **Brownsville Station.** Martian Boogie (85p)
2. **Dictators.** Disease (85p)
3. **Ultravox.** Young Savage (75p)
4. **The Lurkers.** Shadows (75p)
5. **Adverts.** Gary Gilmore's Eyes (75p)
6. **Hawkwind.** Quark, Strangeness And Charm (75p)
7. **Sex Pistols.** God Save The Queen (75p)
8. **Ian Dury.** Sex And Drugs & Rock And Roll (75p)
9. **Stranglers.** Something Better Change (75p)
10. **Mink Deville.** Mixed Up Shook Up Girl/Spanish Stroll (85p)
11. **American Girl.** Tom Petty (75p)
12. **New York Dolls.** Jet Boy (75p)
13. **Sex Pistols.** Pretty Vacant (75p)
14. **Jungle Love.** Steve Miller (75p)
15. **Doobie Bros.** Little Darling (75p)
16. **Blondie Chaplin.** Gimme More Rock 'n' Roll (85p)
17. **David Bowie.** Stay/Word On A Wing (85p)
18. **Kansas.** What's On My Mind (85p)
19. **Ram Jam.** Black Betty (75p)
20. **Hearts.** Barricuda (75p)
21. **Electric Light Orch.** Do Ya (85p)
22. **Bad Company.** Burnin Sky (85p)
23. **Rita Coolidge.** Higher And Higher (85p)
24. **Seaside Woman.** Suzy And The Red Stripes (85p) (Produced by Paul McCartney)
25. **Queen.** Long Away/You And I (85p)
26. **Bob Seger.** Rock And Roll Never Forgets (75p)
27. **Foreigner.** Cold As Ice (75p)
28. **The Boys.** I Don't Care (75p)
29. **Pablo Cruise.** What 'Cha Gonna Do (75p)
30. **The Jam.** All Around The World (75p)

OUR TOP 5 DISCO SOUNDS

1. Space. Tango In Space (85p)
2. **Roy Ayers.** Running Away (85p)
3. **Commodores.** Brickhouse (85p)
4. **Peoples Choice.** Jam Jam Jam (85p)
5. **Rose Royce.** Do Your Dance (85p)

A FEW OF OUR OLDIES

Abba. SOS/Ring (85p)
Ace. How Long (85p)
Aerosmith. Dream On (75p)
Jefferson Airplane. Somebody To Love/White Rabbit (85p)
Jewel Akens. The Birds And The Bees (85p)
Allman Bros. Jessica (75p)
America. A Horse With No Name (85p)
Lynn Anderson. Rose Garden (75p)
Paul Anka. Diana (85p)
Angels. My Boyfriends Back (85p)
Aero Code 615. Stone Fox Chase (75p) (Theme from the Old Grey Whistle Test)
Argent. God Gave Rock And Roll To You (75p)
Frankie Avalon. Venus (85p)
Bachman Turner Overdrive. You Ain't Seen Nothin Yet (85p)
Bad Company. Young Blood (85p)
Lavern Baker. Jim Dandy/See See Rider (85p)
Kenny Ball. Midnight In Moscow (85p)
Fontella Bass. Rescue Me (85p)
Bay City Rollers. Yesterdays Hero (85p)
The Beach Boys. California Girls (85p)
The Beatles. Slow Down/Matchbox (85p)
The Bee Gees. I Started A Joke/Holiday (85p)
Harry Belafonte. Banana Boat Song (85p)
Bellamy Bros. Let Your Love Flow (75p)
Mike Berry. Tribute To Buddy Holly (75p)
Acker Bilk. Stranger On The Shore (75p)
Black Sabbath. Am I Going Insane (75p)
Led Zeppelin. Whole Lotta Love (85p)
Led Zeppelin. Rock And Roll (85p)

BEST NEW RECORD OF THE WEEK

Brownsville Station. The Martian Boogie. Great Heavy Rock Novelty riding up the USA Top 100 (85p)

PLUS MANY MORE.
WRITE FOR LISTS

OVERSEAS: We supply any country and have the fastest service on Singles/l.ps. Send your orders with Cheques, International Money Orders, etc.

POST/PACKING: 1 to 5 records 10p over 5 — 25p Overseas 10p per single
All orders sent by return. We don't keep you waiting for weeks
SEND YOUR P.O. OR CHEQUE TODAY FOR ANY OF THE ABOVE OR OUR BOOKLET

RECORD CORNER (Dept. One)
27 BEDFORD HILL, BALHAM,
LONDON S.W.12 9EX

RECORD and TAPES WANTED

We will buy your LPs and Cassettes for up to **£1.30 each cash.** Any quantity, any age and condition, any form of music accepted.
Bring them (or send them by post) to:
RECORD AND TAPE EXCHANGE LTD., 90 GOLDHAWK ROAD, SHEPHERDS BUSH, LONDON W12 (Tel 01-749 2930)
Large quantities collected from any area.
Estimates on request — enclose SAE with all letters and all goods.
You can also bring your unwanted records and tapes in person to our other record and tapes exchange shops at:
40 NOTTING HILL GATE, LONDON W11
28 PEMBRIDGE ROAD, NOTTING HILL GATE, W11
We pay up to £2.00 each exchange value to callers at shop only — *no postal exchanges*

MISSED THAT HIT SOUND WHOLE IT WAS AROUND?
GET IT FROM THE DEALER WITH ALL THE CLASSICS

All the singles listed below are **ONLY 70p each** and are but a small selection from over 2,000 titles listed at incredible prices
SEND S.A.E. FOR LIST

ANIMALS
House Of The Rising Sun
ARGENT
Hold Your Head Up
BE-BOP DELUXE
Ships In The Night
JANE BIRKIN
Je T'aime
DAVID BOWIE
Life On Mars
CHUBBY CHECKER
Let's Twist Again
CREEDENCE CLEARWATER REVIVAL
Bad Moon Rising
ELECTRIC LIGHT ORCHESTRA
Roll Over Beethoven
BOBBY GOLDSBORO
Honey
AL GREEN
Let's Stay Together
GEORGE HARRISON
My Sweet Lord
HAWKWIND
Silver Machine
HOLLIES
The Air That I Breathe
TERRY JACKS
Seasons In The Sun
ELTON JOHN
Philadelphia Freedom
GLADYS KNIGHT
The Way We Were
VAN McCOY
The Hustle
JOHN MILES
Music
BILLY PAUL
Me And Mrs Jones
QUEEN
Bohemian Rhapsody
ROLLING STONES
Satisfaction
DIANA ROSS & MARVIN GAYE
You Are Everything
SHADOWS
Apache/Wonderful Land
STATUS QUO
Caroline
IKE & TINA TURNER
Nutbush City Limits
WIZZARD
See My Baby Jive

POSTAGE AND PACKING 25p EXTRA ANY NUMBER OF RECORDS

ALSO A GREAT BARGAIN

100 HITS — £13 (+ £2 if overseas)
50 HIT SOUL — £9 (+ £1 if overseas)
50 COUNTRY & WESTERN — £4 (+ £1 if overseas)

OLDIES UNLIMITED DEPARTMENT N
6/12 Stafford Street,
St Georges, TELFORD, SHROPSHIRE TF2 9JQ.

Rock Discounts! up to £1.00 OFF SINGLE ALBUMS!

Send for our bumper Free Mail Order Catalogue listing almost **4,000 TITLES** of brand new unplayed fully guaranteed albums at **HUGE DISCOUNTS!**

Besides our fast service and free news sheets, we offer you

Cheap Imports! Discount Cassettes!
Special Offers! Punk Singles!

Remember — We specialise in Rock

Either phone us at 0484 710660 (24 hour Ansafone) or write to:
OZONE MAIL ORDER, Dept. NME, PO Box 21, 37 Bethel Street, Brighouse, W Yorks HD6 1AB

RECORDS & CASSETTES DIRECT FROM ENGLAND

Vidt Repertoare, over 1000 titler, alle kjennte navn • Lave Priser, post inkludert igjennom velorganisert post-ordre service • Spesielt Tilbud, for enda bedre verdi • Send Idag For GRATIS 48-siders Katalog
JO-JO'S RECORDS, Dept. N2, 60 Adams Street, Birmingham, B7 4AG, England

WEST 4 RECORD COVERS

L.P. Polythene (200 G) 25 £1.00; 50 £1.90; 100 £2.65; 250 £5.70; 500 £10.50; 1000 £17.50. **L.P. Polythene (400 G)** 25 £1.60; 50 £2.70; 100 £4.00; 250 £8.95; 500 £17.00; 1000 £31.50. **L.P. Paper Polylined (inners)** 30 £2.75. **L.P. P.V.C (heavy duty)** 25 £3.15; 50 £6.00; 100 £11.75. **P.V.C. DOUBLE L.P.** 1 @ 30p; 10 £3.00. **Singles Card-/polylined** 30 £2.60. **Singles paper** 100 £2.10. **Singles P.V.C. (Heavy Duty)** 25 £2.50; 50 £4.75; 100 £9.00; **Singles Polythene (400 G)** 50 £1.50; 100 £2.00; 250 £4.50 500 £8.50; 1000 £16.00.
Prices include P.P. in UK & EIRE only. Overseas customers write for list. Cheque or PO with order please, or shoppers welcome to safe postage at: **WEST 4 TAPES & RECORDS, 169 Chiswick High Road, London, W4. Dept: NME**

VIKING ENTERPRISES
39 River Park, Marlborough, Wiltshire. Tel. Marl 2548

ELVIS
Early Imports

Date with Elvis	£3.95
Elvis is Back	£3.95
Elvis Presley	£3.95
For Everyone	£3.95
For L.P. Fans Only	£3.95
Girls Girls Girls	£3.95
Loving You	£3.95
Pot Luck	£3.95
Roust About	£3.95
Girl Happy	£3.95
Fun in Acapulco	£3.95
Paradise Hawaiian Style	£3.95
Golden Records	£3.95
Kissing Cousins	£3.95
Speedway	£3.95
Elvis 20 Golden Hits	£3.75
Moody Blue (Blue vinyl) European version	£4.35

25p p&p per L.P.

Why not order your own Schwann 1 listing all American albums released in the last two years. **95p** incl., p&p. Schwann 2 listing American records over 2 years old **95p** incl. p&p

PLAYBACK RECORDS
3 BUCK STREET, LONDON N.W.1
Records bought, sold, exchanged
Rock, Jazz, Reggae, Soul
Just off Camden High St.
1 minute from tube
Tel: 01-485 1883

3 CASSETTES

Three blank C90 cassettes representing 4½ hours playing time - YOURS

FOR ONLY **£1.99** *POST PAID* WRITE NOW! enclosing Postal order to:-

STAGMOR ENTERPRISES
C/O SEFTON LINK TRADING COMPANY
FORMBY INDUSTRIAL ESTATE
ALTCAR RD. FORMBY, LIVERPOOL L37 8DL

DEEP PURPLE

SPECIAL LIVE JAPANESE IMPORT
LAST CONCERT IN JAPAN
TRACKS
BURN — LOVE CHILD — YOU KEEP ON MOVING — WILD DOGS — LADY LUCK — SMOKE ON THE WATER — SOLDIER OF FORTUNE — WOMAN FROM TOKYO — HIGHWAY STAR

£6.25 + 25p P&P
LIMITED QUANTITY, SO RUSH YOUR POs/CHEQUES TO —
P.F.S.
13 CRANBROOK RD., ILFORD, ESSEX

COB RECORDS

N-120 PORTHMADOG, GWYNEDD, WALES, UK
Tel. (0766) 2170 3185 (10 lines) Mon.-Fri.

★ ★ ★ ***THE MAIL ORDER SPECIALISTS*** ★ ★ ★

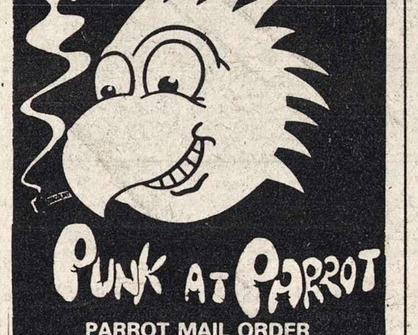
DISCOUNTS TO ALL COUNTRIES

ANY available LPs/Tapes supplied at Discount Prices to U.K. and Overseas customers. Up to 50p discount per LP on U.K. orders and up to 70p discount per LP on Export orders. FREE POSTAGE on all U.K. orders and on most Export orders over £16.00; incredibly low postal charges on smaller Export orders. All items are brand new, factory fresh and are fully guaranteed by us for quality and against loss or damage in transit. Speedy delivery in strong purpose cartons. Substantial extra discounts on orders over £25 (U.K.) and £50.00 (Export). Please write or phone for our FREE COB CATALOGUE listing over 2,000 Top Selling LPs at our usual discount plus many other Brand New LPs on Special Offer of up to £1.25 off full retial price.

ADDITIONAL SERVICES (U.K.) ONLY
RECORD EXCHANGE SERVICE. If you have any unwanted LPs in good condition, we will buy or part exchange them for ANY brand new LPs — up to £1.20 cash paid or up to £1.70 allowed in part exchange. Please send s.a.e. or 'phone for details FIRST (U.K. ONLY).
QUALITY GUARANTEED SECOND HAND LPs. Over 10,000 always in stock; send for FREE catalogue. All second hand LPs are checked for quality before being accepted into stock and are fully guaranteed. These stocks are completely separate from stocks of Brand New LPs (UK ONLY).

SAVE £'s AT COB

PARROT RECORDS



PUNK AT PARROT

PARROT MAIL ORDER
PARROT HOUSE,
LIMETREE PASSAGE,
SAFFRON WALDEN, ESSEX
Telephone 0799 21870

£1.00 off the following Albums

BOOMTOWN RATS	£2.99
VAN DER GRAFF The Quiet Zone And The Pleasure Dome	£2.50
LONE STAR Firing On All Six	£2.79
THE STOOGES Metalic KO (30 in stock, phone to reserve)	£3.99
THE BOYS The Boys (coming soon)	£2.49
IGGY POP Lust For Life (coming soon)	£2.49
HITS BIGGEST STIFFS (Coming soon)	£2.99
ELVIS COSTELLO My Aim Is True	£2.50
STRANGLERS IV Rattus Norvegicus	£2.75
JONATHAN RICHMAN Rock 'n Roll With Modern Lovers	£2.50
MINK DE VILLE	£2.89
TELEVISION	£2.49
DAMNED Damned Damned Damned	£2.50
TOM PETTY	£2.50
THE JAM In The City	£2.59
BLONDIE	£2.89
EDDIE & THE HOT RODS Teenage Depression	£2.50
LIVE AT C.B.G.B's Various American Punks (double)	£4.49
LIVE AT THE ROXY WC2 Various U.K. Punks	£2.89
BUNCH OF STIFFS Various Stiff Punks	£2.50
THE CLASH	£2.79
COUNT BISHOPS	£2.39
NEW YORK DOLLS Only 2 Albums Repackaged	£3.99
FLAMIN' GROOVIES Shake Some Action	£2.50
FLAMIN' GROOVIES Repackaged, Flamingo, Teenage Head	£2.50
DICTATORS Manifest Destiny	£2.49
MC5 Kick Out The Jams	£2.49
MC5 Back In The U.S.A	£2.49
RAMONES 1st Sire LP	£2.50
RAMONES Leave Home	£2.50
RUNAWAYS Queens Of Noise	£2.50
RUNAWAYS 1st Album	£2.50
STOOGES Fun House	£2.49
STOOGES The Stooges	£2.49
IGGY POP The Idiot	£2.49
SAINTS I'm Stranded	£2.89
PATTI SMITH Horses	£2.29
PATTI SMITH Radio Ethiopia	£2.49
THE RUMOUR Max	£2.50
ULTRAVOX	£2.50
VIBRATORS Pure Mania	£2.79
TUBES Now	£2.79
KISS Love Gun	£2.99
KISS Alive	£4.25
GRAHAM PARKER Heat Treatment	£2.50
GRAHAM PARKER Howlin' Wind	£2.50
BOB MARLEY Exodus	£2.50
BURNING SPEAR Dry & Heavy	£2.50
MAX ROMEO Reconstruction	£2.50
RICO The Man From Wareika	£2.50
RY COODER Show Time	£2.49
BLUE OYSTER CULT Agents of Fortune	£2.79
BLUE OYSTER CULT On Your Feet (Double)	£3.99
SPIRIT Future Games	£2.50
BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN Born To Run	£2.79
TOM WAITS Small Change	£2.49
FRANK ZAPPA Zoot Allures	£2.49
DWIGHT TWILLEY BAND Sincerely	£2.50
THE BABYS	£2.50
GEILS Monkey Island	£2.49
MOTORHEAD Motorhead	£2.39
DAVE EDMUNDS Get it	£2.49
NEIL YOUNG American Stars & Bars	£2.49

12 inchers

TOM PETTY American Girl	90p
KISS And Then She Kissed Me	90p
DELROY WASHINGTON Give All Praise To Jah	90p

P & P: 1 Item—35p; 2—50p; 3—65p; 4—80p; 5—95p;
Over 5 Free (Europe 50p per LP)

Mail Order to:
PARROT HOUSE,
LIMETREE PASSAGE,
SAFFRON WALDEN, ESSEX. Tel. 21870
Cheques/P.O.s made payable to Parrot Records, Ipswich

Shops at:
24 QUEEN STREET, IPSWICH, SUFFOLK. TEL. 56819
4 BALKERNE PASSAGE, COLCHESTER, ESSEX. TEL. 40295

Prices apply for one week only

Bruces Record Shop

THE ORIGINAL VINYL JUNKIES PARADISE

THE VALVES

"Robot Love"/"For Adolf's Only"
Best single of the year out now on Zoom. Price 65p

7" SINGLES

THE JOLT: You're Cold (pic)	64p
THE EXILE: Don't Tax Me E.P. (pic)	£1.00
ADVERTS: Gary Gilmore's Eyes (pic)	64p
BUZZCOCKS: Spiral Scratch E.P. (pic)	£1.25
CREATION: Making Time (pic)	70p
PORK DUKES: Bend And Flush (pic)	80p
IAN DURY: Sex 'n' Drugs 'n' Rock 'n' Roll (pic)	64p
WRECKLESS ERIC: Whole Wide World (pic)	64p
LURKERS: Shadow (pic)	70p
NOSEBLEEDS: Ain't Bin To No Music School (pic)	70p
DESPERATE BICYCLES: The Medium Was Tedium (pic)	70p
RADIO STARS: Stop It! E.P. (pic)	£1.00
REZILLOS: I Can't Stand My Baby (pic)	64p
SEX PISTOLS: Anarchy In The U.K. (French imp. pic.)	£1.50
SQUEEZE: Packet Of Three E.P. (pic)	80p
9.9.9.: I'm Alive (pic)	70p
GENERATION X: Your Generation (pic)	64p
ELVIS COSTELLO: Alison (pic)	64p
DAMNED: Problem Child (pic)	64p
VIBRATORS: London Girls (pic)	64p
FLAMIN' GROOVIES: Slow Death E.P. (pic)	99p
RUBINOOS: I Think We're Alone Now (pic)	49p
STRANGLERS: Something Better Change (pic)	64p
ELVIS COSTELLO: Red Shoes	64p
ELVIS COSTELLO: Less Than Zero	64p
DRIVE: Jerkin'	70p
SUBURBAN STUDS: Questions	70p
TELEVISION: Little Johnny Jewel (imp.)	£1.50
WARM: Crazy Daisy Lady	65p
PINK FAIRIES: Between The Lines	64p
ADVERTS: One Chord Wonders	64p
SNATCH: Stanley/I.R.T. (imp. pic.)	£1.25

12" SINGLES

BOOMTOWN RATS: Lookin' After No.1	75p
TOM PETTY: Anything That's Rock 'n' Roll	70p
MOTORHEAD: Motorhead	£1.00
TELEVISION: Prove It (green vinyl)	70p
DICTATORS: Search And Destroy	70p
DR. FEELGOOD: She's A Windup	99p
JOHN CALE: Animal Justice	£1.25
PATTI SMITH: Gloria/My Generation	70p

ALBUMS

ELVIS COSTELLO: My Aim Is True	£2.99
BOOMTOWN RATS: First	£3.29
JAM: In The City	£2.80
MOTORHEAD: First	£3.19
STRANGLERS: IV Rattus Norvegicus	£3.29
JONATHAN RICHMAN AND THE MODERN LOVERS: Rock 'n' Roll With the Modern Lovers	£3.40
DAMNED: Damned, Damned, Damned	£3.29
VARIOUS: Bunch Of Stiffs	£3.29
VARIOUS: New Wave	£2.35
VARIOUS: Roxy, London WC2	£3.69
RAMONES: First	£3.30
RAMONES: Leave Home	£3.30
CLASH: First	£3.59
MINK DE VILLE: First	£3.69
PATTI SMITH: Horses	£3.09
PATTI SMITH: Radio Ethiopia	£3.29
VIBRATORS: Pure Mania	£3.59
RUBINOOS: First (US import)	£4.50
RODERICK FALCONER: Victory In Rock City	£3.29
NEW YORK DOLLS: Double Compilation	£4.69

INCLUDED IN EVERY ORDER IS A COPY OF BRUCE'S NEWSLETTER "CRIPES" WHICH INCLUDES OUR MAIL ORDER LIST.
POSTAGE AND PACKING — 7" SINGLES 10p EACH, 12" SINGLES AND ALBUMS 25p EACH PLUS 15p FOR EACH ADDITIONAL ITEM. PRICES IN THIS LIST APPLY ONLY TO MAIL ORDER FROM:

BRUCES RECORD SHOP
79 ROSE STREET, EDINBURGH
Tel. 031-226 2804

PUNK At Bonaparte OK

BONAPARTE MAIL ORDER
101 George Street, Croydon, Surrey, CR0 1LE.

45s and EPs

*ADVERTS/One Chord	65p
ADVERTS/Gary Gilmore	65p
BOYS/I Don't Care	65p
BOYS/First Time	65p
ASHPLANT JUNGLE/EP	£1.15
ALBERTOS/Snugg Rock EP	75p
ALEX CHILTON/Singer EP	£1.99
*CLASH/Remote Control	65p
CLASH/White Riot	65p
*ELVIS COSTELLO/Less Than Zero	65p
ELVIS COSTELLO/Alison	65p
ELVIS COSTELLO/Red Shoes	65p
CREATION/Making Time	65p
*DAMNED/Neat Neat Neat	65p
DAMNED/Problem Child	65p
D. BICYCLES/Smokescreen	65p
D. SMOKESCREEN/Medium Tedium	65p
DRONES/White Collar EP	89p
*DR. FEELGOOD/She's A Windup	65p
DR FEELGOOD/All other 45s	65p
IAN DURY/Sex & Drugs etc	65p
EATER/Outside View	65p
EATER/U.S.A.	65p
*HOTRODS/Writing	65p
HOTRODS/Wooly Bully	65p
HOTRODS/Might Be Lying	65p
HOTRODS/Marquee EP	89p
HOTRODS/Sound Of Speed EP	89p
HOTRODS/Do Anything You Wanna	65p
ROKY ERICSON/Bermuda	65p
ELECTRIC CHAIRS/EP	85p
FAB. POODLES/Summers Thru	65p
GEN X/Your Generation	65p
ROBERT GORDON/Red Hot	75p
GORILLAS/Shes My Gal	65p
GORILLAS/Gatecrasher	65p
GORILLAS/Really Got Me	65p
MICK FARREN/Play With Fire	£1.50
GROOVIES/Cant Explain	£1.15
GROOVIES/Teenage Head	65p
GROOVIES/Shake Some Action	70p
GROOVIES/Slow Death EP	89p
GROOVIES/Him Or Me	£1.50
*HEARTBREAKERS/Chinese Rox	70p
*RICHARD HELL/Blank Gen. EP	£1.50
HOLLYWOOD STARS/All The Kids	65p
HOT KNIVES/Hey Granma	£1.00
*IGGY/China Girl	65p
*JAM/In The City	65p
JAM/All Around	65p
GREG KIHN/Madison Ave. Man	65p
KILLJOYS/Johnny Won't	65p
WAYNE KRAMER/Ramblin' Rose	£1.00
LITTLE BOB/I'm Crying EP	89p
LITTLE BOB/All Or Norting	65p
NICK LOWE/Bowi EP	75p
LURKERS/Shadow	65p
MC5/Borderline	£1.15
METAL URBAN/Panik	£1.15
MOTORS/Dancin The Nite Away	65p
MODERN LOVERS/Egyptian Reggae	65p
MINK DE VILLE/Spanish Stroll	75p
MINK DE VILLE/Little Girl (out soon)	75p
NOSEBLEEDS/Music School	65p
ONLY ONES/Lovers Of Today	65p
*TOM PETTY/Anything	65p
TOM PETTY/American Girl	65p
PINK FAIRIES/Between The Lines	75p
PLUMMET AIRLINES/Silver Shirt	£1.50
POPPEES/If She Cries	£1.25
PORK DUKES/Bend & Flush	65p
PRIX/Girl EP	£1.50
*GRAHAM PARKER/Pink Parker EP	65p
*RAMONES/all 45s	65p
REZILLOS/Can't Stand My Baby	75p
RADIO STARS/Dirty Pix	65p
RADIO STARS/Stop It EP	89p
RADIATORS/T.V. Screen	65p
ROOGALATOR/Single Girl	65p
RUBINOOS/I Think We're Alone	49p
*SAINTS/Stranded	65p
SAINTS/Erotic Neurotic	75p
SAINTS/Perfect Day	75p
*SEX PISTOLS/Anarchy (Import)	£1.35
SEX PISTOLS/God Save	65p
SEX PISTOLS/Pretty Vacant	65p
*PATTI SMITH/Gloria (imp.)	£1.15
PATTI SMITH/Ask The Angles	£1.15
*SLAUGHTER & DOGS/Cranked Up	70p
SNATCH/I.R.T	£1.15
CHRIS STAMEY/Summer Sun	£1.50
SQUEEZE/Packet of Three	85p
*STRANGLERS/All 45s (each)	65p
*TELEVISION/Little Johnny	£1.50
TELEVISION/Marquee Moon	65p
TELEVISION/Prove It	65p
TYLA GANG/Suicide Jockey	£1.15
TYLA GANG/Dust On The Needle	65p
DWIGHT TWILLEY/Tryin' To Get Back (new)	65p
*TALKING HEADS/Love Goes	65p
ULTRAVOX/Young Savage	65p
USERS/Sick Of You	65p
*VELVETS/White Heat EP	£1.50
VENUS A RAZORBLADES/I Wanna Be	65p
VENUS & RAZORBLADES/Punkarama c/w Alright You Guys (pic sleeve)	65p
CHERRY VANILLA/The Punk	65p
*VIBRATORS/Pogo Dancing	70p
VIBRATORS/We Vibrate	70p
VIBRATORS/Baby Baby	65p
VIBRATORS/London Girls	65p
WACKERS/Capt. Nemo	£1.25
MAX WALL/England's Glory	65p
WRECKLESS ERIC/Whole Wide World	65p

Hundreds of badges available as marked *, priced at 40p, 30p, 20p and 10p — too numerous to list
Please send lists of your choice of bands. Minimum order £1.00 — approximately six badges. Refund if not satisfied.

12in Singles

*BOOMTOWN RATS/Lookin' After No. 1	75p
JOHN CALE/Animal Justice	£1.19
*DR. FEELGOOD/She's A Windup	75p
KRAFTWORK/Showroom Dummies	75p
LONDON/12in E.P.	75p
*MOTORHEAD/Motorhead	£1.00
MOTORS/Danin' The Nite Away	75p
DICTATORS/Search & Destroy	75p
ONLY ONES/Lovers Of Today	75p
SAINTS/This Perfect Day	75p
SLAUGHTER & THE DOGS/New Single	75p
PATTI SMITH/Gloria/My Generation (uncensored)	75p

Natty 12 Inchers!! Rest!

GEORGE FAITH/All The Love I've Got	95p
GEORGE FAITH/Midnight Hour	95p
RICO/Dial Africa	95p
DELROY WASHINGTON/Give All Praise	75p
U. ROY/Small Axe	75p
BUNNY WAILER/Get Up, Stand Up	£1.50
COCAINE IN MY BRAIN/Dillinger	£1.50
WAREIKA/Dub LP by Rico	£2.99 (album)

Albums

NEW RELEASES (in advance)	
BOYS/First Album	£2.99
IGGY/Lust For Life	£2.99
BOWIE/Heroes	£2.99
IAN DRURY/New Boots & Panties	£2.99
MOTORS/Motors I	£2.99
STIFF'S GREATEST HITS (with free Max Wall 45)	£2.99
HEARTBREAKERS/Lamf	£2.99
STRANGLERS/No More Heroes	£2.99
RICHARD HELL & VOIDOIDS (U.S. Import)	£4.50
TALKING HEADS/'77 (U.S. Import)	£4.50
DEAD BOYS/Young Loud & Snotty (U.S. Import)	£4.50

Already released

ALL: — IGGY POP, MOTORHEAD, OUTSIDERS, RAMONES, ELVIS C., DAMNED, BUNCH OF STIFFS, CLASH, BISHOPS, FEELGOODS, SAINTS, STRANGLERS, RODS, JAM, MINK DE VILLE, PETTY, PARKER, RUNAWAYS, PATTI, LIVE at the ROXY, ULTRAVOX, TWILLEY, VIBRATORS, TV.

DICTATORS/Go Girl Crazy (U.S. Import)	£4.50
DICTATORS/Manifest Destiny	£2.99
GROOVIES/Supersnazz (Import)	£4.25
BIONIC GOLD/Various (excellent LP!)	£4.99
IGGY & STOOGES/Metallic KO	£3.99
MODERN LOVERS/Rock'n'roll	£2.99
BOOMTOWN RATS LP	£2.99
"LIVE AT THE RAT"/Various (double import)	6.49
CHISWICK SAMPLER	£1.99
NEW WAVE SAMPLER	£2.25
NEW YORK DOLLS/double	£4.50
VELVETS/live 1969 (double import)	£5.50
VELVETS/Loaded	£2.99
VELVETS/1st, White Light, 3rd album (each)	£2.75
VELVETs/live at Max's	£1.99
M.C.5/hHgh Time (import)	£4.25

Free badge with all orders purchased in shops

Mail Order only to Croydon Shop. Postage (UK) 7" — 10p each, 5 or more × 7" — 5p each, 12" & LPs — 20p each (Europe) 7" — 25p each, 5 or more × 7" — 15p each, 12" & LPs — 50p each.
101 George Street, Croydon, Surrey.
7 Phoenix Court, Guildford, Surrey.
31 Market Square, Bromley, Kent.

Glamorous HARRY CHAPIN *Pic: DENIS O'REGAN*

What kinda goddam country is this I've woken up in?

Harry Chapin
RAINBOW THEATRE

I USED TO KNOW a roadie who once drove an equipment van onto a ferry, bound, or so he thought, for a West German gig. He went to sleep and awoke the next day without realising he was in *East* Germany, without the correct papers and totally baffled by the agitation of the people who surrounded him

I felt something akin to his mystification at Harry Chapin's performance. "What's this all about?" I kept asking the friend I came with. She, equally uncomprehending, grew so bored she took to mentally adding up the number of calories she'd consumed during the day.

Chapin was the central figure in one of those rituals in the dark through which his following applauds hysterically with delighted recognition at the very first bar of every song (not only his UK biggie "Cat's In The Cradle", but even the new ones from the brand new "Dance Band On The Titanic"), sings along, vibrates with rapport and participates in interminable humorous routines. Meanwhile the journalists whisper down the aisles at each other: "What's this?"

Audiences are my favourite part of gigs. I like to try to imagine where they live and what they do and who else they like and all that stuff. This time I was completely stumped.

Chapin is a hearty, energetically congenial New Yorker with obvious roots in both the Greenwich Village folk scene and the Broadway musical tradition. He is so overwhelmingly American in that open, larger than life, "concerned" sort of way that he is predictably big in the States with moderately hip, middle class, liberal-thinking, sort of sensitive and aware 25-35 year olds. Yet he went down a storm with a full house of people to whom I would have thought both the material and the approach was alien.

Now, you never can tell beforehand what effect these intensely personal types are going to have on you. When I went to hear Dory Previn, for instance, I expected an evening of musical premenstrual tension and instead was entranced. But Chapin affected me like those US cabaret giants whose gigs at places like the Palladium are padded out with uniquely corny raps about their wives, children and pets, the state of the nation and the plight of the underprivileged.

Chapin comes across as one hell of a nice man. He even puts his money where his mouth is and flogs his poetry in the foyer, with the proceeds going to feed starving people (the ones in America, I hope).

Nevertheless, if you were born to boogie, suffer from teenaged depression or are just lookin' after number one, most of the evening would have meant zilch.

Musically Chapin utilises a guitar, bass, drums, piano and cello ensemble imaginatively. The sound was lovely, the intricate arrangements and harmonies highly effective. His very theatrical savvy in the delivery of his narrative songs invariably found its mark in the audience.

So perhaps it's a failing in me that I was just embarrassed by such earnest songs as the one about how he met his wife (she, married to a building contractor, took weekly guitar lessons from him, then a poor but romantic young fellow, and said "I want to learn a love song, Harry"), while many of his less intensely personal songs — about a soldier and a prostitute; a 19th century plains farmer and his mail-order bride; a whaler's widow; country and western pastiches — seem to me to bear a relation to the real thing similar to that which Californian TV cop shows do to law enforcement.

Yet sometimes others, such as the sad "Taxi" (the song that was one of the main inspirations for the film *Taxi Driver)* and the chilling "Sniper" are very real, articulate and dramatic portraits. "Mr Tanner" effectively hit at critics by describing quite poignantly a man who just sang because he loved to and was destroyed by prosey put-downs.

I'm not putting down Harry Chapin at all, honest. He does what he does with charm and strength and obviously strikes a chord of recognition in his fans. It was just uncannily like walking into the wrong party, that's all . . . or waking up in the wrong country.

Angie Errigo

BARBARELLAS

A Punk Festival Report

THE MARGINALLY diverting glut of punk/etc mini-anthologies shows no apparent sign of ending. Documenting places and/or periods, all these mismatched, patchy compilations are destined, if nothing else, to be bona-fide collector curios in time to come — despite (or perhaps because of) their uncomfortable contrivance. Phonogram, having chronicled only they know what with their dishevelled "New Wave" sampler, have apparently decided to create a more indigenous, coherent follow-up.

Shielding the news from the music press, Phonogram hired Birmingham Barbarellas for bank holiday Monday, trapped thirteen punk/etc groups ranging from the lower second division (Eater, Drones and Bethnal) way down to the obscure depths of such as The Verdicts, Rudi and the Rationals and D. Features, and spoonfed them out to an increasingly dazed audience for twelve hours (2pm to 2am). Out of this they no doubt intend to cultivate some sparkling 14-track 'now' artifact destined to shoot chart-ways immediately. In its deodorised distortion of the star-for-fifteen-minutes concept, it's almost an art-from in itself; tinned groups.

The Roxy album, with Wire and The Unwanted, audaciously pointed the way to instant chart success whilst effectively retaining total obscurity, and the resultant Phonogram disc could well extend this principle to ridiculous lengths. Some groups even look set to make careers out of it; The Unwanted and Eater, both tucked away on the Roxy album, also appeared at Birmingham. A serious business.

What kind of record Phonogram will ultimately serve is puzzling. Documenting neither period nor venue, the subject matter is thus immediately more relevant than the Roxy, CBGBs, Max's and Rats albums — and that's a blot on the concept. It's a clinical, conditioned operation, its indifferent manipulation possessing none of the other albums' curious voyeurism. It would have been a lot more interesting if the mini-festival had at least been arranged before the idea to record occurred, instead of vice-versa. . .

All is not lost, though, because with genuine application and a hell of a lot of trimming, a busy, listenable album could be the result. How pointless.

The day itself — exhausting, intriguing, silly, disturbing, depressing — was an, um, experience. It indicated uphappily that all that is dramatically fresh amongst the new wave could well be suffocated by the many new punk bands' stereotyped obsessions. That so many new bands should form is healthy; that so many of the new bands spin frantically on the spot unable to expand on original themes is not. The four key words are riff, frantic, despise, fed up.

At Barbarellas only one band genuinely shone out as being different, fresh. **The Worst.** The Worst's alarming aural minimalism — a sandpapered hybrid of bleached Hawkwind and "Case History" Kevin Coyne — and their total lack of orthodox techniques provoke immediate alienation and scorn. But it works because it is so totally unpretentious and

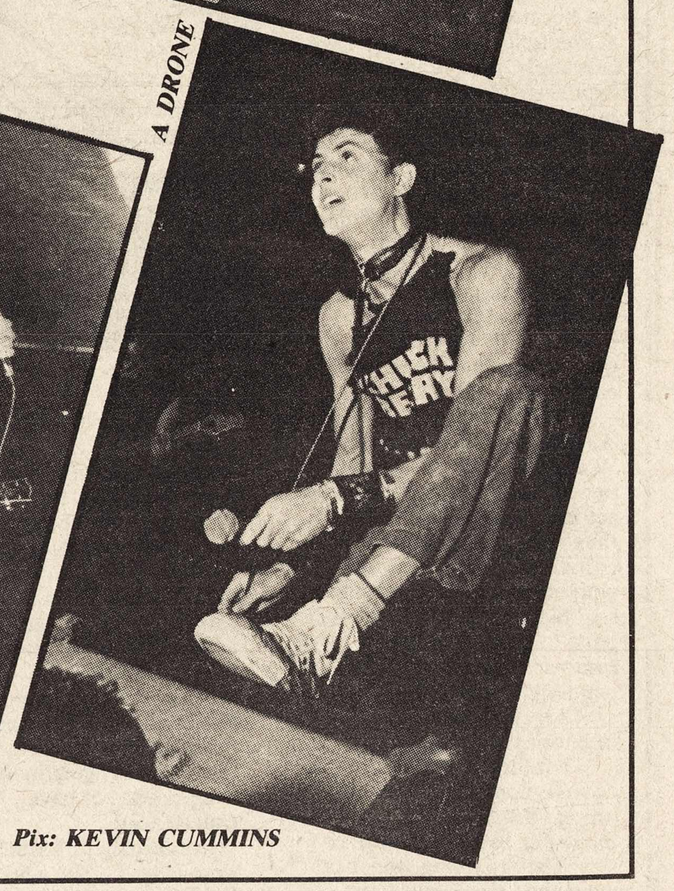
● *Continued over page*

A WORST

A MODEL MANIA

A VICTIM

A DRONE



Report: PAUL MORLEY

Pix: KEVIN CUMMINS

● *From previous page*

spontaneous, possessing absolutely no pose, and these lads mean it. When they sing about police, desperation, paranoia, mind control, habitual sex, hard times, you feel it.

Not one of the other bands touched any nerves. They were either entertaining or hypocritical or pretentious or ludicrous or any combination of all four. The Worst just were.

Prior to The Worst were The Verdicts, The Drones and Rudi and the Rationals. **The Verdicts** were easily forgettable condensed R&B — obvious affected punk trappings, little impact or energy. **The Drones,** the logical band to conclude the 'event', played so early in the day because they were gigging at Sheffield that evening. Busy lads lately, they're impressive exponents of no frills fast seventy seven pop.

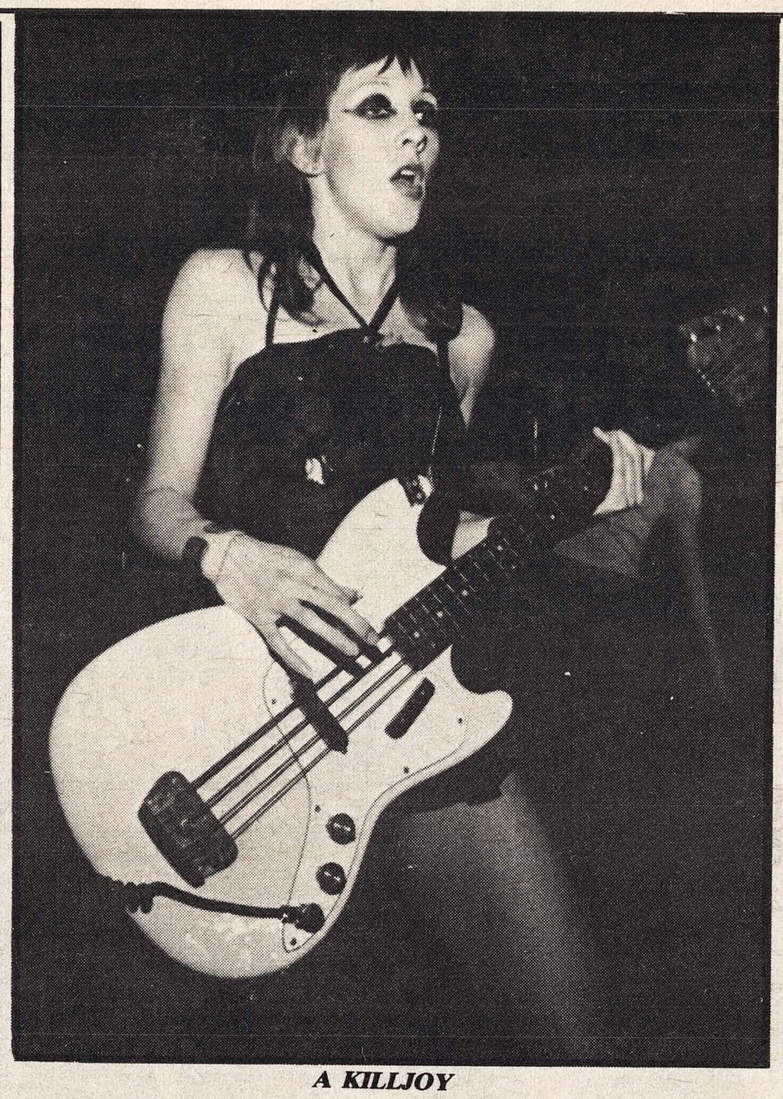
When **Rudi and the Rationals** didn't play it frantic they were hollow; and, when frantic, irritating. Always unimaginative. The only interesting moment was a promising fractured instrumental passage; they finished with a tedious jam thrown loosely around a bare riff and that was it.

Liverpool's **The Accelerators** followed The Worst and were obvious beneficiaries of the neat sound set-up. They sounded good; they're a five-piece (two guitars, bass, drums, vocals with occasional electric piano) so it helps for the individual parts to come through. Their songs are basically a slightly clumsy if resourceful updating of R&B riffs, but at least their intentions are positive.

What they sing about seems obvious and bland, but the music's thickness and intriguing twists make up for this. They're trying, which is more than most; give them time.

By now, five groups on, people were beginning to get restless or drunk. I couldn't afford to get drunk, and after The Accelerators there was a massive gap before the next group, **D. Features,** appeared. Tedium-ber-dum-berdum. Finally, D. Features sprang on stage. A curious group, I couldn't quite decide whether their insistent simplicity and revolving sub-reggae consistency was intentional or due to limited rehearsal (they were four days old. . .). I decided the latter, as the group's blatant chugging minimalism was spoilt by silly vocal mannerism and drum rolls. A young group, though!

If there's some hope for D. Features, there seems none whatsoever for **The Victims** — when the posers drift away from this year's fad into something else they'll be playing to no one. I don't want to hear about their problems, and apart from the furious riffing that's all they've got to offer.



A KILLJOY

Their musical attributes can't be denied, but they're so plastic. These modest, homely lads would no doubt be playing C&W if it was this year's thing — and Phonogram were recording it. They grin, charge around the stage, plough through a series of indistinguishable shiny pneumatic riffs and sing forcefully about things they can't possibly genuinely comprehend or have experienced.

Local heroes **Model Mania** were next. Led by a humorous Jim Baines type character, they were very "Loaded" lightweight and even did a note-for-note "Sweet Jane". Totally riff-orientated with little variation, but there's a fun group fighting to get out. They've one great fluke song, a glorious faulty melody above a straight Velvet rip-off riff, called "You Throw Shit In My Face", which they did twice and could well be this album "Oh Bondage!"

Next the exhausting, passionately magnetic **Killjoys.** Frantic is too mild a word for them. Their slowest number was a speeded up "Great Balls Of Fire", which was sandwiched between a series of frenzied, hurtling but tightly controlled tunes that defied any sensible bounds of endurance. The visually bizarre lady bassist threw herself around the stage with a mean masochistic relish, avoiding near hysterically the never-ending shower of spittle, amazingly ripping out some wonderful bass runs.

She looked like a rabid lizard. Two lead singers, a vile, vehement guy and an evil, vampish lady emphasised the band's contrived degradation. Perversely pleasurable.

Bethnal appeared next — having recently signed for Phonogram the album should be quite an initial showcase for them. They are, I suppose, a very good, very slick heavy metal combo, with additives — violin, keyboards, and scything, Chapmanesque lead vocals. Their own songs are anonymous but terrifyingly powerful and faultlessly played, with plenty of openings for hot screechy violin bursts from the multi-talented Greek Cypriot George Csapo — who also supplies the Chapman voice and keyboards.

But it's sterile, and little more than a showcase for Csapo's talents — the kind of pointless technical virtuosity punk/etc is supposed to despise and make pains to eradicate. But then Bethnal are about as new wave as a carpet.

The Unwanted; sounding immediately tougher than the last time I saw them — in fact the Roxy recording date. Still a shambles. Mock-aggressive chip-on-the-shoulder riff-routines. Sludgy and dead-end. A song called "Fuck The Jubilee" outlined their subtle and unusual approach to the genre, whilst a meaningful, poetic rework of Nancy Sinatra's "Boots" *("These boots will kick the shit out of you")* soothed me away to sleep.

I slept mercifully. Soon, however, Andy Blade's nauseous immature whine shot through me like a drill, more limited riffs as **Eater's** blind unsubtleties hammered my head. Half asleep, I vaguely heard Andy Blade wonder aloud if the album was gonna be better than the Roxy one. No one gave a damn.

"Outside View" is by far their best song, a fluke. Andy Blade's middle name is 'Moan'. I slept. When I woke up the DJ was playing that teenybop record "Gary Gilmore's Eyes" for the twenty-fifth time.

By now I was riff-shocked out of my head, but retained enough sensibility to be disgusted/upset at the sick **Rejects,** who are the definitive (I hope) bandwagon jumpers. And I've been trying hard not to use that word all through the piece.

A cabaret quartet fronted by an ultra-smart Alec, condescension and smooth idiocy his forte. When they frantically/riffed a song called "The King Is Dead", which the singer cringingly claimed he had written a week before Elvis "went and died on me"; I walked out.

What are Phonogram trying to do? Easy, make money. Did they even give a damn who they booked — except, for obvious reasons, Bethnal. There was the occasionally entertaining band I'd make efforts to see again (The Accelerators, Drones, Killjoys) and the potential boring biggies Bethnal, but out of thirteen groups only The Worst genuinely mark where punk is.

Or, more realistically, where it should be — yes, I'm so naive and idealistic I thought some semblance of control, fun and fight was going to be retained by punk/etc. Punk is now just a glossy commercial term.

They're going to call the album "Punk 77", and perhaps The Victims, Eater, Unwanted, The Rejects, The Verdicts et al are truthful depictions of the increasing stagnation of what was once clear and open. Circumstances are not allowing new bands time for development — but then they don't have to. Audiences are conditioned to like everything remotely pogoable and aggressive.

Punk/etc is eating itself up — frantically — and only a small majority of new bands are actually THINKING.

The album will be a reflection of this impending redundant punk superficiality — unless Phonogram go brave and give side one to The Worst and side two to The Killjoys. Ha ha ha.

To produce an album that highlights what's really struggling deep down beneath this year's dross, five bands have to be considered before all else: The Worst, The Slits, Siouxsie and the Banshees, The Prefects and Subway Sect. But, of course, that's not real, that's risky.

Paul Morley

Lesser Known Tunisians The Movies Gags Babylon

DINGWALLS

OBLIVIOUS TO THE fact that tomorrow sees the beginning of Babylon in London 1977, may I draw your attention to four white bands currently doing their thing . . .

Lesser Known Tunisians may well even be that — at first glance I thought I was watching Mother Superior again. Nothing so outrageous. This is a band that attempts to shock shock shock — their girl lead guitarist has even grown a moustache. But on the whole they're just acting out a fantasy — playing with the idea of being totally stoopid. Take the piss out of the Ragnomes by playing "Sheena Is A Punk Rocker" at 33⅓ instead of 45 (from an original idea by J.Peel one night — damn clever, these 12" singles) and finish your set with "The Theme From Sweeney" . . .

Yes, friends, wanna hear it for originality.

Records. The disco at Dingwalls always confused me. But tonight! Enlightenment. Steve Miller. Donna Summer. Tom Petty. It's a haven of peace in this modern world. Escape into dancing. What do you think about when you're dancing? It just helps you believe money can buy real, tangible (and girls you can dance to it!) HAPPIN*E*S*S!

Witness The Movies. Beautiful clothes. Beautiful instruments and a two kilowatt (2,000 watts) P.A.

Good points — nonpunk. A gimmick they don't need — tuning problems between every number, song etc. Too bleeding loud!

Professional tricks to make you believe they aren't as good as they really are: (1) Front man drops plectrum — band panic (I nearly offered one of mine till I sussed it) — and (2) Front man (same one) pretends to play slide guitar while feigning techno problems with guitar — you can't hear him (later he really plays it). Where are you at? Movies — a bunch of actors; acting rock 'n roll.

Gags. Now there's a good punk name for ya! Visions of an organist with a rubber hood complete with stopping device! Imagine my surprise to see Eric Clapton jamming with Randy Newman!

Gags are a band with something most groups don't even contemplate — potential. The very elixir of life itself. I saw them from "Stormy Monday Blues" — absolutely straight.

There's Randy Newman on keyboards, centre stage and sporting racing colours.

Against this you have a rare breed of guitarist — the most pure of all — a guy who tries to play like Eric (circa Derek and Dominoes). Good songs, good vocals from pianist — and they weren't acting. I applauded.

Babylon used to be The Sadista Sisters.

Lady bass player, lady vocalist/frontwoman. Male guitarist, male keyboards, and I couldn't see the drummer. Like The Movies, it's another "act". If you want to see The Little Ladies live go see Babylon. Tough little woman, you're almost a man. I'm getting sick of female musicians trying to play like men. Did they really open the set with a song called "I Wanna Be One Of The Boys"? (Once again — good musicians, though).

Did I really see three very famous rockstars doing lines in the toilet? Did the entire population of Dingwalls really go down to the Speak? Both nights?!!

Sue Denom

MOCCASINS!
FOR CASUAL COMFORT

more practical than ordinary slippers, more comfortable than shoes. In tan coloured REAL SUEDE LEATHER complete with stitched outersole — just lace up and they're ready to wear. Thick fur fabric linings supplied at extra charge of 75p per pair if required. Mens, Womens sizes 3-10. Cheques/POs to: Dept NE Fig Fashions, Armroyd Lane, Elsecar, Barnsley, Yorks. Orders despatched within 14 days of receipt. *FRINGED MOCCASIN KNEE HIGH BOOTS now available, send s.a.e. for details.

ELVIS

This, beautiful, gleaming, Sterling Silver, unisex Pendant and Choker Chain comes to you direct from manufacturing silversmith, for under £8, inclusive of VAT. A terrific saving, cutting out shop mark-up prices of more than 100%. Guaranteed to make you the envy of your friends and colleagues. A real eye-catcher. **Send no money now,** but write for details enclosing a **stamped addressed envelope,** as demand will be enormous. So hurry now! Don't be disappointed. Orders dealt with in strict rotation. Delivery is expected to be from 7 to 28 days.

Write to:— Cal Howard, P.O. Box 19, 10 London Street, Basingstoke, Hants., or Telephone Basingstoke 61735.

TO ADVERTISE IN THIS SECTION RING: 01-261 6153

Hallmarked Sterling Silver Necklace
£3·99 +20p p&p

Delight yourself or someone else with this sterling silver necklace in attractive gift pack. Money back guarantee. Send cheque or PO to: **Brookside Studios Ltd (Dept S) Brookside : Beare Green : Dorking : Surrey.**

NEW
GET INTO THE ORIGINAL GRINGO LEATHER WAISTCOAT — THE NEW STYLE
GREAT WITH DENIMS!

THE GRINGO WAISTCOAT is made from quality, tough, supple leather with copper finish stud fasteners All double-stitched for strength
Colours Tan and Dark Brown
Only: £9.75
inc. P&P!!
money back if not satisfied. Send name address, cheques, P.O.'s stating chest/bust size, for prompt and friendly service to—

ONLY £9.75!
GRINGO Casuals Co.
Buy it with Access
56 Tavistock Street, Bedford, Beds
PLEASE STATE CARD NOS. WITH ORDER
BARCLAYCARD VISA
NEW

Levi's Lee Wrangler

1. WRANGLER OR LEE WESTERN JKT. Original western style. 14oz heavy indigo denim. Sizes 32" 34" 36" 38" 42" 44" 46". **PRICE £12.95.**
2. LEVI'S T-SHIRT Really nice plain t-shirt with Levi's motif on sleeve. 100% cotton. Colours Black, Navy, White, Red and Lt. Blue (State 2nd choice) Sm (34"-36") M (38") Lge (40"). **PRICE £3.50.**
3. LEVI'S ZIPPER SWEATSHIRT Made in USA. Top Quality. Sizes Sm (34"-36") M (36"-38") Lge (40"-42"). Colours Lt. Blue, Lt Grey, Dk Grey, Black & Pillar Box Red (State 2nd choice). **PRICE £8.99.**
4. WRANGLER HOOD SWEATSHIRT Slipover style. Made in USA. Top Quality. Colours Red, Navy, Mid Blue, Bottle Green. Sizes Sm (34"-36") M (38"-40"). Lge (42"-44") State 2nd choice of colour. **PRICE £9.25.**
5. LEVI'S DENIM SHIRT 7oz washed and pre-shrunk indigo denim with copper press studs. Sizes 14, 14½, 15, 15½, 16 & 17. **PRICE £11.50.**
6. CAP SLEEVE T-SHIRT 100% cotton. Top Quality. Sizes Sm (34") M (36") Lge (38"-40"). Colours Black, Navy, White, Red (State 2nd choice). **PRICE £1.99**
7. LEVI'S WESTERN JEAN Original Western style. 14oz heavy indigo denim flare, washed and pre-shrunk. Sizes 26" 27" 28" 29" 30" 32" 34" 36". Inside leg 34" or 36". **PRICE £13.50.**
8. LEE BACK POCKET JEAN Flattering baggy style. 14oz heavy indigo denim, washed and pre-shrunk. Sizes 26" 27" 28" 29" 30" 31" 32" 34" 36" 38". Inside leg 36". **PRICE £13.99.**
9. WRANGLER WESTERN JEAN Original western style. 14oz heavy indigo denim flare, washed and pre-shrunk. Sizes 28" 30" 32" 34" 36". Inside leg 34" & 36". **PRICE £12.99.**
10. LEE WESTERN JEAN Original Western style. 14oz heavy indigo denim with 26" flare, washed and pre-shrunk Sizes 26" 27" 28" 29" 30" 31" 32" 34" 36". Inside leg 36". **PRICE £12.50.**

Post free UK and Eire Cheques & POs to MATCHPLACE JEANS LTD Dept NX, 8 Station Road, West Croydon Road, Surrey.
If paying by Access or Barclaycard please quote Number.

ADVERTISE IN NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS
RING
BRIAN B on 01-261 6153
for Live Page & Disco Equipment
ANDY McDUFF on 01-261 6172
for Platters Stall & Mail Order
MIKE WALSH on 01-261 6139
for Musical Instruments
DAVE FLAVELL on 01-261 6206
for Hi fi Equipment
CLASSIFIEDS on 01-261 6122
Or write New Musical Express, Kings Reach Tower, Stamford Street, London, S.E.1

Postal Bargains from: Permaprints Ltd. (Dept. N.M.168), P.O. Box 201, 96 Newington Green Road, London, N1 4RR

PUT COLOUR ON YOUR CHEST!

With Permaprints 1977 range of designs!

DESIGN NO. 106. SPARKS T-SHIRTS
ONLY £2.20 EACH
(OR £4 ANY 2)

108. HAVE ANOTHER
Heavy Cotton Fleece Lined
SWEAT SHIRTS
ONLY £4.20 EACH
(OR £8 ANY 2)

677. SUPERSIGN
Cap Sleeves
Only £2.65 each
(Or £5 any 2)

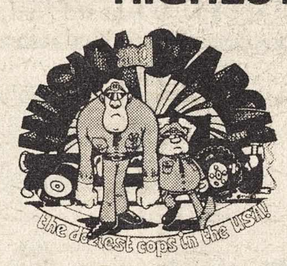
123. TRUST ME

All designs shown below are available all garments.

Details as follows.
Colours: Red, Yellow, Blue, Black and White
Sizes: Sml, Med & Large
(106 Type T-Shirts also available in child sizes: 26", 28", 30" & 32")

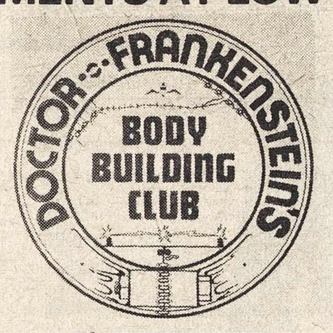
When ordering state size, colour and one alternative colour.

HIGHEST QUALITY GARMENTS AT LOW LOW PRICES

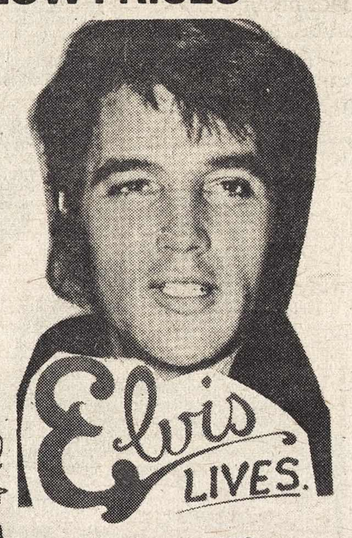


705. HUSKY & STARCH

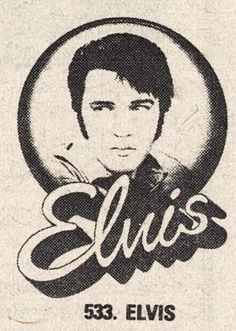
259. EVER RANDY



260. FRANKENSTIENS CLUB

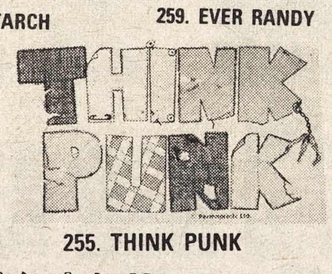


262. ELVIS LIVES



533. ELVIS

126. LIPSMAKIN



255. THINK PUNK

711. KISS OF LIFE

508. LED ZEPPELIN

Also available:
New designs
263. SEX PISTOLS
264. JAM
265. THE CLASH

168. WORK

134. GENESIS

167. JOIN THE ARMY

703. STRANGLERS

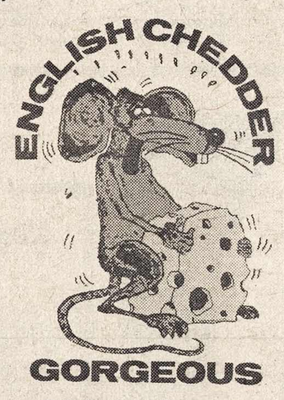
538. SOUTHERN COMFORT

528. APOLLO

186. STATUS QUO

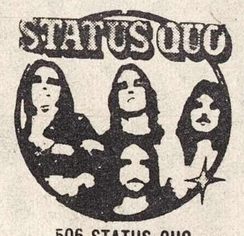
699. FLEETWOOD MAC

700. NEW STATUS QUO



707. ENGISH CHEDDAR

124. LIE DOWN



506. STATUS QUO

650 CHOKED

229. SERENE BOOZER

224. WINGS

150. PINK FLOYD (2)

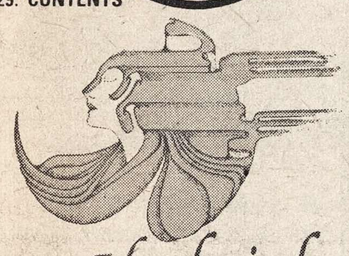
JOIN THE NAVY
SAIL TO FAR OFF DISTANT PORTS
MEET PASSIONATE ORIENTAL BEAUTIES
AND CATCH
EMBARRASSING EXOTIC DISEASES

222. JOIN THE NAVY

CONTENTS
untouched by human hands
CERTIFIED
all moving parts in working order

GUARANTEED **PURE**

129. CONTENTS



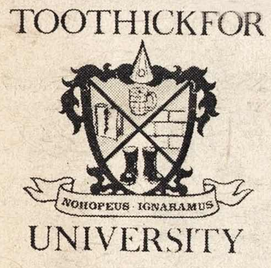
682. HAWKWIND

692. NEW FLOYD

706. REJECT

148. LED ZEP

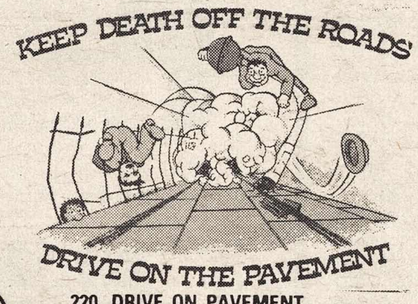
No. 240 LYNYRD



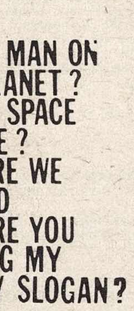
251. TOO THICK FOR UNIVERSITY

169. EAGLE

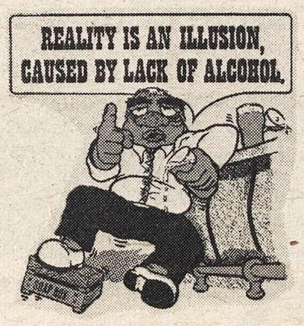
227. MILCH TRAY



220. DRIVE ON PAVEMENT



157. BLOODY SLOGAN



232. REALITY

PEOPLE SAID SMILE
THINGS COULD GET WORSE,
SO I DID SMILE,
AND THINGS DID GET WORSE.

257. SMILE

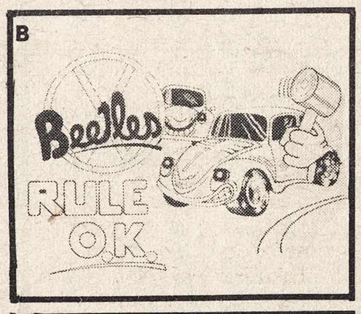
PERMAPRINTS

INTRODUCES NEW HEAVY DUTY, NON SKID, RUBBER BACKED, COLOURFUL 'CAR MATS'

AVAILABLE IN 6 DESIGNS

A

B

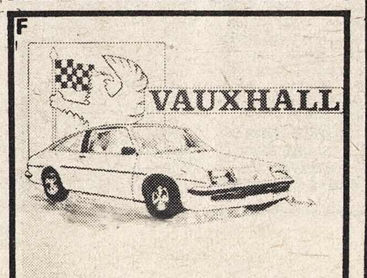


C

D

E

F



SIZES: all 21" × 14" except 17" × 12" Minis only
ONLY: £1.45 each or £2.60 a pair
Add 30p p&p to total order

NEW FROM PERMAPRINTS ☆ **Ideal Gifts** ☆

SNOOPY RAG DOLL

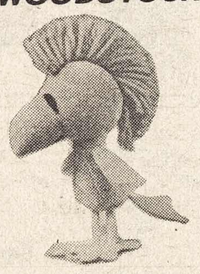
Complete with colourful T-shirt and Jeans
Available in two sizes.
Mini Rag Doll (7½" tall)
Only £2.25
Giant Rag Doll (15" tall)
Only £3.85p

PLUSH SNOOPY BEAN DOLL

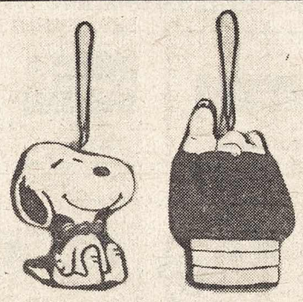
Soft and cuddly. 6" tall.
Only £2.45p

SNOOPY 14" x 24"
FELT PENNANT
Only £1.20 each

VELVET WOODSTOCK



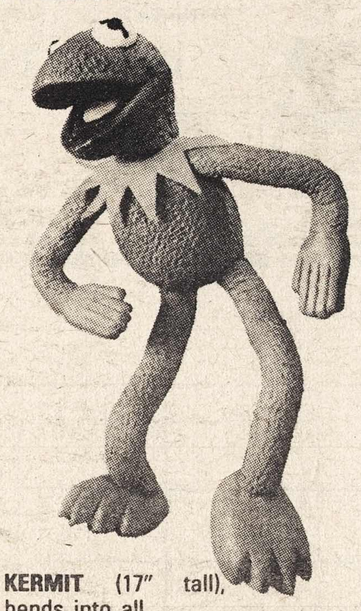
7" tall
Only £1.95



Mini Mascots 4" high
Cotton Dolls with loop, dangling in cars, etc.
Only 95p each

New from Permaprints: Bendies Soft Washable Foam Rubber

Muppet Finger Puppets
(6" tall)
(operate with your fingers). Three titles available (1) Fozzie, (2) Statler, (3) Waldorf.
ONLY £1.45 each
When ordering Bendies please add 25p P&P to total.



KERMIT (17" tall), bends into all positions
ONLY £3.95

When ordering Snoopy Items please add 25p P&P to total

Trade and abroad enquiries welcome.

Calling all clubs, groups, etc. Have your own design printed on T-Shirts (min. 20) Write in for details.

Visit the Permaprints Shop at 292 Holloway Rd., London N7

PLEASE ADD the following for Postage and Packing: One garment add 25p (50p for abroad); Two or three garments add 35p (70p for abroad); For four or more garments add 45p (90p for abroad).

ORDERS TO: PERMAPRINTS LTD.
(Dept. N.M. 168, P.O. BOX 201)
96 NEWINGTON GREEN ROAD, LONDON, N1 4RR

Name ..... *(PRINT CLEARLY)*
Address.....
.....
.....

please send the following. State which garment required Ref. No. and title of design also size and colours for each garment.

.....
.....
.....
OTHER ITEMS .....
CAR MATS.....
I enclose £

(Dept N.M.168)

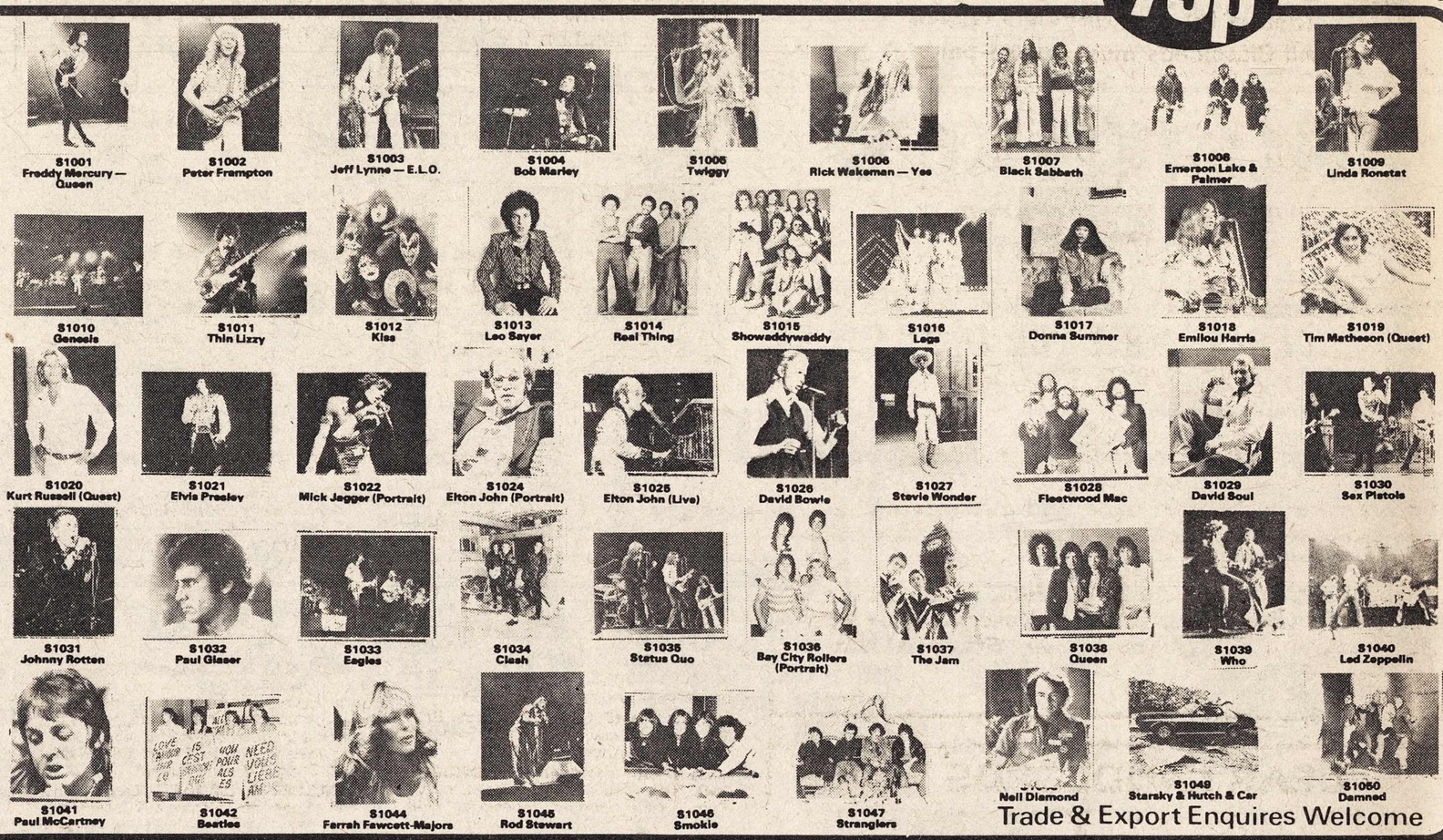
When ordering if not enough room on order form give full details on separate piece of paper

YOUR SUPERSTARS PHOTOGRAPH

ORIGINAL 10"x8" BLACK & WHITE GENUINE GLOSSY PHOTOGRAPH FOR ONLY 75p Plus 15p Post & Packing

Anabas the world leaders in Rock products now present the first comprehensive range of original 10 x 8 black & white genuine glossy photographs.

Each original photograph is shrink wrapped for extra protection.



S1001 Freddy Mercury — Queen
S1002 Peter Frampton
S1003 Jeff Lynne — E.L.O.
S1004 Bob Marley
S1005 Twiggy
S1006 Rick Wakeman — Yes
S1007 Black Sabbath
S1008 Emerson Lake & Palmer
S1009 Linda Ronstat
S1010 Genesis
S1011 Thin Lizzy
S1012 Kiss
S1013 Leo Sayer
S1014 Real Thing
S1015 Showaddywaddy
S1016 Legs
S1017 Donna Summer
S1018 Emilou Harris
S1019 Tim Matheson (Quest)
S1020 Kurt Russell (Quest)
S1021 Elvis Presley
S1022 Mick Jagger (Portrait)
S1024 Elton John (Portrait)
S1025 Elton John (Live)
S1026 David Bowie
S1027 Stevie Wonder
S1028 Fleetwood Mac
S1029 David Soul
S1030 Sex Pistols
S1031 Johnny Rotten
S1032 Paul Glaser
S1033 Eagles
S1034 Clash
S1035 Status Quo
S1036 Bay City Rollers (Portrait)
S1037 The Jam
S1038 Queen
S1039 Who
S1040 Led Zeppelin
S1041 Paul McCartney
S1042 Beatles
S1044 Farrah Fawcett-Majors
S1045 Rod Stewart
S1046 Smokie
S1047 Stranglers
Neil Diamond
S1049 Starsky & Hutch & Car
S1050 Damned

Trade & Export Enquires Welcome

Please rush me my original superstar photograph
Photographs Name _____
Number _____
I enclose Cheque/Postal Order for £ _____ (which includes 15p P&P)
Name _____
Address _____
Return To: Anabas Products Ltd. (Dept NME30)
Chesham Close, Cedar Rd, Romford, Essex, RM7 7EX, England

CHEESECLOTH KURTA
A good quality white natural cheesecloth kurta with white embroidery. Only £2.70 + 20p P&P. 2 pairs £5 + 70p P&P. Chest size 30" to 42" girls, 34" to 44". Him state chest size, her bust size.

COLOURED EMBROIDERED KURTA
Same style as above but with coloured embroidery on a white background. £2.80 + 20p P&P. Chest sizes 32" to 42", bust 32" to 44".

COTTON DRILL LOONS
A good quality cotton drill in the original hip fitting loons. Still only £2.60 + 40p P&P. Two pairs £5 + 70p P&P. Colours **navy, red, brown, yellow, purple.** Guys waist sizes 26" to 31" Girls hips 32" to 37" (33" inside leg length). **Please state two alternative colours** and your waist size. Girls state your hip size. Also black, dark green, olive green, maroon, in guys waist 26" and 28" Girls hips 32" and 33", 34".

SHORT SLEEVE RUGBY SHIRTS
Your Eddie Waring rugby shirt in two combining colours with white colour, 100% cotton £3.95 + 20p P&P. Colours navy/white, red/white, green/navy, red/navy. Sizes 34" to 40" chest (34" to 42" bust) Please state your size and alternative colour. Postage outside UK double. Please write your name, full address, colours and size clearly. All goods can be exchanged or refunded if returned unworn within 7 days. Send PO/Cheque to:

SHAPES (Dept H)
252 High Street, Waltham Cross, Hertfordshire EN8 N78.

Levi's

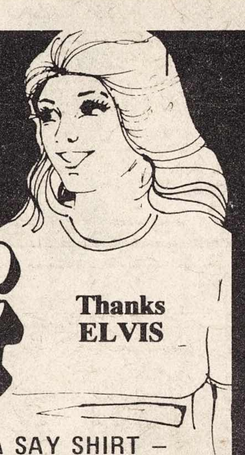
Style 521 Western styled 22" Flares with rivetted pockets in 14oz Denim. Waist sizes: 26" 27" 28" 29" 30" 32" 34" 36" 38" 40" & 42". Inside leg: 32" 34" 36". 38" waist and upwards 34" leg only. Sizes from 26" waist to 36" are prewashed if required.....**£13.50**
Style 526 17" prewashed Western styled fashion Jean with rivetted pockets in 14oz Denim. Waist sizes: 26" 27" 28" 29" 30" 32" 34". Inside leg: 34" & 36" only **£13.50**
Levi Flared Needlecord Western styled Jeans with rivetted pockets. Colours: Navy, Dk. Brown, Grey, Black, Bronze & Sage Green. Waist sizes: 26" 27" 28" 29" 30" 32" 34" 36" 38" 40" 42". Inside leg: 32" 34" 36". Waist sizes 36" and upwards 34" inside leg only. Please state 2nd choice of colour.....**£12.50**
Denim Jacket 14oz Denim (original style). Chest sizes: 30" 32" 34" 36" 38" 40" 42" 44" 46". Prewashed if required.....**£14.95**
Levi Denim Shirt with brass popper buttons, prewashed. Collar sizes: 14" 14½" 15" 15½" 16" 16½" 17".....**£10.95**
Levi Poly/Cotton Checked Shirts with pearl popper buttons and 2 breast pockets. Colours mainly Red, Navy & Brown. Collar sizes: 14" 14½" 15" 15½" 16" 16½". Please state 2nd choice of colour.....**£9.95**
Levi Cotton/Flannel Shirts with bone buttons and 2 breat pockets. Colours mainly in Red, Navy & Green Tartans. Collar sizes: 14" 14½" 15" 15½" 16" 16½" 17". Please state 2nd choice of colour.....**£9.95**
Levi Crew-neck Sweatshirts. Colours: Red, Lt. Grey, Black, Bottle Green. Sizes: S M L. Please state 2nd choice of colour.....**£6.95**
Levi Sweatshirt with Hood, zip-thru' style. Colours: Navy, Red, Black, Lt. Blue, Lt. Grey & Dk. Green. Sizes: S M L XL. XL in Navy only. Please state 2nd choice of colour.....**£10.75**
Levi Sweatshirt with collar, zip-thru' style. Sizes: S M L. Colours: Red, Lt. Grey and Navy.....**£9.95**
Levi Short-sleeve Crew-neck plain cotton T-Shirt. Sizes: S M L. Colours: Navy, Red, Black, Lt. Blue, White **£3.50**

WRANGLER

Style 11016 Western styled 26" Flares in 14oz Denim. Waist sizes: 28" 30" 32" 34" 36" 38" 40" 42" 44". Inside leg: 32" 34" 36". Sizes 28" to 36" are prewashed if required.....**£12.50**
Style 110145 prewashed Western styled Fashion Jean 18" bottoms with rivetted pockets. Waist sizes: 28" 30" 32". Inside leg: 34" 36".....**£12.50**
Style 110239 Western styled 24" Flares in 14oz Denim with Brass plate instead of leather patch on back pocket, prewashed. Waist sizes: 28" 30" 32" 34" 36". Inside leg: 32" 34" 36" **£12.95**
Denim Shirt Western styled with pearl popper buttons. Collar sizes: 14" 14½", 15" 15½" 16" 16½" 17".....**£9.95**
Denim Jackets in 14oz Denim. Sizes: 30" 32" 34" 36" 38" 40" 42" 44" 46" 48" 50" chest **£13.95**
Wrangler extra heavyweight Cotton/Flannel Shirt with pearl popper buttons & 2 breast pockets. One colour only, multi-check mainly Red, Navy & Beige. Sizes: S M L XL **£9.95**
Wrangler extra heavyweight Poly/Cotton/Flannel Shirt with pearl popper buttons and 2 breast pockets. One colour only, Navy & White Check. Sizes: S M L XL.....**£9.95**
Wrangler waist length Nylon Jacket with quilted lining and simulated Navy Fur collar, zip-thru' style. Colour: Navy only. Sizes: S M L XL.....**£14.95**
Wrangler Long Lumber Jacket in Navy/Red check with simulated Navy Fur lining, button-thru' style. Sizes: S M L XL. Recommended price £21.00. Our price.....**£19.95**
Wrangler waist length Lumber Jacket in Brown/Green check with simulated Brown fur lining, zip-thru' style. Sizes: 34" 36" 38" 40" 42". Recommended price £18.95. Our price.....**£15.95**
Wrangler Sweatshirts with various American Universities and Academies. Sizes: S M L XL. Colours: Navy, Black, Lt. Blue, Dk. Green, White, Red. Please state 2nd choice of colour.....**£6.25**
Wrangler Sweatshirts with hood, zip-thru' style. Sizes: S M L XL. Colours: Red, Navy, Lt. Grey, Dk. Green **£10.95**

If paying by ACCESS or BARCLAYCARD, please give card no. only. Cheques/P.O. made payable to:
EST. LESLIE'S RANCH HOUSE (M. DEPT.) 1964
5 Union Street, BATH BA1 1RP, Avon.
TEL: BATH 66313 :: Free p+p UK-EIRE-BFPO

say it on a 'Say Shirt'



YOUR OWN MESSAGE ON A SAY SHIRT —
Say anything in up to 40 letters, printed especially for you on top quality 'T' shirts and Sweatshirts. When ordering state CHEST SIZE and COLOUR (2nd choice also) and type of shirt. Print your message and posting address clearly. SWEATSHIRTS £4.25 – Red, Navy, Light Blue, Black. 'T' SHIRTS £2.60 – Red, Navy, Yellow, Blue, Bt. Green, Black. Includes P. & P. Money back Guarantee. Both Sides Printed for £1.00 extra. Ready-Made Designs also available. Delivery 10 days. Cheques and P.O.'s to
SAY SHIRTS LTD., Dept. 278
Box 50, 3 Guinea Street, EXETER, EX1 1BX. Tel: (0404) 822329.
GOOD DISCOUNTS ON BULK ORDERS. ANY DESIGN PRINTED. SEND FOR BROCHURE, PRICES & DETAILS OF OUR FREE DESIGN SERVICE.

POSTERS

THIN LIZZY 95p
FONZIE ON BIKE B/W 95p
Sabbath or Quo in Studio 95p each
KEKE 95p
ROBERT REDFORD 80p
BEATLES 75p B/W
● SEW ON PATCHES
Stranglers, Sabbath, Zepp, Quo, Clash, Yes, Queen, Floyd, 65p inc. p/p
Add 25p (1-2 posters) + 5p each extra poster
CARDS & POSTERS
22 Moor Street, BIRMINGHAM 4

ELVIS
THE KING LIVES ON!
T-SHIRT

Send (stating size, to
£2.50 each incl p&p
SECOND CITY 170 High St., Waltham Cross, Herts EN8 7DJ

CANNABIS LEAF
Unique Jewellery for you in fabulous precious metals

OUR FAMOUS LEAF PENDANT. 1¼" high
Solid Silver on Real Silver chain £7.00
1¼" Solid Silver on Silver Plated chain ... £4.50
¾" Solid Silver on Real Silver ear hook ... £1.95
1¼" 9 Carat Gold on Real Gold chain £36.00
¾" 9 Carat Gold on fine 9ct. Gold chain. £17.50
¾" 9 Carat Gold on Real Gold ear hook ... £8.50
Popular Solid Silver Leaf Ring £7.00
(Send size or we make it adjustable).
Join the rush and send money to:—
ATLAS
40 SYDNEY ST., BRIGHTON

THE BEST FRIEND A BODY CAN HAVE — A SUPER GOTCHA COVERED SHIRT

Order with confidence!
These are superb quality photographic/multi-coloured designs approx. 9" x 11", fully washable, non fade on quality garments.
Garment colours: Black, White, Yellow, Navy, Sky Blue, Red.
Sizes: Adults S(32"-34"), M(36"-38"), L(40"-42"), EXL 44".

EH GRINGO! GOTCHA ARE YOU PUTTING ME ON? COVERED

T Shirts £2.65 plus P&P
Cap Sleeve Shirt £2.75 plus P&P
Sweat Shirt Fleece lined £4.95 plus P&P

P87 Joe Cool

R801 Ted Nugent

F12. Ignore

R2. Eagles-one of these Nights

F2. Pussy Hunt

P148 Poco

G16 Starship

R3. Eagles on the Border

P133 Robert Plant

A82. Eagle

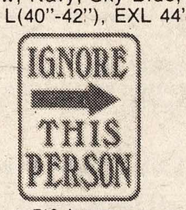
R5 New Eagles

R416 Led Zeppelin

R1001 Paul McCartney

NY5 Streisand

F9. Happy Here



SW2 Life Is a Garden, Dig It!

SW6 The Damned

A3 Santana

P74 Wings B.O.T. Run

A81 Virgin

SW7 Nobody's Perfect

A72 Beatles

A901 Sit On It!

F496 Belly Buttons Need Love Too

F7. Dazzle Em

F5. I want your body

NY6 Rocky

IF YER CAN'T DAZZLE 'EM WITH BRILLIANCE, BAFFLE 'EM WITH SUPER NEW RAINBOW GLITTERS

G17 Punk | G19 Sit On It! | G21 Genesis | G20 Elvis | G18 Rush | G13 Yes | G14 Queen

G16 Starship | G3 Eagles | G4 Frampton | G5 Fleetwood Mac | G1 Wings | G7 Led Zeppelin | G8 Boston | G9 Bad Company | G12 Who

DESIGNS/GARMENTS AND MORE AVAILABLE TO PERSONAL SHOPPERS AT OUR SHOWROOM IN SPENCER HALL, STOCKTON-ON-TEES, CLEVELAND, ENGLAND

A61 Led Zeppelin

illegitimi non carborundum.
DON'T LET THE BASTARDS GRIND YOU DOWN
F122 Grind You Down

PLAY SAFE ACCIDENTS CAUSE PEOPLE
F25. Play Safe

X-LAX
FOR THAT GET UP & GO FEELING
F121 X-Lax

TO GOTCHA COVERED (DEPT NME 11), UNIT 38, SPENCER HALL, STOCKTON-ON-TEES, CLEVELAND, ENGLAND.

NAME .....
ADDRESS (Print clearly) .....

ORDER FORM

Qty	Design No. & Name	t. Shirt	Cap Sleeve	Sweat Shirt	Colour Choice State 3	Size
					1 2 3	
					1 2 3	
					1 2 3	

Please add 35p P&P to total order, 60p abroad. I enclose Cheque/P.O. £

Classified

Charge for Box Numbers is 90p.
All Classifieds must be pre-paid.

for further details ring
01-261 6122
or write
New Musical Express
Classified Advertisements,
Kings Reach Tower, Stamford
Street, London, S.E.1.

SHORTHAND TYPIST

HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE RESPONSIBLE FOR OUR CLASSIFIED PAGES?

If you're a shorthand typist, aged over 21 with a pleasant telephone manner and an ability with figures this could be your opportunity to join NME. You will be responsible for this page and also have general shorthand typing duties within our friendly advertisement department.

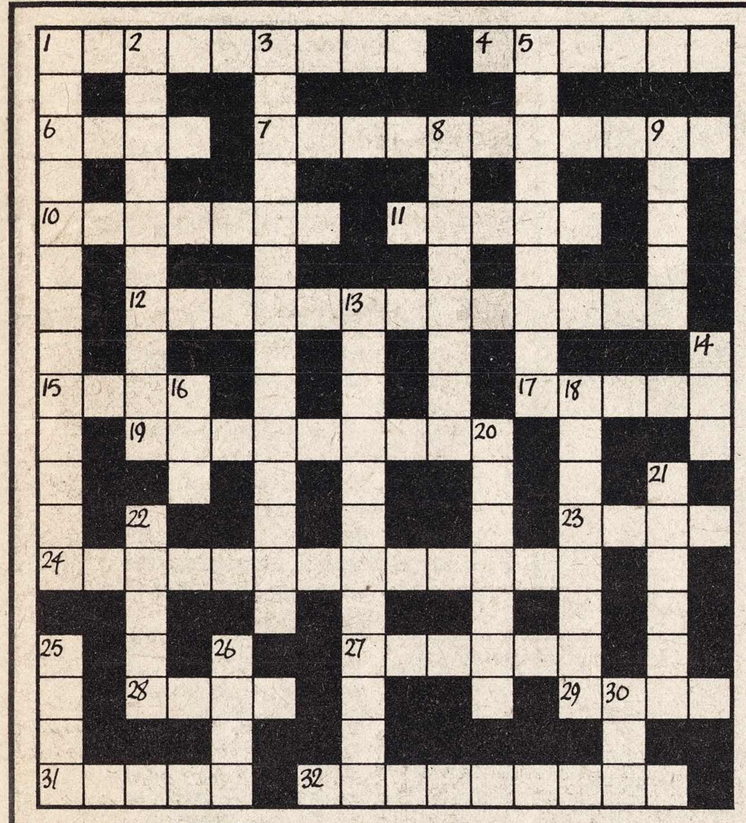
If you're interested write giving details about yourself to Peter Rhodes, Advertisement Manager, New Musical Express, Kings Reach Tower, Stamford Street, London SE1 9LS.

DEAR LANDLORDS

TWO NME STAFFERS REQUIRE ABODE IN THE SHAPE OF 2 BEDROOMED SELF-CONTAINED FLAT IN CENTRAL BABYLON

NO HOVELS OR PALACES

RING 01-261 6683



ACROSS

1 Home Of The Hits and J Richman
4 The Okie Troubadour (1,1,4)
6 Marquee favourites in Rod Stewart!
7 Producer for R. Music, B. Ferry and S. Pistols to name a few (5,6)
10 Peter Frampton threatening demonic possession? (2,2,3)
11 The former Dorkwind
12 As written/recorded by Stevie Wonder and covered (is that the word?) by David Parton (4,3,6)
15 Kind of music
17 Jobson or Cochran
19 From 9 down, double A-sided with "Come Together"
23 John Cale's first album for Island
24 Recently and briefly of the All-Stars before he reformed his old band (5,8)
27 A Townshend for the 70s
28 See 9
29 Premier New York new wave label
31 See 20
32 One them who didn't play Wembley, boo hiss (2,7)

DOWN

1 A somersault, a little horseplay, any damn thing you wanna do from the hard driving mainman of 6 across(6,7)
2 Ici vous dis? (anag 3,7)
3 The MC5's call to arms (4,3,3,4)
5 One of the two surviving founder members of F.Mac (4,5)
8 See 22
9 & 28 The last album the Beatles cut together
13 Rattus Newavegicus (4,8)
14 Rock'n'Roll doctor in the mohair threads
16 Down with David
18 Longest-running soul band in the business
20 & 31 Beach Boys solid gold classic (3,4,5)
21 See 25
22 & 8 Biggest (and debut) hit was the 1972 single, "You're A Lady"
25 & 21 It was only rock'n'roll and he apparently didn't much like it
26 2 down's instrument
30 Janis/ . . . /Whitcomb

Last week's answers

ACROSS: 1 Blast Furnace (& The Heatwaves); 8 Martin Belmont; 9 Tom (Verlaine); 10 Chieftains; 11 "Nutbush City (Limits)"; 14 Animals; 17 Woody (Woodmansey); 18 "Like A Rolling (Stone)"; 19 Radio (One); 22 Burlesque; 23 Ella (Fitzgerald); 25 "You Go To My (Head)"; 27 "Tulane"; 28 "Stone". **DOWN:** Boomtown Rats; 2 "American Girl"; 3 "The Idiot"; 4 Ronettes; 5 Mott; 6 Johnnie Walker; 7 "Limits; 12 "He's So Fine"; 13 Yvonne Elliman; 15 Al Kooper; 16 Status Quo; 19 Robert; 20 Dury; 21 "Head"; 24 Ian (Dury); 25 Yes; 26 One.

FOR SALE

14p per word

AAAA — DO you know where to get colour pics of Zappa enjoying the exotic delights of Hazel's Body?

BADGE COLLECTORS read on: **Floyd, Sabbath, Bowie, ELP, Zeppelin, Alex Harvey, Wings, Quo, Queen, Roxy, Stones, Deep Purple, Cockney Rebel, Rod Stewart, Bad Co., Wishbone Ash, Genesis, Santana, Feelgood, 10CC, Yes, Bebop, Strawbs, Dr. Hook. 20p each plus s.a.e. Love and Peace, Julie Williams, 7 Candy Street, London, E3 2LH.**

'CREEM' AMERICA'S only Rock-'n'Roll Magazine is now available in the UK/Europe from GRAFFITI, 9 Shalbourne, Marlborough, Wiltshire. (Sample 80p or S.a.e. for details).

DELAPIDATED JOINT Satirical 'old wave' fanzine; Melody Maker "great humour". First issue available now, 30p includes P/P Jesse Sunshine, 42 Tremlett Grove. London N19 5JY.

EEEE-IF you've seen better colour photos of Genesis than these don't bother writing!

ELVIS MONTHLY 1961-1965 (40) offers? Also NME 1.1.65. sae White, 4 Prior Close, Halstead, Essex.

ELVIS PRESLEY autograph — genuine — Offers. Box No. 3431.

EXCELLENT GABRIEL tickets Bristol, second show. Offers — 29 Tredegar Street, Risca Gwent.

GENESIS COLOUR CONCERT PHOTOS. Also available: Floyd, Heep, Ferry, Lizzy, Harley, Ronstadt, Tull, Tubes, Beach Boys, Bowie '74 & '76, Purple, Blackmore, Dylan, ELO, Eno, Essex, Hall/Oates, Emmylou, Harrison, SAHB, Kiss, Zeppelin, Lofgren, Nazareth, Queen, Stones, Roxy, Todd, Patti, Stewart, 10cc, Who '75 & '76, Wings, etc. Send S.a.e. stating interests, for proofs, to: Dick Wallis, 159 Hamilton Road, London, SE27.

IIII — THIS is the usual advert letting you know about colour concert photos of Be-Bop, Clapton, Ferry, Fleetwood, Gillan Band, Genesis, Horslips, Tull, Lofgren, Petty, Skynyrd, Procol, Stewart, Zappa and many others. £3.52 for ten 5 × 3½ prints (inclusive) with full refund guarantee from Pete Still Photography, 30 Claremont Road, St. Margarets, Twickenham, London. (Note new address).

INTERNATIONAL SUBMARINE BAND stereo cassettes £2.00. Write C/O 23 Hudson St. Hull.

MOHAIR / DISHCLOTH / Heavy Wool / Lurex hand knit sweaters. S.a.e. for leaflet. Punk mohair £8.99 plus 75p P & P. 'Elvis' T.Shirt £2.50 plus 25p P & P. Special orders and trade enquiries welcome. "Fab Gear" Mail Order, Dept. NME, 86a Kirkgate, Leeds 1.

NME BACKNUMBERS 1962, 1963 complete, many 1959 1960. Bristol 44682.

OOOO-HAVE you got a colour photo of Lofgren in mid-air?

SKATEBOARD FANS, your T-Shirt is here! "Skateboard Champion" — colourul and illustrated. Small medium large. £2 plus 25p P & P. Stuart Reynolds, 36a Thornhill Road, Rastrick, Brighouse, Yorkshire.

SUMMER SALT Magazine No. 1 Elvis Costello, Stranglers, Pete Brown features, 10p. (16p in stamps mail order). Articles + reviews needed! — P. Maggs, 36 Sherard Road, London SE9 6EP.

PRIVATE COLLECTION, 1000s of 45's, 1964-1970, hits and rare items (BOOM BOOM — Yardbirds). Dutch as well. For detailed list write to: Kees Brinkerink, Rembrandtlaan 144, Enschede, Holland.

PUNK T-SHIRTS "DESTROY" red on white, small medium large. £2 plus 25p P & P. Stuart Reynolds, 36a Thornhill Road, Rastrick, Brighouse, Yorkshire.

UUUU — IAN Anderson obviously hasn't seen these Jethro Tull colour shots!!!

1000's CUTTINGS and comics. S.a.e. 8 Lingfield, Hazel Grove, Stockport.

RECORDS WANTED

14p per word

ALL L.P.'S and cassettes bought for up to £1.30 each cash. Bring them or send them by post to: Record & Tape Exchange Ltd., 90 Goldhawk Road, Shepherds Bush, London, W.12. (Tel: 01-749 2930). Enclose large s.a.e. Up to £2 each exchange value available to callers at shop only. Quantities collected from any area.

ALL YOUR UNWANTED 45's and LP's bought or part exchanged for new records. Large collections urgently required. Send records of lists with S.A.E. — F. L. Moore (Records) Ltd., 167a Dunstable Road, Luton, Beds.

A QUICK service and top prices guaranteed for your unwanted LPs and cassettes. Any quantity bought. Send details with s.a.e. for our cash offer by return of post — Gema, Dept. NME, 1 P.O. Box 54, Crockhamwell Road, Woodley, Reading, Berks.

BOOTLEGS GENESIS, Hendrix, Doors, Zep, Stones, Free, Marley, Lindisfarne 0736 4226.

NILS LOFGREN radio promotion live album. 041-771 1773.

LPS/SINGLES postage paid, details to L. Swinden, 2 Dene Close, Kettering, Northants.

TERRY REID L.P. "River". Your price. — Williams, 305 N.D.R. Peterculter, Aberdeen.

WANTED: Mint copy, Ronco album "That'll Be The Day". Box No. 3420.

WANTED

14p per word

FACES MATERIAL, anything Faces. 01-445 8962.

SONG LYRICS wanted, exciting proposition. Details (s.a.e.) — Robert Noakes, 30 Sneyd Hall Road, Bloxwich, Staffs.

SPECIAL NOTICES

14p per word

TWO MORE boat trips to the Mi Amigo and Thames estuary forts on September 22 and 23. For details send sae to Flashback 67, P.O. Box 400, Kings Langley, Herts.

RECORDS FOR SALE

14p per word

AAAG! WORLD'S Worst records. 10,000 singles in stock. 60's R 'n' R Sunnys, 191a Munster Road, Fulham, London SW6, 01-385 5025.

A.E. OF CHICAGO: BRAXTON: TAYLOR, REICHEL, ETC. Does this mean anything to you? If they do, write for the list of the U.K's most comprehensive (and cheapest) contemporary jazz service. 7p stamp to: Projection Records, 9 Grove End, Rectory Grove, Leigh-on-Sea, Essex.

ALBUM HIRE. S.a.e. details Dianne, Taw Records, Westover, Ivybridge, Devon.

AMERICAN SIXTIES LP'S and singles, hits, rarities, deletions, B.Boys, 4 Seasons, Tamla, Spector, etc. 20p — 70p. M. Pleasant, Market Lane, Blundeston, Suffolk. Okay!!!!!!

ANARCHY PISTOLS EMI offers — 061-766 9834.

AUCTION INCLUDING Deviants, SRC, Mad River, Standells, Seeds and more. Send I.R.C. for list. — Arnstein Heggen, 11/201, Storgt. 55, Cslo 1, Norway.

BUYGONE RECORD SALES — The Magazine for 50's to 70's record collectors. Every month packed with 1000's records, including many items you could spend a lifetime looking for. 45p including postage from 30 Radcliffe Road, West Bridgford, Nottingham.

CASSETTE LIBRARY. Large selection of pop, progressive & folk cassettes — annual subscription, no hire charges. Catalogue 20p from: Centra, 176a Coombe Lane West, Kingston, Surrey.

CHARTBUSTERS! S.a.e.: Diskery, 86/87 Western Road, Hove, Brighton. Callers welcome.

CLIFF RICHARD, Shadows Record Sale (200 records). S.a.e. — 64 Maxwell Gardens, Orpington, Kent.

COLLECTORS AUCTION set sale monthly list, collectors dream. Soul, pop, rock, oldies, rarities. SAE — 6 Wendover Drive, Frimley, Surrey.

DELETED LPs/Singles our speciality. Sae for details. I.T.C. P.O. Box 4, Birkenhead, Merseyside.

DEVON. CATAPILLA Record and Cassette Exchange, 8 Well Street, Exeter.

ELVIS MANY rare collectors items available Japan Argentina, etc. S.a.e. lists. Box No. 3429.

ELVIS 1956 Flexidisc "Truth about Me" absolutely mint, mounted, framed exceedingly rare collectors piece £500 or highest offer secures. Sae 9 Milestone House, Surbiton Road, Kingston, Surrey.

FLOYD, STONES rarities. 22 North Crescent, St. Annes, Lancs, FX8 1SZ. SAEs.

GOLDEN OLDIES galore. Ex juke box records from 12½p. Hundreds of old hits. Most major stars. S.a.e. lists — Dept A/1, 82 Vandyke Street, Liverpool, L8 0RT.

IMPORTED AND deleted LP's for sale. State preference. C&W, contemporary pop, rock, soul. Large s.a.e. for free lists to: Salter, 10 Colmer Road, London, S.W.16.

MINT ORIGINALS — "Live Yardbirds" (Page), "American Spring" Annette "Pajamaparty", Cyrkle "Neon" and "Minx", Lucifer "Exit". Deviants "Disposable". Offers — 23 Woodside Cres., Newchurch, Rossendale, Lancs.

MY GENERATION Who 1965 Brunswick LP. Autographed, spare sleeve. "Live Yardbirds" Epic original. Offers? 6 Westmorland Avenue, Blackpool, Lancs.

OLDIES — NEW lists send sae 105 Canrobert St, London E2.

OLDIES 56-76. Satisfaction guaranteed from our 26 page lists. Crammed with goodies 10p + large s.a.e. Seeking a special oldie? Details LPs/45s wanted. — With s.a.e. J. & J. Records Ltd., 24 Upperhall Park, Berkhamstead, Herts. Secondhand records/tapes bought and sold at our Market Stall, Watford Market. (Also Aylesbury Wednesday, Thame Tuesdays).

PASTBLASTERS! THOUSANDS available '56-'76. S.a.e.: 24 Southwalk, Middleton, Sussex.

PRESLEY H.M.V. releases. Offers — 0384 52573.

PRESLEY 78's. Good condition, Jailhouse Rock, Hound Dog, All Shook Up, also Holly, Haley and others. Sae with correspondence. Flood, 37 Richlans Road, Hedge End, Southampton.

PRIVATE COLLECTION, 78's, 45's L.P's 1956 onwards. S.a.e. for lists — 41 Pennant Road, Rochester, Kent.

RARE DYLAN! With Baez at Newport 1962 and Blind Boy Grunt recordings. S.a.e. to 68 Exford Road, London, S.E.12.

RARE PISTOLS Album sae offers. 136 Hutcliffewood Road. Sheffield.

RARE RED LP Heavy Metal Kids / Human Host Offers 0736 4226.

ROCK'N'ROLL No. 1 Elvis's first album on H.M.V. Offers, plus Elvis's autograph, genuine. Tel: Worthing 64844.

SINGLES COLLECTORS — Free catalogue packed with oldies and newies. Send 12p stamp. Back-tracks, 14 Railway St, Hertford, Herts.

SKIFFLE LIVES! Armpit Band album "No Sweat." 14 great tracks for £2.50 from: Ashley, Lullington, Derbyshire.

SQUARE RECORDS pop/soul, oldies, deletions. S.a.e. 9 Hart Road, Erdington, Birmingham B24 9ER.

UNDERGROUND 70. Rare Purple album with Kooper / Grape / Spirit / Chicago / Aorta + others. Offers 0736 4226.

SITUATIONS VACANT

10p per word

ESCAPE EMPLOYMENT on Liners, Oil Rigs. Experience unnecessary. Details: Maritime Employment Guide. Price 70p. Working holiday & Free travel guide, price 80p. — Mailex, November House, Oakhill Avenue, Pinner, Middx.

HOMEWORK ALWAYS available. sae brings, details, Home Employment Agency, 3 Tanyard, Swannington, Leics.

SITS WANTED

10p per word

PUNK AXEMAN young energetic ambitious, own gear. Telephone 656 6338.

TUITION

14p per word

SITAR TABLA tuition. 01-574 8876.

PERSONAL

28 per word

ALONE! MEET new friends, inexpensive, confidential and efficient service. Write: — Countrywide Introductions, ME/Martin House, Brighouse, Yorks.

BEAUTIFUL GIRLS from Europe, Asia, Latin America want correspondence, friendship, marriage. Sample photos free. Hermes-Verlag, Box 110660/H, D-1000 Berlin 11, Germany.

DIVORCED, LONELY, bored, need friends? You'll find hundreds in **LEISURE TIMES,**(RT.88), Chorley, Lancs. (50p fortnightly, pay after receiving 8).

DOVELINC. SELECT your own partners and penfriends. For free sample photos sae/A17 P.O. Box 100, Haywards Heath, Sussex.

HOW TO GET GIRLFRIENDS, what to say, how to overcome shyness, how to date any girls you fancy. S.a.e. for free details: Dept NM, 38 Abbeydale, Winterbourne, Dorset.

JANE SCOTT for genuine friends. Introduction opposite sex with sincerity and thoughtfulness. — Details free. Stamp to Jane Scott, 3/NM, North Street, Quadrant, Brighton, Sussex, BN1 3GL.

MAGIC CEILINGS. Have you heard about this exciting new concept in ethereal decor. For free descriptive leaflet ring Southampton (0703) 440183.

MALE, 22, considerably attractive seeks girl for friendship. Write Chris, Box No. 3432.

NATIONWIDE & WORLDWIDE occult, withcraft contacts, etc. S.a.e. — Baraka, The Golden Wheel, Liverpool, L15 3HT.

POEMS URGENTLY WANTED for publication. Send work for Editor's free opinion and subscription details. Oakland Ltd (AO) 9/11 Kensington High St., London W8 5NP.

POETRY WANTED over £1,700 in prizes annually. Subscription £10. For free criticism send to Regency Press, 43 New Oxford St, WC1A 1BH. Dept. A3.

RIDERS TO Morocco. Share expenses £30 approx. leave 13/15 Sept. 690 7563. 7-8 pm. Dave.

UNATTACHED? OVER 18? Join Sue Carr's Countrywide Friendship Agency. Free Brochure Somerset Villa, Harrogate. Tel: 0423 63525 anytime.

WHEN I was in Paignton this year, I went to The Spinning Wheel to hear, Ray and Drew sing and play guitar. They really are the best by far, In talent they stand alone. These fellas should be better known.

MUSICIANS WANTED

14p per word

SKIFFLE REVIVAL groups wanted for West End wine bar. Ring Bill or Carol at Swoops Wine Bar 01-636 8826.

FAN CLUBS

14p per word

ABBA. SEND stamped addressed envelope for details to Official British Abba Fan Club, Highworth, Swindon, SN6 7BG.

GILBERT O'SULLIVAN Official Fan Club. Send stamped addressed envelope to P.O. Box 51, Newcastle-under-Lyme, Staffs.

RENAISSANCE APPRECIATION Society, sae for details 88 Newhaven Road, Edinburgh.

SHADOWS, VENTURES, Jet Harris, Bert Weedon, Tornados and all instrumentalists. 50p — for sample club magazine. — 80 Rothbury, Lobley Hill, Gateshead, Tynewear.

ENGAGEMENTS WANTED

10p per word

A1 ACCORDIONIST. 01-876 4542.
A1 PIANIST. 01-876 4542.

MUSICAL SERVICES

14p per word

EARN MONEY songwriting. Amazing free book tells how. — L.S.S., 10-11 (X) Dryden Chambers, 119 Oxford Street, London, W1. 7p stamp.

GROUPS / SINGERS your posters professionally designed and printed. S.a.e. also rare Elvis posters £1.98 each. — A. G. Bulmer, 69 Dorset Road, Guisborough, Cleveland, TS14 7EW.

LYRICS WANTED. No publication fee. 11 St. Albans Avenue, London, W4.

SONGWRITER MAGAZINE explains copyright protection, recording, publishing royalties, songwriting competitions and interviews; famous songwriters. Free sample from International Songwriters Association (NME), New Street, Limerick, Ireland.

YOUR SONG recorded professionally. — Henshilwood, 130 Frankby, W. Kirby, Wirral.

EQUIPMENT FOR SALE

14p per word

KUSTOM 300 P.A. system. Amp/2 cabinets 15" JBL speakers. Bargain £620. Tel: Wigan 861094 anytime. Bracknell 27863 6.30 pm onwards.

ENGAGEMENTS WANTED

10p per word

A1 BANDS — 01-876 4542
DISCOTHEQUES BANDS groups. Tel: 01-361 9385.

Computer Dating...
Find Friendship, Love or Marriage. Dateline, Europe's largest most successful and reliable service for all ages in all areas – Send for free colour brochure & details Now – To: Dateline Dept (NM) 23, Abingdon Road, London W8 Tel: 01-937 6503
Dateline

LEARN TO PLAY ROCK LEAD GUITAR

YOUR OWN TEACHER IN YOUR OWN HOME

BRAND NEW correspondence course on **CASSETTES** specially created for **ROCK** and **ROLL** and **HEAVY LEAD STYLES.**
My course will save you years of struggling on your own. All the **SOLOS** and **MODERN LEAD** runs are played for you on tape to hear and to practice with. This is actually better than having private lessons as this enables you to have the lessons over and over again.
A satisfied pupil writes: Dear Mr. Wilcock. Your Rock Guitar course is just fantastic! I am able to play quite well now and a friend and I have started a group. — ***G. MITCHELL, Cheshire.***

FOR FREE details please fill in form information sent by return post.

NAME.....
ADDRESS.....
.....
.....

POST NOW! TO **JACK WILCOCK TEACHING TAPES, 4 ST. MAWES DRIVE, PAIGNTON, DEVON, TQ4 7NS**

DISCO SCENE

All lineage in this section 14p per word

DISCOTHEQUES

DAVE JANSEN 01-699 4010
DISCOTHEQUES 01-965-2826/2991
DISCOS REQUIRED all areas. Increase your bookings. Ring 0272 293101.
IMPERIAL COLLEGE DISCO + lights £25. 01-445 2966.
NOW SHOWING all over London. "The Mad Hatter Mobile Disco" Cert'x'. To book ring: 01-254-6812. Get it, before it gets you!
STEREO PUNK DISCS 01.505 2329.
STEVE DAY. Tel. 01-524 4976.
SOOPDRAGON AND LIGHTAPPLE Discos. Sounds and lights. Henry 01-979 1865.
THE ORIENT EXPRESS Mobile Disco for the latest sounds round London town. (plus golden oldies, etc.) 'Phone 01-647 9630 now!

FOR SALE

CUSTOM BUILT by Tuac 200 watts Garrard decks Goodmans speakers sound — light spots, etc. £275 ono. Reading 694777.

PROFESSIONAL CONSOLE with 3 KW light unit, 2 X 100W Speakers, bargain £350. — 01-478 2716.

DJ JINGLES

NOW AVAILABLE — our new low-cost custom moog jingles. IJE(MX), 2 Mossacre Road, Wishaw, Strathclyde, Scotland.

Free man throws verbal brick

I have just read your poxy article on the National Front riot in Lewisham and it is the most disgusting thing I have ever read. I hate the NF because they want to make me a slave. I hate the SWP because they want to make me a slave, but they want to con me into thinking I'm free. I hate T.P and J.B because they want to con me into thinking that throwing bricks at people is the right way to change things.

I wanna be free. You are the problem not the NF, so pluck up the courage to throw bricks at yourself before you throw them at other people. I want to be free and I am going to fight people like you who are trying to take away my freedom any way I can every inch of the way.

I wanna be free. Free. Me. Not cannon-fodder for the NF, SWP, IRA, UDA, MPLA, NME UK things, but for ME, and I'd rather have World War III than let bastards like you get their grubby hooks into my brain.

Passion is my weapon too, but it don't do any good just shooting off into thin air, so please print this letter. Freedom for me from you.
PUNK, Astley, Manchester

The important thing is not to let this listlessness get on top of you. Science has proved that too much shooting off into thin air will make all else seem like wax fruit. About becoming a slave — there's no reason on earth why you shouldn't if you really knuckle down and set your mind to it, though self-employed status might prove a bit of a poser in this particular field. Most of us here at King's Reach aren't free, but are very cheap. T.P. has just scored an inner, an outer and Maggie's drawers, so is understandably chesty, though of course it's all point-blank. A bedspring is coming out of his hat. — B.C.

I HATE long self-opinionated letters seriously discussing the state of music, politics, etc. More smart-ass one-liners and more tits — we may as well have fun since no-one changes their minds 'cos of what someone else says.
MICK, Salop, Shrewsbury.

Joe College. —B.C.

THIS IS a confused letter — it's the way I feel at the moment. I've just got back from Leeds Poly where I'd gone to see The Buzzcocks.

Before they played a note, beer, beer cans and gob were landing on the stage and the band, The Buzzcocks, responded with jeers of "White Rose Bastards", "Yorkshire Bastards" etc. and after three or four numbers walked off.

The same cretins who'd caused the walk-off were the ones who were shouting loudest for the band to return. They returned with the warning that if just one guy spat, they'd be off for good. He spat. They went off. That was it.

So who was to blame? I blame The Buzzcocks for depriving several hundred people who'd paid their hard-earned money to hear them play. If you can't handle your audience you shouldn't get up on stage. Instead of trying to cool things down, they reacted with the inflammatory kind of racialism that I'd not encountered before. Lancashire-Yorkshire warfare we don't need. But I don't blame The Buzzcocks for refusing to risk injury from wet electrical equipment and beer cans on the skull.

I blame the zombies in front of the stage for their obnoxious behaviour, continued even when they knew what the consequences would be. It seems that the consequence of introducing the 'sound of the terraces' into rock music is that the behaviour of the terraces follows close behind.

I blame the rest of the crowd, including me, for being unable/unwilling to sort out the twats who were ruining their enjoyment. I don't blame the rest of the crowd, including me, for keeping out of trouble on a night out. Every gobbing moron has several mates egging him on, and prepared to defend him.

I blame the *NME* and other papers for the saturation reporting of the activities of various idiots at London gigs. There's a hell of a lot of imitators around, you know. I don't blame the *NME* and other papers, because they simply report what happens, and I suppose that's what journalism is about.

I've got to try and sleep this off now. Sorry if I bored you.
DAVE HOWELL, Leeds.

FLANN O'BRIEN invented a solution for drunkeness in Ireland which could be adapted for punk gigs: alter the licensing hours to the danker pre-dawn hours. Picture the more brain-damaged punk supporter in his bondage pyjamas — S/M means never having to say you're sorry — glaring at his alarm clock and trying to conserve saliva for a 4 a.m. gig. — B.C.

I AM writing this letter after a very unsuccessful venture to the Vortex in Wardour Street. Ya see, I've just got home feeling cheated and disappointed at being let in and then being led out. There's this bloody stupid rule which says you have to be over 18 to get into these places as there's a bar there. Well surely young people can go in and not drink?

It's about time that punk bands began realising that many of their younger fans are being turned away for being too young.

I have been refused admission at the Nashville, and having paid my money at the Vortex, was then led out again without even being refunded.

My true age happens to be 17, and I am — I must admit — a small 17.
LOL, Oakwood.

I think the legal position is that if you are over 13 and accompanied by an adult — someone over 18 — and don't drink, then everything's cool and the scene is clean. But — and there's a catch here — your admittance is still at the guvnor's discretion. How small are you? From your name and address I intuit a punklet in a bluebell hat athwart a grasshopper charger. Am I warm? — B.C.

I BOUGHT the *NME* for the first time in years just for the tribute to Elvis. All I can say to you as publishers and four trashy writers is one big UGH. All you have done is print that Elvis had got fat, so what? Any of you taken a good look in your mirrors?

I could name several stars who are fatter than Elvis — one in particular is disc jockey Alan Freeman, nickname Fluff. Do I hear them saying here is Fat Old Fluff? Course I don't. And as it is not really known whether Elvis took drugs or not why keep on about it?

He won't be remembered in years to come for either drugs or being overweight, but for the pleasure he gave us. Elvis sang a very apt song you should all listen to — one line goes *"Before you criticize and abuse, walk a mile in my shoes."*

His death hit a lot of people because he was the start of something so different, and he will be loved and remembered long long after you and I are dead, buried and forgotten.
DIANA JONES, High Wycombe, Bucks.

Well Diana — what a stampede to the pier-glass! CSM has dropped his encomiums and is teasing surplus up from his ankles into a ball on top of his head — Thin, thin as yesteryear I tell you! Like my new tie? — to be discreetly hidden by his skimmer. The other three went through the floor and are busily adjusting to their new environment on 'The Practical Hamster'. — B.C.

THERE have been punks since the beginning of time, but the latest mob are different in one way — their attitude. If you called Mitch Ryder, Eddie Cochran or Attila The Hun a punk, they would probably have kicked your head in. Those guys had CLASS!!

Now the name of the game is 'I'm a loser and I'm proud of it!' True yobbishness or punkishness is more than a pose, it's a natural gift, and when the art students, Britt Eklands and ex-hippies have found new games to play, maybe us genuine no-hopers will get together and then all hell will break loose!!
DEAD END DICK, Nowheresville, U.K.

Absolutely!! Attila's succession fell directly to the Huntz Ball and thence, on the distaff side, to the genuinely hopeless Rotten. True hopelessness is bred in the bone and tells in the cut of the throat. — B.C.

WHERE do you get the bleedin' affrontery to call your comic the *New Musical Express* when there was not one Pistol pic in the August 20th issue, eh? Not one, go on count. Not even one of Johnny hiding behind his bodyguard, and you say this is 1977? Not heard of the New Wave then, that it?

Instead, you fed us a lot of old crap about someone called Supertramps, never 'eard of 'em. There was a pic of some nonentity called Jimmy Page (right weirdo he looked too) and towards the back a photog of some creep with a BEARD with the RIDICULOUS name of Eric Clapton, sorta thing we used to call ourselves at primary school.

We didn't even have a pic of Sid's mum's motorbike, Jesus — what more could anyone ask, just knowing it's a 750cc is not enuff, we want to see for ourselves.
MRS. VICIOUS'S MOTORBIKE FAN, Stockport, Manchester. (I've seen it 3 times!)

WHILE THE various Punk v Establishment diatribes tread their weary misguided path, I'd like to make a few points on the Punk Scandal of late. Firstly, various recorded wonders which appeared around 1974 like the New York Dolls and Iggy Pop and The Stooges were branded as shit, but now that the New Wave has appeared they are hailed as brilliant. Why such a drastic change in attitude, eh? Have you heard of the expression 'bandwagoning'?

I simply can't have any confidence at all in writers who contradict themselves every other week.

Secondly, it's a crying shame when talented contemporary originals such as Yes, ELP etc spend months recording vinyl masterpieces which are biasedly slagged off, yet one-chord wonders like The Adverts get praised for badly played inept garbage which is probably recorded in a public convenience in any case.

Oh, it doesn't matter if they can't play their instruments properly, does it, Tony? Oh, it's totally unimportant if they can't get those notes nearly right, isn't it Julie? Oh, it's irrelevant if they can't sing and you can't hear the protests they're singing, isn't it, Charles? Oh yes, and Neil Spencer is obviously biased in what letters he chooses for the Bag, obviously praising Punk, knocking Old Wave, etc. The Bag portrays the character and content of *NME* — shit!

You won't print this letter of course, but as one bright person said way back in The Bag: "Rock stars come and go, it's happened to you . . ."
BARRY ANTHONY LYONS, a proud BOF somewhere in Preston.

Illustration: LOWRY

Get some time in, mate. BOF? Wotcher fink these are, laundry marks? You can't just barge into BOFHQ like that — the bottle of some geezers! Many of us have bored and farted for Britain over two decades, droning on and tearing off through the winds and high weather of a score of musical fashions, impervious. Circle the block. — B.C.

YOUR POINTED resumé of the exposés of the National Press concerning Presley after his death was something to savour: the assessments and critiques of his 22 performing years have already ossified into set-piece history, unquestioned, blandly accepted, probably to be endlessly repeated. But accurate? Surely not?

Your restrained tribute was admirable, but from you (after 21 years of looking forward to each copy of *NME*) I looked forward to some objective redress of the shallow analysis of his work in the latter half of his musical life: Where was it? Farren, Murray and Spencer seem to have swallowed the Radio One History Of Pop judgment that he came out of the army a metamorphorsised being incapable of recapturing his own musical heritage, apart from a vain, brief spark of resurgence around 1970. For Christ's sake, what about the facts?

Presleys first post-army recording session produced the finest album to that date after "Rock 'N Roll No 1" — "Elvis Is Back", incidentally containing Rhythm and Blues totally out of context with that awful year of 1960. Undoubtedly, from there it was downhill for eight long years: Vapid music for lousy "B" films. Charlie Watts asked: "How could somebody so good get so bad?" Mick Jagger provided the answer: "Money".

But after that, after '68? What has been grossly distorted, underestimated, ignored is the wealth and excellence of the revival, the truth of the resurrection: For nine years now the music, although admittedly intermingled with the rubbish which he (or his recording managers — or both) seemingly had an irresistable penchant for, has been evocatively brilliant again: Albums like "From Elvis In Memphis", "Memphis To Vegas", "Elvis Country", singles like "Suspicious Minds", "Burning Love", "Promised Land", "Trouble". So much to admire, to savour, to greet with the same thrill of anticipation that preceded each record in long-ago '56. And the performances? Nik Cohn probably articulated it best in his *History Of Pop From The Beginning*: "Each night his performance achieves that same first impact, of new possibilities presenting themselves, a whole new style made possible. From the moment he comes out of the wings, all the Pop that has followed him is made to seem nothing, to be blown away like chaff."

That the man himself manifested all the signs of ordinary mortality (surprise?) by growing, simply older and fat is obvious (why the overworked exaggeration "grotesque?" Fashionable?) But what of those glorious years of rebirth, '68-75? — To use Nik Cohn's words again: "Miraculously restored, in voice and flesh alike, as though no time had passed at all, as though this were 1956 and everything was just starting" — Why is it so fashionable not to acknowledge it?

Much has been made of Presley returning only to the "blue rinse brigade of Middle America in Las Vegas". What a fatuous conglomeration of generalisation! He toured the whole of the USA, and as for Vegas itself, well, I spent some time there last year on business; it's an incredible place, a huge, flash, vulgar Blackpool, thronging with people of every race and colour, age *and* income group.

And one last, fascinating point: If he'd lived, he could well have been the first white man to break the stranglehold of having to be a young, hip relatively presentable image before you could be *allowed* to sing rock. The music was still great, it could have continued. What the singer looked like, the date of his birth, could have become unimportant. Black music audiences didn't reject B.B.King or Joe Turner because they didn't happen to look like Paul Newman. In the end it's the music that's important, not the accompanying glam hype: that has to end sometime. Presley so far, is the only one that could have transcended this barrier.
JEFF STUART, Bolton, Lancs.

EVERYBODY's so stupid, tied up in their own little lives so much, they can't afford a bit of time to do something original, something exciting. Instead, they're happy doing the normal things with maybe a night out here and a holiday there. And this is happening day after day, year after year. Time is passing quickly — before you know it you'll be dead with nothing left behind except a headstone. Shit, it's no good sitting here writing crap, you've gotta get up off your arse and say something loudly just to get noticed. Get hooked on loads of different things, not just courting, marrying, children, salaries, houses, carpets, paint, furniture, wallpaper, gardens, cars, clothes, washing machines, social-climbing, creeping, crawling — but something more basic to life, like heartbeats, like smiles and frowns.

What a load of junk this world puts out. What a shame for everybody who's there. What do you do when you're frustrated to the point of writing something like this?
KIMO SABI

Don't ask me pal. I'm just the cat picks the fly shit outa the pepper in boxing gloves. — B.C.

Letters Edited by BRIAN CASE

t-zers

NOW THAT the King's corpse is cold, the necrophiliacs are coming out to play. After all, there's Big Bucks to be made.

'Limited edition' silver pendants bearing an engraving of **Elvis Presley** are selling (at £17.50) faster than Silver Jubilee medals, and the cruddish "Too Old To Rock, Too Young To Die" T-shirts are a snip at £2.75. The badges — "Remember Elvis", "Farewell To Elvis" and "We At Stiff Say Elvis Is King" *(There must be some mistake here — Ed.)* — are popular, as are the tatty one-off mags and rush-released books (**Todd Slaughter's** *Elvis Presley* from the *Daily Mirror*'s Pop Club). Even, in some cases, rush-re-released books like **Jerry Hopkins'** previously remaindered *Elvis* and **W. A. Harbinson's** *An Illustrated Biography* (from 1975).

Some of the 'tributes' are less predictable. Like *Pelvis,* an X-rated quickie-flick spoof musical currently wowing them in the States, or the *National Enquirer*'s front page pic of Elvis lying in his coffin (next to an unrelated sub-heading which reads: "One in three has a sleep problem that can shorten life."). A couple of public-spirited henchman burst into a Memphis newsagent's shop and stole all the copies of the *Enquirer* (over 100) at gunpoint.

But posters like the full-colour photo of an ambulance passing through the gates of Gracelands with "In Memoriam" printed beneath make even the cash-in singles seem tasteful. This week's contribution is **Danny Mirror's** lugubrious "I Remember Elvis Presley" (s'funny, El never mentioned him), which is being advertised in the trade press as "Love it or leave it, display it — you'll sell it!" Translation: the record company (Pye) realise that it may well be a piece of shit, but shove it down your throats and you'll swallow it . . .

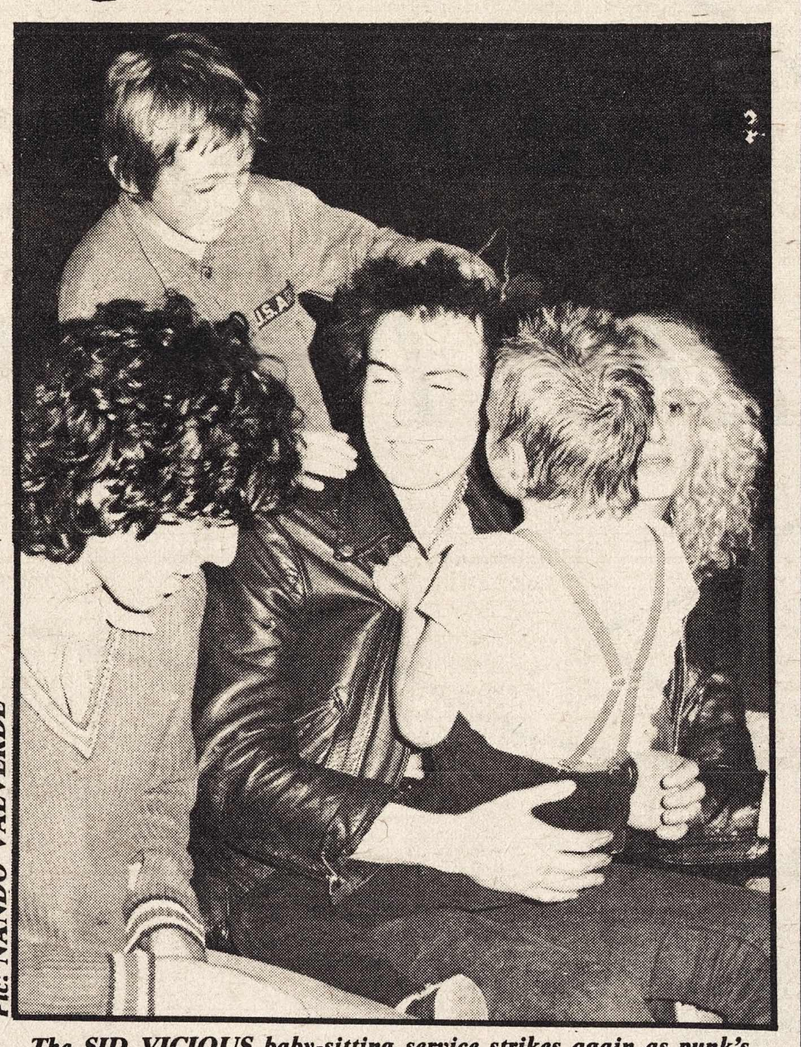
Back to the land of the living (almost) and it's fame at last for *NME*'s blues and black leather correspondent **Blast Furnace.** Bashful Blast made the cover of Eire's premier rock paper *Hot Press* after his stirling contribution to **The Boomtown Rats'** set at the Dalymount extravaganza. According to the hot poop inside, Blast played "demon harp, crashed into mike stands and fell over once or twice — yea people, the spirit of rock 'n' roll incarnate." *(I think he's being sarcastic — Ed.)* . . .

Roger Daltrey hasn't been able to produce his own recordings, he told the *Daily Express,* because, "My ears have been damaged. It's impossible to play with a band like The Who for 15 years without the high sound levels taking their toll." Daltrey hasn't yet taken medical advice and speculation that he's joining **Deaf School** is premature, but he's told friends that he's not moving the dial off Radio 2 . . .

One thing T-Zers certainly does approve of is the wacky gimmick of 49p singles (in picture sleeves, yet!) from go-ahead Beserkley. Benefitting are you and **The Rubinoos.** A pat on the back for the 'Home of the Hits' . . . .

The Future Of Rock 'n' Roll (Part 77 of an on-going fatuous situation) will be in your shops by Christmas, deffo, or maybe sooner or even later: It's **Bruce Springsteen's** third attempt at following-up whatever his last one was . . .

Ex-Vice Queen **Janie Jones'** riposte to **The Clash** will be a record called "Over And Done", detailing her Dostoyevskian experiences in Holloway and "how I got onto the religious kick . . ."



Pic: NANDO VALVERDE

The SID VICIOUS baby-sitting service strikes again as punk's answer to Mary Poppins takes time out from The Pistols' UK tour to endure a good kicking from young fans.

Politico-groupie **Linda Ronstadt** (who spent some time sniffing around California's Democratic Governor **Jerry Brown**) is now upsetting the almost-estranged wife of **Jimmy Carter's** son, **Chip.** Fishing Linda . . . ?

Ex-politico-groupie **Germaine Greer**'s idea to switch the annual Notting Hill carnival to The Mall (the approach to Buckingham Palace) was in no way connected with the fact that she's attempting to flog her Notting Hill abode . . .

Ex-professional virgin **Doris Day**'s *joie de vivre* scared off her Hollywood hairdresser. "I never saw anyone so bull-headedly bent on being happy all the time," said a distressed **George Masters.** "She was always singing and humming to herself. It drove me bats . . ."

Contrary to information in last week's "Independents Day" spectacular, Rough Trade *aren't* cutting back on distribution but are in fact expanding that department of their corporate endeavours . . .

Former **Buzzcocks** person **Howard Devoto** has new band called **Magazine . . .**

The Spots (remember them?) got paid the princely sum of £50 for their Wolverhampton gig . . .

Spotted watching **The Only Ones** from the comparative safety of the Nashville bar; members of **The Damned, Rods** and **SAHB . . .**

Ex-Winger **Jimmy McCulloch** jammed with local band **Brooklyn** at Glasgow's Burns Howff last week, and his stirring contribution to (surprise!) "Maybe I'm Amazed" prompted otherwise languid members (if that's the right word) of **The Slits** to get up and do it as well . . .

While mixing their debut EP at Abbey Road, **XTC** were visited by a chap making an Xmas recording next door, one **Edward Heath.** The former Prime Minister owned up to listening to **The S. Pistols'** "God Save The Queen" (are we allowed to print this?). "You can't hear the words," said a disconsolate Mr Heath, "Yet part of the significance of punk is the words." At least *one* Ted knows something about punk . . .

Moody Blues reuniting for a new album which will be spiritually uplifting whilst lyrically (cont. on page 94) . . .

Congrats to the Beeb for getting it right with last week's *Roots Rock Reggae* documentary on the Jamaican music scene. Entertaining, enlightening and, if we are to believe what **Neil Spencer** says *(You'd better — NS),* faithful. But did they intentionally schedule it to coincide with the peak-time of the Notting Hill Carnival?. . .

The Englishman Abroad: While **Steve Harley** home-hunts in LA and Yes' **Chris Squire** is sued for 25,000 smackers for alleged damage to a house he rented there, **Led Zep** are banned from New York's plush Plaza Hotel. Apparently the noise was so great from the Zep rooms one night that other guests rushed into the corridors, thinking that the hotel was under attack from Puerto Rican terrorists. Must've been fooled by **Bonzo's** moustache . . .

The fact that **Mick Jones** plays Doctors and Nurses with beautiful blonde bassist **Vivien Albertine** has absolutely nothing, repeat nothing, to do with **The Slits** supporting **The Clash** on almost all their gigs . . .

Ramones producer **Craig Leon** has recently recorded West Coast new wavers **The Weirdos** ("At least as good as anything by The Sex Pistols" — Anyone Who's Heard Them). Their maxi-single comprises "Destroy All Music", "A Life Of Crime" and "Why Do You Exist?". . .

Da Ramones, meanwhile, booked to play an open-air benefit in an LA suberb, were dropped at the last gasp after protestations from paranoid sponsors, merchants and radio station administrators, fearing full-scale punk-incited riots on the Topanga Plaza. Da boize demselfs had cancelled two lucrative gigs to attend . . .

Elektra-Asylum promo man **Paul** 'Doo-lally' **McNally** leaving WEA this week to label-manage the new UK Sire set-up (Ramones, Talking Heads, Dead Boys, Richard Hell etc.) . . .

Joltin' **Joe Cocker** deported from the US of A last week. Oh my God, what's the old blooze boozer bin up to now? He let his visa expire . . .

While **CS & N** played to 24,000 in LA's Forum, **Neil Young** has been touring LA bars with local band **The Ducks,** attracting upwards of 25 people per set . . .

Anti-little person ditty "Short People" on **Randy Newman's** imminent elpee "Little Criminals" believed to have been inspired by a diminutive LA rock manager who bears a striking resemblence to **Irv Azoff . . .**

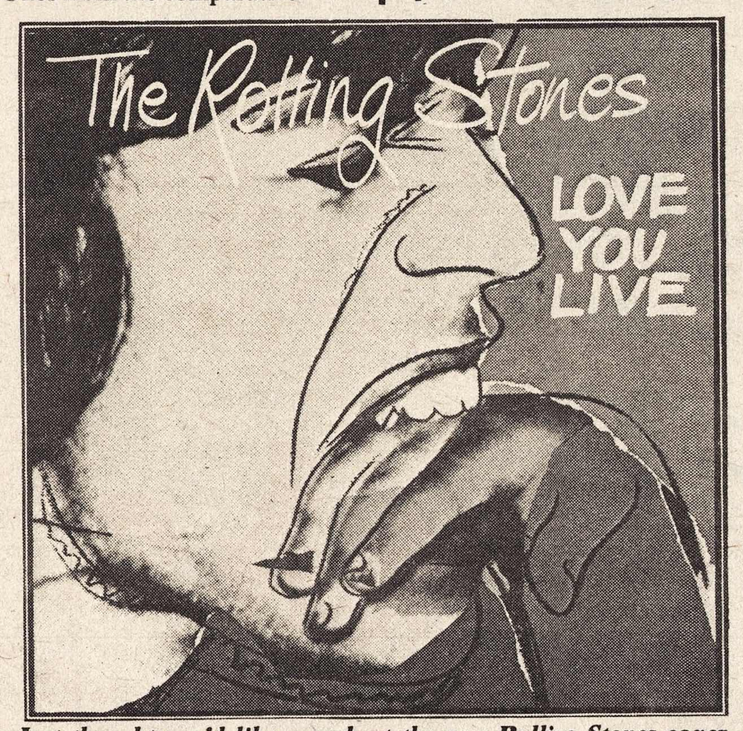
Sidney Vicious had a quaint airport meeting with lifelong heroes **Abba** recently. Abba, charmed by his effusive worship, said they would make an effort to listen to one of his recordings. Sidney left well chuffed . . .

The *Ladies And Gentlemen, The Rolling Stones* movie scheduled for a September 16 screening at London's Rainbow has been put back to September 23 . . .

Ritchie Blackmore's Rainbow (the three-ton computer-operated centre-stage piece, not the band) causing endless problems at provincial gigs. The Oxford hall is so small that they'll automatically make a loss but they're going ahead anyhow because **Cozy Powell's** biker pals live there . . .

EMI's **Bob Mercer** so impressed with six-figure signing **Tom Robinson Band** when they were joined on-stage at The Brecknock last week by **Glen Matlock** and **Mick Jones** *(not* the former Leeds Utd striker) that he treated everyone to a slap-up meal. When asked about EMI's policy re Robinson's gay power stance, Mercer said: "We're not a censorship outfit. But obviously, if the media take entirely the wrong line, then we will have to interfere." So that's where *The Pistols* went wrong . . .

Finally, **Gordon Burn,** writing in the *Sunday Times* colour supplement, on **Cliff Richard's** sexual proclivities (or lack of same): "Just because he's 37, well-preserved and not ashamed to admit to being celibate for the past 12 years, doesn't necessarily mean a thing." What can you say . . . ?



Just thought you'd like a peek at the new Rolling Stones cover, designed by Andy Warhol, whose last album sleeve commission was for Paul Anka.

STEVE HARLEY
BEST YEARS OF OUR LIVES
C/W
TUMBLING DOWN
EMI 2673
Limited Edition 12" single
Only 80p r.r.p. in special bag

new MUSICAL EXPRESS

Kings Reach Tower,
Stamford Street,
London SE1 9LS
01-261 6820
01-261 5000

EDITOR: NICK LOGAN

Assistant Editor: Neil Spencer
News Editor: Derek Johnson
Production Editor: Jack Scott
Special Projects Editor: Roy Carr
Associate Editors (Features/Reviews):
Bob Woffinden, Charles Shaar Murray
Contributing Editor: Mick Farren

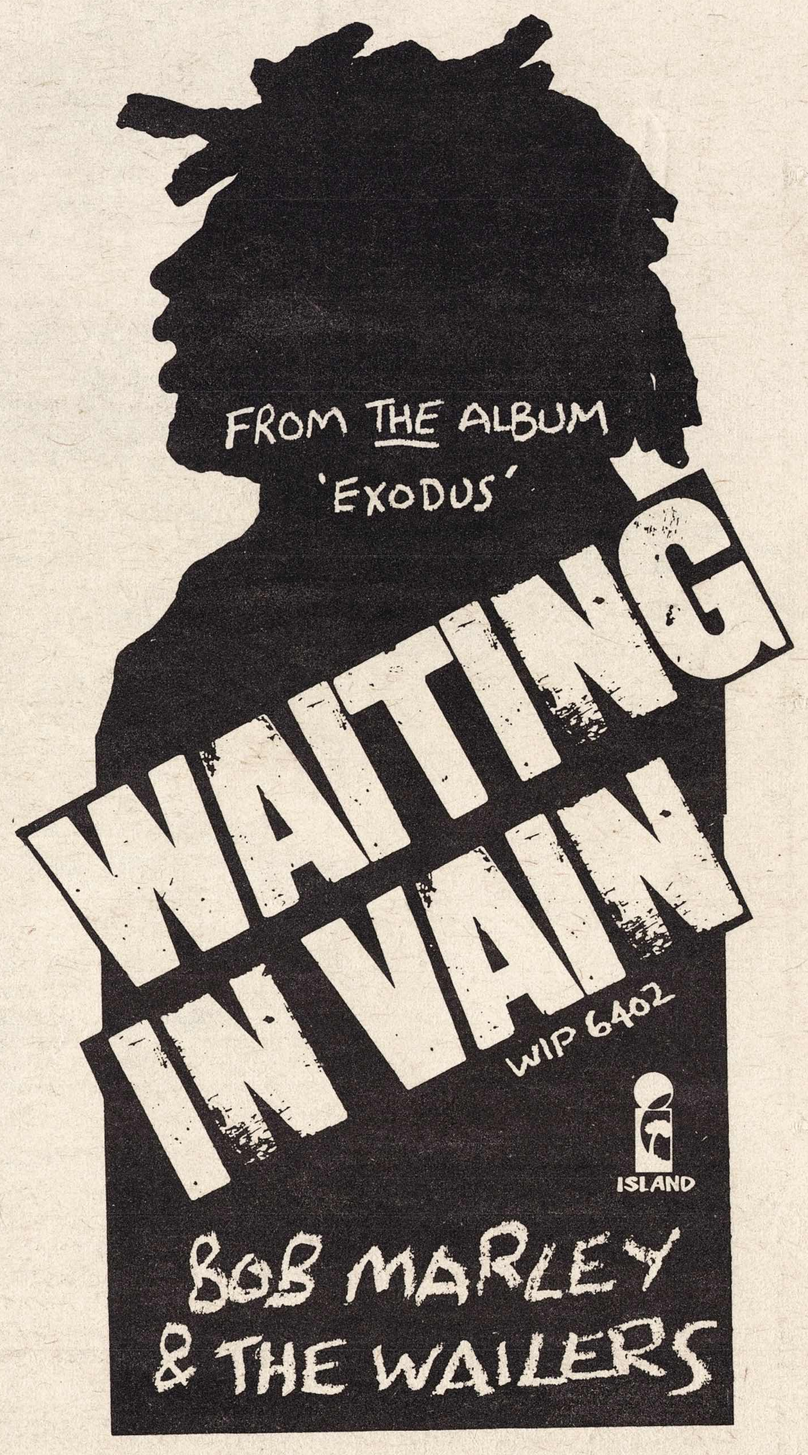
Staff:
Tony Stewart
Steve Clarke
Phil McNeill
Tony Parsons
Julie Burchill
Monty Smith

Contributors:
Tony Tyler
Ian MacDonald
Angus MacKinnon
Nick Kent
Bob Edmands
Tony Benyon
Max Bell
Fred Dellar
Chris Salewicz
Brian Case
Cliff White
Miles
Edward Barker
Angie Errigo
Kate Phillips
Lester Bangs
John May

Photography:
Pennie Smith
Chalkie Davies
New York:
Joe Stevens
Research:
Fiona Foulger

Advertisement Department
Ad Director:
PERCY DICKINS
(01) 261 6080
Ad Manager:
Peter Rhodes
(01) 261 6251
Classified Ads
Penny Morgan
(01) 261 6122
Ad Production:
Mike Proctor, Frank Lamb
(01) 261 6207

Publisher Eric Jackson
Editorial Consultant Andy Gray
IPC Magazine Ltd, Production of any material without permission is strictly forbidden.



Published by IPC Magazines Limited, Kings Reach Tower, Stamford Street, London, SE1 9LS, at the recommended maximum price shown on the cover. Editorial and Advertisement Offices: Kings Reach, Stamford St., S.E.1. Printed in England by Northamptonshire Newspapers Limited, Kettering, Northants. T.U. Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper. Sole Agents. Australia and New Zealand, Gordon & Gotch (Asia) Ltd., South Africa, Central News Agency Ltd., East Africa, Stationery and Office Supplies Ltd. Publishers.

A'min to De Motors

The Motors cut out now – on Virgin Album: The Motors 1 V2089

Don't miss the limited edition 12" single 'Dancing The Night Away' / 'Whisky And Wine' VS18612, only 15,000 will be made,and the 7" version in a picture bag. VS186.

The Motors